

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

November

15c



Sonja Henie

A Week-End
with Bing Crosby

Personality Portrait of Bette Davis
by Thyra Samter Winslow

BEST OF REFERENCES, BUT—

WHY, MY SUIT LOOKS SIMPLY STUNNING ON YOU! IF LOOKS MEAN ANYTHING, YOU'RE CERTAINLY GOING TO LAND A JOB TODAY.

YOU'RE A DEAR TO LET ME BORROW YOUR THINGS AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE GOT TWO GOOD PROSPECTS.



SEVEN YEARS EXPERIENCE... CAN DO 90 WORDS A MINUTE... AND HERE ARE MY REFERENCES.

I'LL CHECK THEM UP. PLEASE CALL TUESDAY. THE JOB PAYS \$30.



YES, A MISS STACY. SAID SHE WORKED FOR YOU. SHE IMPRESSED ME VERY FAVORABLY EXCEPT FOR ONE THING, WHICH MAY BE MERELY TEMPORARY—HER BREATH.....

YOU'VE HIT ON IT, I'M SORRY TO SAY, MISS STACY WAS ONE OF OUR MOST EFFICIENT EMPLOYEES, BUT HER ASSOCIATES COMPLAINED.



THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY

I'M SORRY, MISS STACY, BUT THE POSITION HAS BEEN FILLED. WE FELT THAT A GIRL OF MATURER NATURE WOULD SUIT HER ASSOCIATES BETTER.



I'M SORRY, MISS JONES, BUT I'D COUNTED SO MUCH ON THIS. DESPERATE, I GUESS, AND HUNGRY.

WHY YOU POOR DEAR! COME, WE'LL HAVE LUNCH TOGETHER—MAYBE THINGS WILL SEEM BRIGHTER.



I'M GOING TO BE FEARFULLY FRANK WITH YOU, MISS STACY—YOU COULD HAVE HAD THAT JOB TODAY BUT FOR ONE THING—YOUR BREATH. WHY DON'T YOU USE LISTERINE? THEN COME BACK AND SEE ME LATER.

THANK YOU! I NEVER DREAMED THAT WAS MY TROUBLE. NO WONDER I COULDN'T GET A JOB!



THREE WEEKS LATER

I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL JOB—\$30 A WEEK. MISS JONES IS SUCH A PEACH! FIRST TOLD ME WHAT MY TROUBLE WAS, THEN WHEN THEY FOUND THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE OTHER GIRL, GAVE ME HER JOB.

TO THINK I HADN'T THE COURAGE TO TELL YOU TO USE LISTERINE! EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN IN BUSINESS I'VE USED IT EVERYDAY.



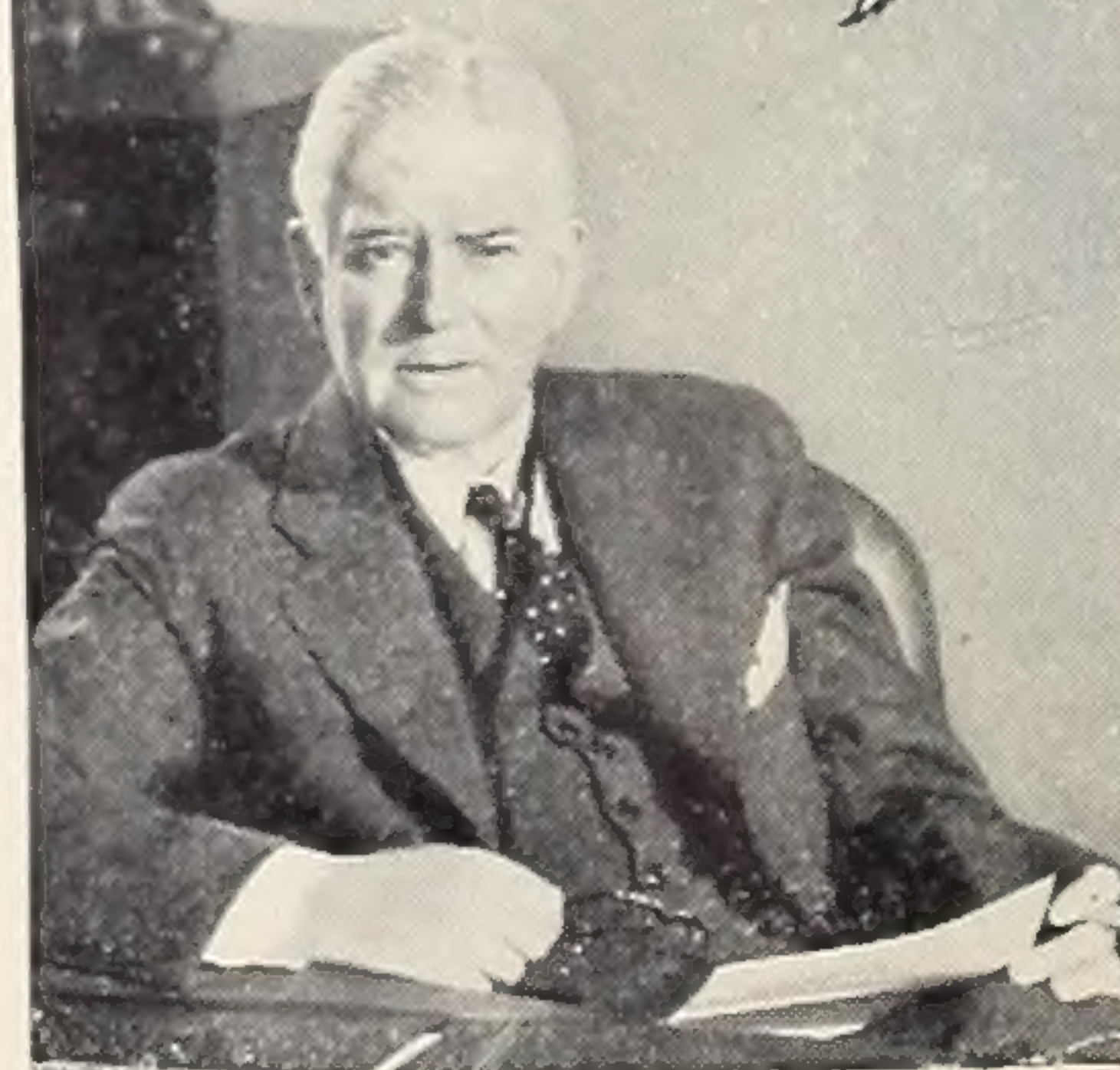
IS YOUR BREATH BEYOND SUSPICION?

Come, tell the truth; you don't know! That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath). You don't know, but others do and are offended. Why run this foolish risk when you can make your breath sweet, more wholesome, and agreeable, by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic? Use it morning and evening and between times before social and business engagements. Listerine Antiseptic first cleanses the entire oral cavity then overcomes breath odors. You know you won't offend.



Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

IN BUSINESS, MANY FIRMS INSIST THAT THEIR EMPLOYEES KEEP THEIR BREATH AGREEABLE



Pat 8
4428
6167

Hours for her lovely hands— Not a minute for her tender gums



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

"**S**UCH LOVELY HANDS," her friends exclaim. Why shouldn't they be the envy of others, for she lavishes hours of time and patience upon them.

But look at her smile—her *dull, dingy* smile—then watch how quickly her beauty fades, how her charm disappears.

Shocking, yes—but shockingly true! Yet she's like thousands of other girls who *might* have possessed a radiant

smile—who *might* have had bright, sparkling teeth—had she only learned the importance of care of the gums. What a price to pay for neglect—what a pity she failed to heed nature's warning, "pink tooth brush."

Don't Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist at once! Very often he'll blame our modern menus—soft, creamy foods that deprive the gums of healthful exercise. And usually his verdict will be, "Strengthen those gum walls with harder, chewier foods"—and, as many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimula-

tion of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help gums as well as keep teeth sparkingly bright. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Gradually, as circulation increases within the gums, they become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage today—see how sparkling, how lovely, how much more attractive your smile can be—a smile that will be your proud possession for the years to come.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste

NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!



GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION

Conquest

THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes...as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman... Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S.N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER





The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

Invitation to Romance!

For all who love the thrill of excitement, glamor, the unusual in romantic fiction, Margaret E. Sangster's new novel about Hollywood is an absolute "must."

Starting in the next, the December issue of SCREENLAND is the latest, and we believe, the most absorbing novel written by an author who stands in the forefront of modern creators of vital, pulsing fiction—Margaret E. Sangster.

SCREENLAND readers know Margaret E. Sangster as the author of many great and stirring stories of Hollywood which have appeared serially in this publication.

Her new novel, we can assure you, surpasses in its deep understanding of Hollywood and its influence upon men and women who attain fame there, any previous work you have ever read about the Mecca of the Movies.

Put this new serial down as a "must read." Remember—Margaret E. Sangster's latest and greatest story begins in SCREENLAND for December, on sale at news stands November 3rd, 1937.

November, 1937

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SCREENLAND Honor Page

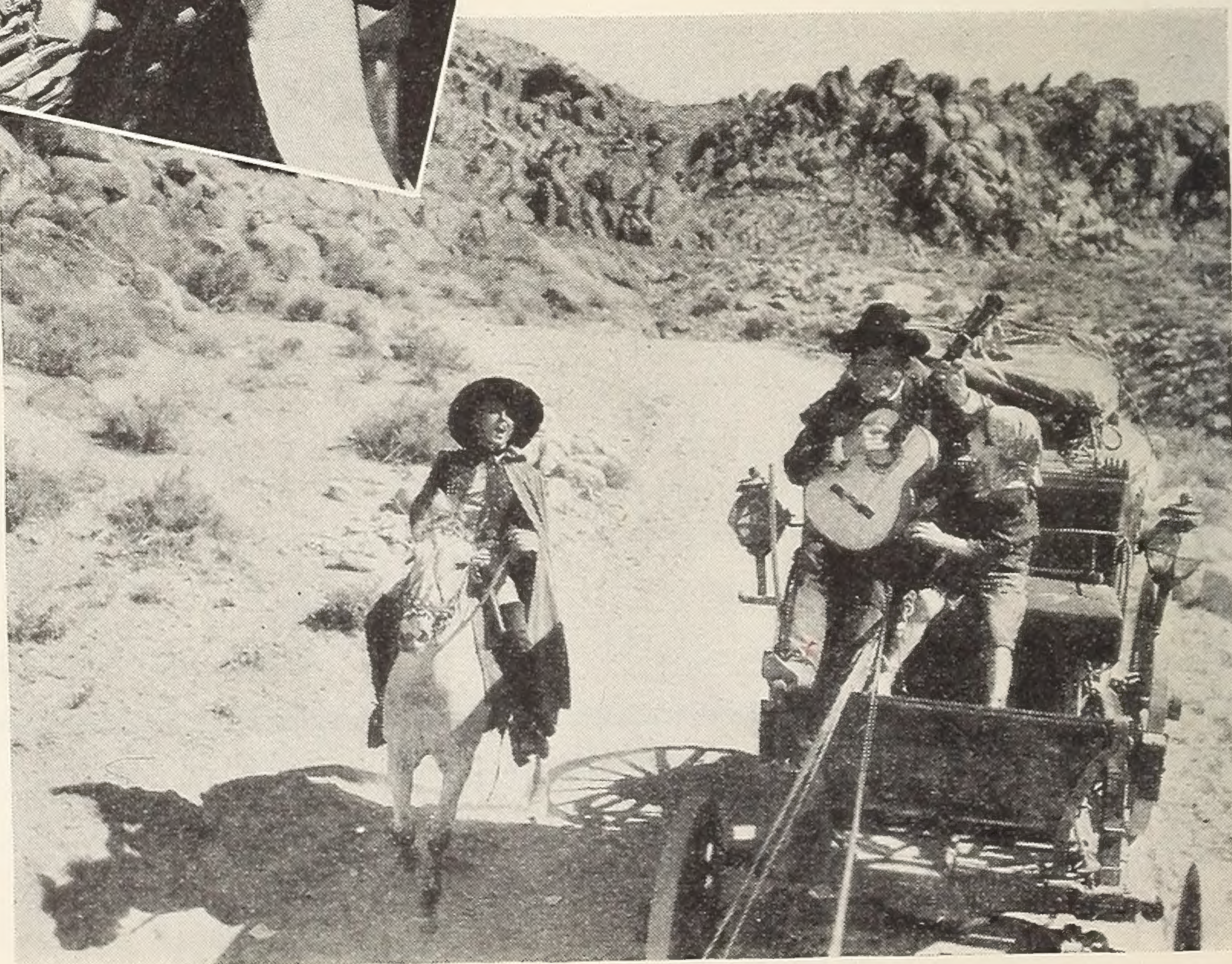


To Allan Jones, he-
man of song, who
steals "The Firefly"

Jones rides his way, singing all the while, into the favor of the public in "The Firefly." Below, the delightful "Donkey Serenade," with Jones riding along beside Jeanette MacDonald's coach, singing his heart out, accompanied by the coachman's guitar and the charming piping of little Robert Spindola.



THERE have been singing actors, and acting singers. But all too seldom is a splendid singing voice combined with acting talent and true manliness. Such a rare combination is Allan Jones, and so he becomes definitely the man of the moment in movie operetta circles. Allan has robust charm, a strong, musically fine voice which also has audience appeal and warm personality; and he is an excellent, always convincing actor—particularly, sigh the femmes in the audience, in his love scenes! With Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly" he rides off with most of the honors, for his boundless zest, high spirits, and gay good humor, as well as his glorious voice. Hail a new star: Allan Jones.





You've heard the hit  tunes from this great Kern-Hammerstein musical adventure romance on the radio . . . "Can I Forget You?" "The Folks Who Live On the Hill."

You've seen stories  about it everywhere. At two-a-day showings in New York, Los Angeles,

 and London audiences have paid two dollars a ticket. The N.Y.  Times called it . . .

"The Best Show In Town," topping even the big summer  musicals, the hit plays. Now, "High,

Wide and Handsome" comes to your  home town theatre at popular prices . . . with all the excitement, the beauty,

 the drama of this picture which combines the adventure of "Cimarron"

with the charm of "Showboat."  Watch for it.

Irene Dunne

"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"

Randolph Scott

Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn

Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER



until she found
a way to add
11 LBS. QUICK
with **IRONIZED YEAST**



NEVER HAD A
DATE WHEN SHE
WAS THIN. NOW
EVERYBODY
REMARKS ABOUT
HER BETTER
LOOKS, AND SHE
HAS ALL THE
DATES SHE
WANTS!



Posed by
professional
models

"I KNOW what it is to be skinny and pale. The fellows never look at you. Finally I got Ironized Yeast tablets. Soon I felt a lot peppier, my skin got smooth and in just 4 weeks I gained eleven pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."—Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce, have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, normally rounded curves, this new easy way—in just a few weeks! What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin and normally lovely color, new pep and charm, loads of new friends and popularity.

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and run-down simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. Without these elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. One of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after long research, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron); also pasteurized English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take, marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain just the normally attractive pounds, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not absolutely convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

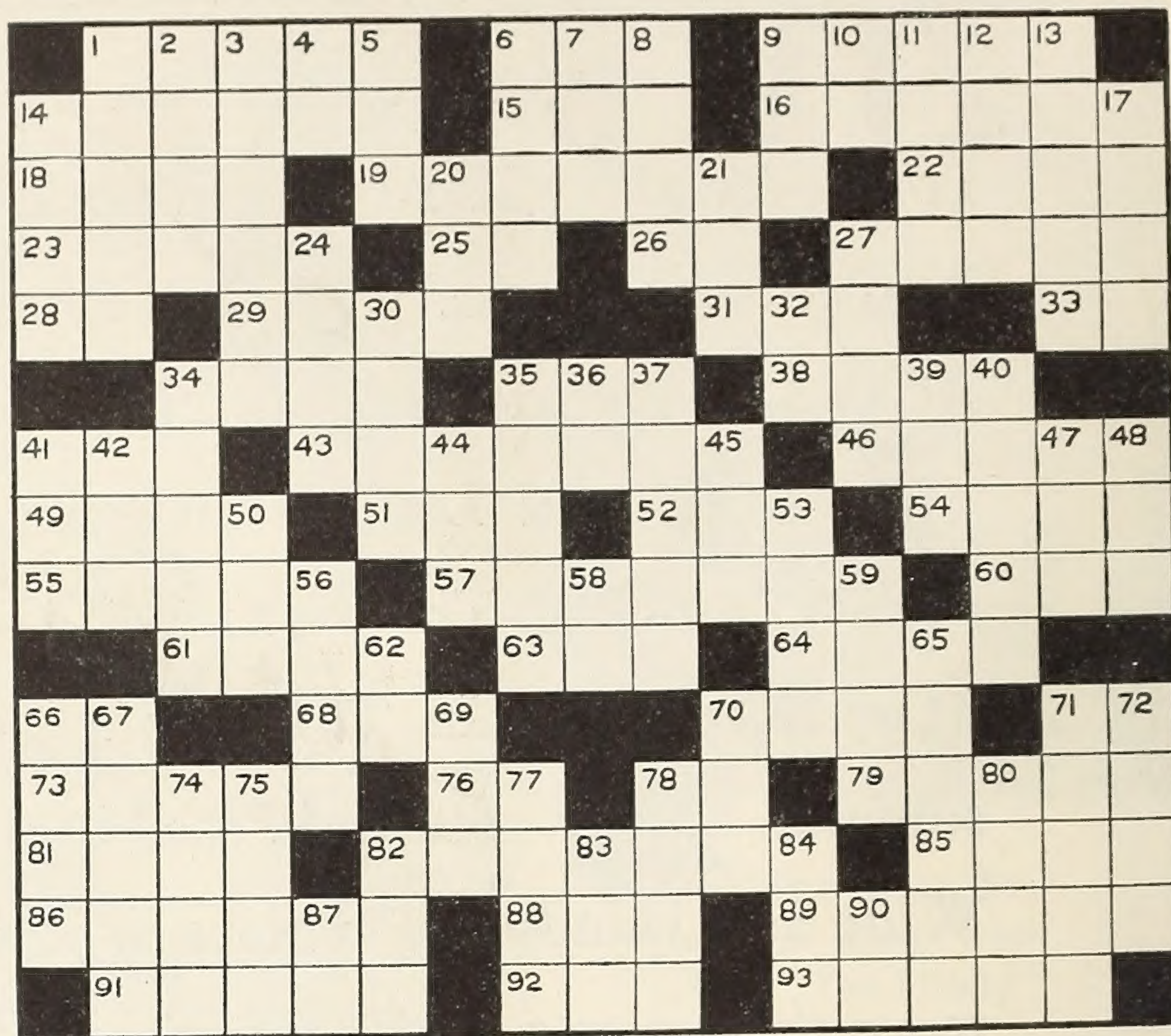
Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2611, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine IRONIZED YEAST.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

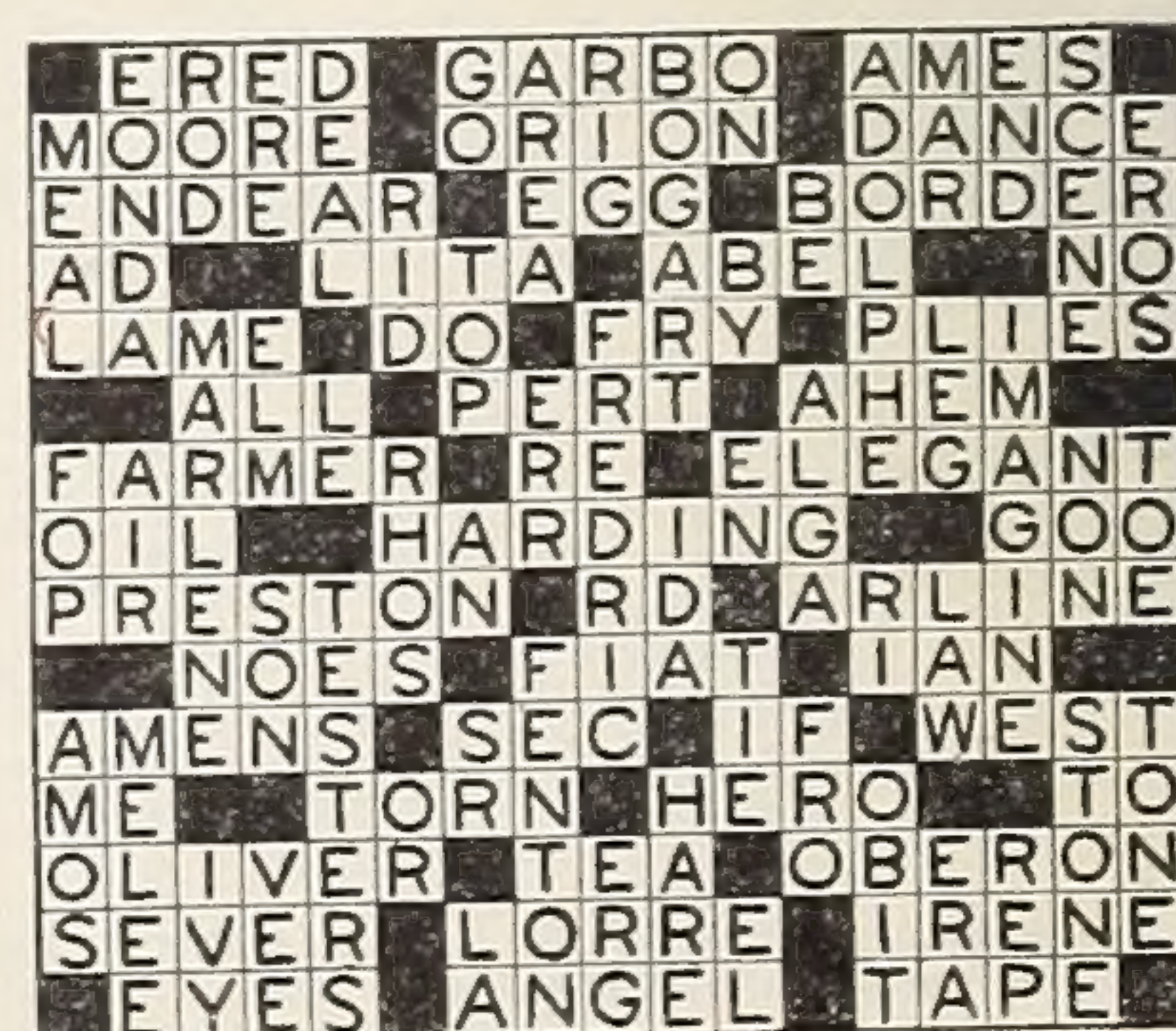
1. She was featured in "The Thirteenth Chair"
6. She's Mrs. John Monk Saunders
9. One of the Marx brothers
14. Star of "Ever Since Eve"
15. United States of America (abbrev.)
16. Coral reefs
18. Native minerals
19. A Shirley Temple film
22. Vein of ore
23. Hardly enough
25. French article
26. Swede comic—window washer in "Blonde Trouble"
27. Sufferer from leprosy
28. Shut up!
29. English title
31. Star of "Confession"
33. Note of the scale
34. Featured actor in "West-bound Limited"
35. Head covering
38. Alone
41. What you see with
43. Co-star of "Broadway Melody of 1938"
46. The Juliet of the screen
49. He was featured in "Espionage"
51. Japanese unit of money
52. Has been
54. Salver for serving
55. Co-star of "The Emperor's Candlesticks"
57. Her new one is "Love Under Fire"
60. Lyric poem
61. Chair
63. What you hear with
64. District attorney in "Fury"
66. Paid notice (abbrev.)
68. Ship's distress signal
70. Reared
71. Exclamation
73. Comedienne in "Wake Up and Live"
76. Ma's husband
78. Pa's wife
79. Author of "Tom Sawyer"
81. Bad
82. She plays "Stella Dallas"
85. Measure of land

86. French star of "Seventh Heaven"
88. Gummy black substance
89. Heroine in "The Toast of New York"
91. Railroad station
92. Phippen
93. Movements of water in ocean

DOWN

1. His new one is "Nothing Sacred"
2. Range or scope
3. Mickey Mouse's papa
4. "— West, Young Man"
5. "Dead ——" with Sylvia Sidney
6. To rage
7. Venomous serpent
8. Famous Eastern university
9. Possesses
10. "A Day — The Races"
11. A part in a picture
12. Sound of something dropping into water
13. Elder
14. Green growth on wet soil
17. Dried up, withered
20. Sick
21. Kind of deer
24. Story
27. He's married to Bebe Daniels
30. Depend upon
32. He's married to Ruby Keeler
34. He's famous for dignified old gentlemen rôles
35. Light boat
36. One
37. He's featured in "Café Metropole"
39. "Men Are — Gods," with Miriam Hopkins
40. Star of "The Prince and The Pauper"
41. Wing of a house
42. "— Can't Have Everything"
44. Slippery fish
45. A rodent
47. Angry
48. Forever
50. Compass point (abbrev.)
53. "A — Is Born," with Gaynor
56. "— Living," with Edward Arnold
58. Sun god
59. To egg on
62. "Fifty Roads — Town"
65. Star of "The Toast of New York"
66. Monkeys
67. "— Copperfield"
69. Mineral spring
70. A rod
71. Engages
72. Something unique (slang)
74. What a clock tells you
75. Liquid refuse
77. Cultural pursuits
78. She's now Mrs. Buddy Rogers
80. The utmost
82. Wager
83. Part of a ball player's equipment
84. Stern of a ship
87. "The Girl Said —"
90. Two-toed sloth

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



Zola

—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!

The outstanding prestige picture of the season.
—Time

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.

—Kate Cameron,
N. Y. Daily News

The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.

—Frank Nugent, N. Y. Times

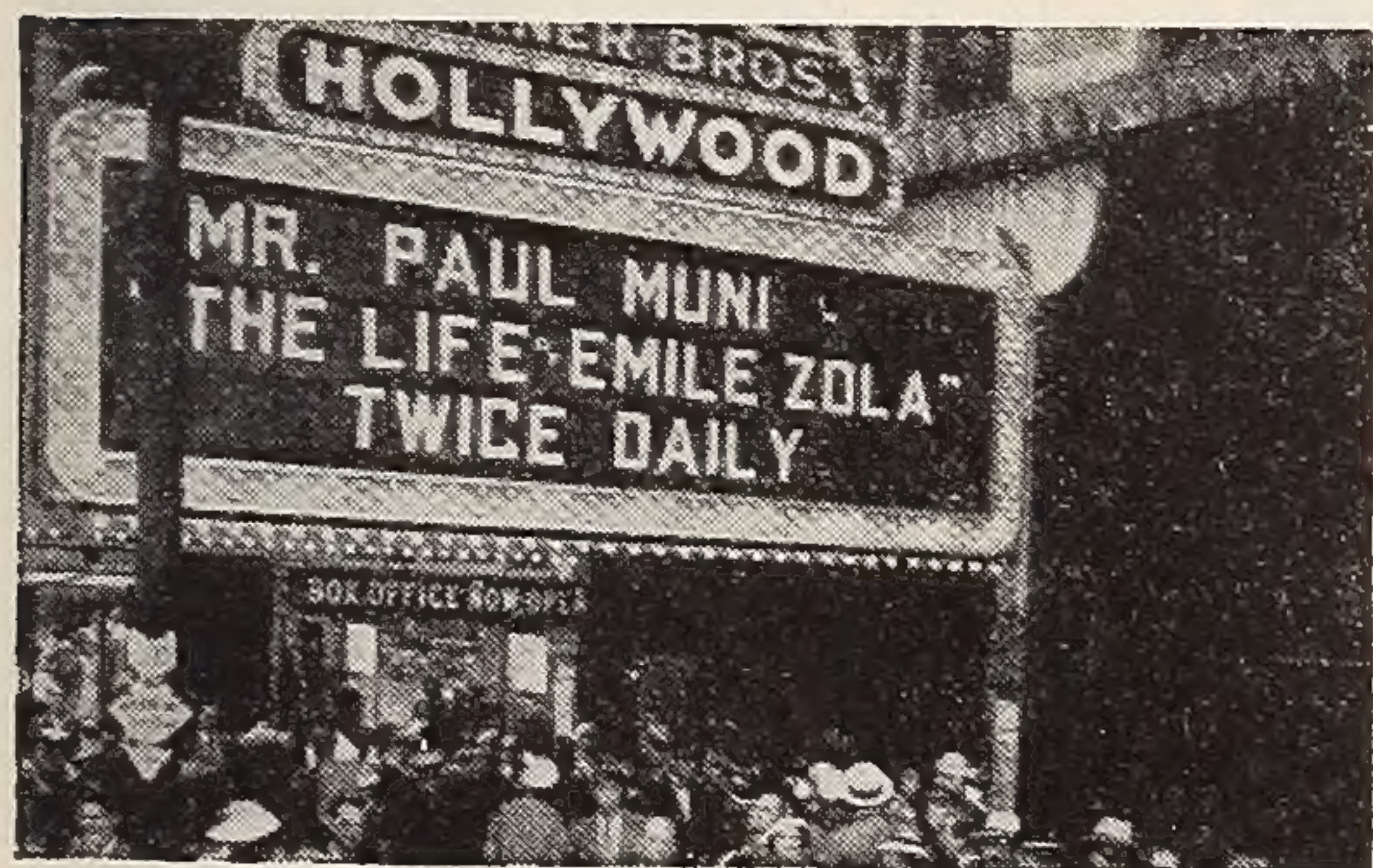
So far superior...so superlative...that this department temporarily abandoned its job of being critical.

—The Digest



Warner Bros. proudly present

Mr. Paul MUNI *in* THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA



**Soon to be shown
at popular prices!**

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING:

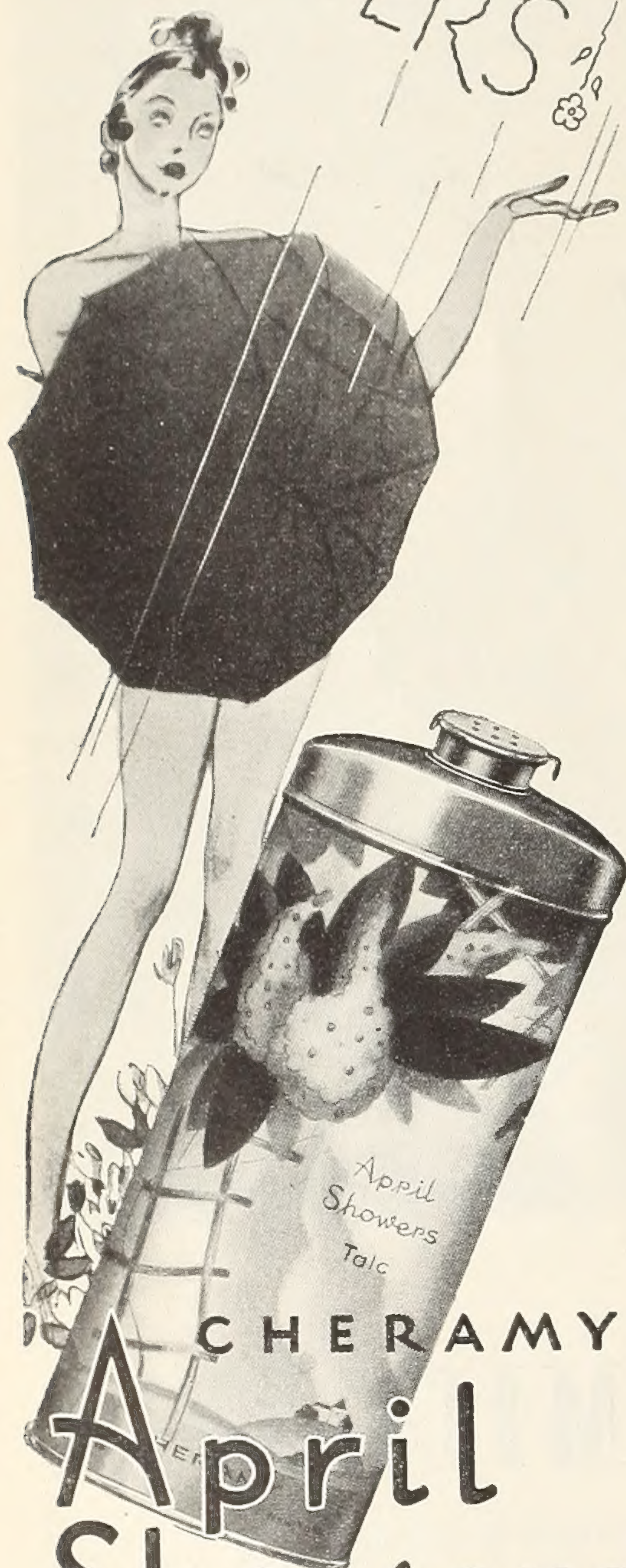
Gale Sondergaard Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore •
Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern • Morris Carnovsky • Directed
by William Dieterle

Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.



Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks at \$2.20 a seat. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.

IT'S
RAINING
FLOWERS!



CHERRY
April
Showers
Talc

THIS is the cool, fragrant freshener you need every summer day. The finest quality imported talcum powder, scented with lovely April Showers, "The Perfume of Youth" ...yet priced low for debutante allowances.

The Talc, exquisite but not expensive, 28¢.
The Perfume (in purse-sizes), 28¢, 50¢ and \$1.00.

Basil Rathbone, who makes hisses for the villain rôles he plays turn into hoorays for his brilliant acting, steps into the limelight as this month's choice of the letter writers. Here's Basil, at right, interrupting a romp with two of his dogs during a holiday, to greet you, his SCREENLAND admirers

WRITE AS YOU PLEASE ABOUT THE STARS

Now it's the readers' turn to write—precisely what they think about Hollywood and its stars. Read here what your fellow screen enthusiasts have to say about pictures and picture people, then write what you think. You'll find it fun, other readers will find it interesting, and Hollywood will take your advice and criticism to heart. Please limit each comment to a maximum of 50 words. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.



Salutes and Snubs

HOW'S ABOUT, PETE SMITH?

Why doesn't Hollywood keep us up to the minute on etiquette, via some short subjects? It could be very entertaining, as well as informative, to see a film in which a couple entertain friends at teas, receptions, dinners, etc. Also let them step out to the best hotels, travel by all the modern conveyances, and visit entertainment resorts—doing it all in the manner of those who really know their way around.

Alzalein Parker,
Millen, Ga.

FAVORITE PEOPLE AND PICTURES

Here are my favorites and the pictures that made them so:

Errol Flynn in "Charge of the Light Brigade." Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall." Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew in "Captains Courageous." Tyrone Power in "Lloyds of London." Nelson Eddy in "Maytime." Billy and Bobby Mauch in "Prince and the Pauper." Ferdinand Gravet in "King and the Chorus Girl." Don Ameche in "Fifty Roads to

Town." Robert Taylor in "This Is My Affair."

Ruth Kilman,
Boston, Mass.

BASIL—BELOVED VILLAIN

I think Basil Rathbone's amazingly brilliant performances should convince Hollywood that he is infinitely worthy of stardom. He is far too great to play second fiddle to anybody—in reality he doesn't, for in supporting rôles he manages to take the lead in scenes with many a leading, or star, player.

Elizabeth White,
Landsdown Strand,
Glos., England

THE AH'S ARE FOR AMECHE

Here's my applause, long and loud, for a great radio and screen star, Don Ameche. I certainly receive full value when I go to a theatre where Don is playing.

Lorraine Haley,
Berwyn, Ill.

(Please turn to page 12)

NOW SEE THEM TOGETHER
IN "STAGE DOOR"

Broadway's sensational stage success becomes the outstanding highlight of all the screen's new big pictures!... Authored by two of the greatest living playwrights, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN... Thrillingly directed by the genius behind "My Man Godfrey", GREGORY LA CAVA... Glamorously produced by Hollywood's ace picture-maker, PANDRO S. BERMAN... intimately played by stars daringly cast to sweep you off your feet with curiosity — and satisfaction!... At last the one picture you simply MUST see!

Stage Door

KATHARINE GINGER
HEPBURN ★ ROGERS

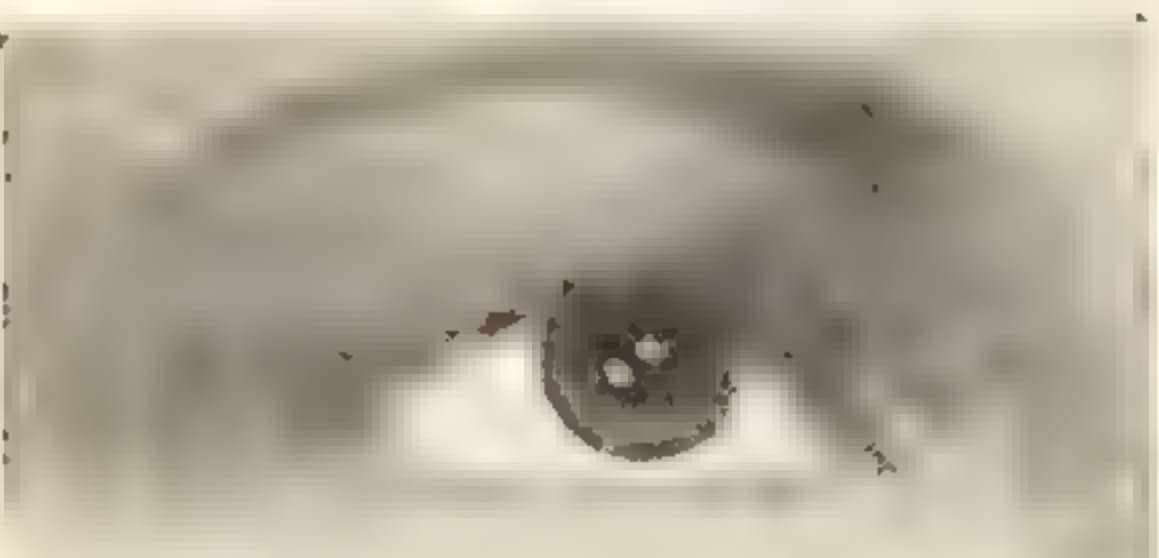
A D O L P H E
MENJOU

WITH
GAIL PATRICK CONSTANCE COLLIER • ANDREA LEEDS
SAMUEL S. HINDS • LUCILLE BALL • FROM THE PLAY BY EDNA FERBER AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA • PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN

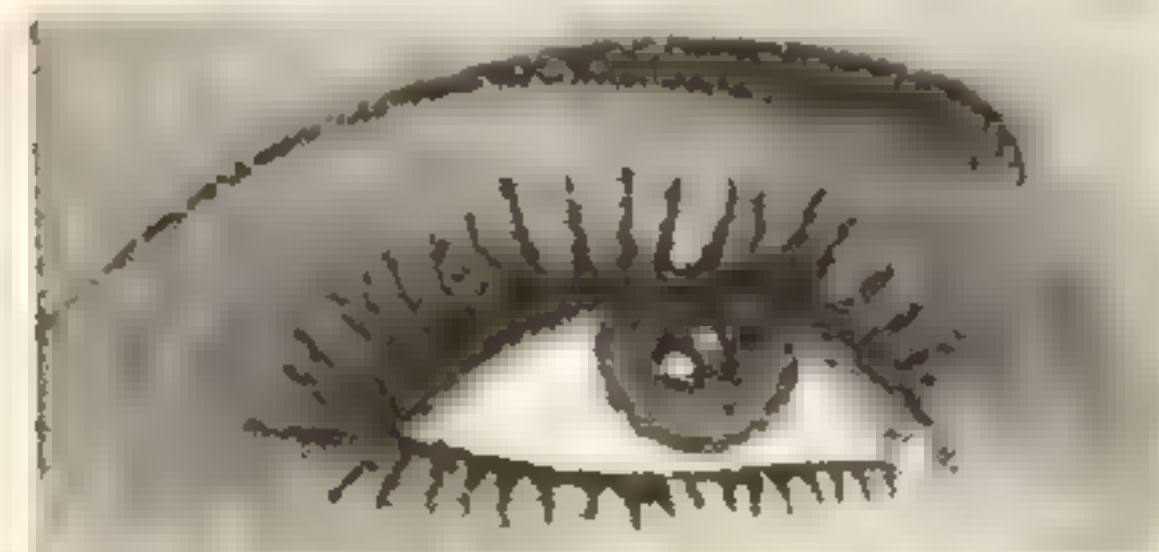


SCREEN PLAY BY
MORRIE RYSKIND AND ANTHONY VEILLER

What Do People Say About Your Eyes?



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.



DREADFUL—Crude, Stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.



DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.



The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard “made-up” look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

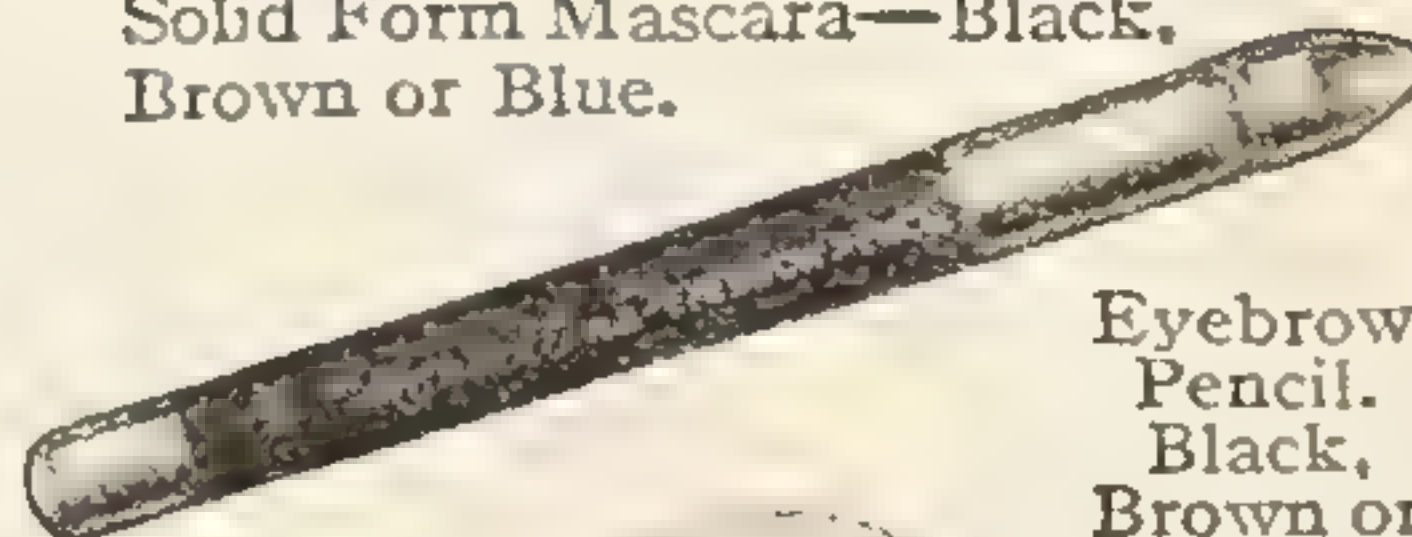
You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids

intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!



Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.



Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 10

MANY ARE FINE, BUT DICK IS FAVORED

I see a lot of movies and I like lots of stars, but it's Dick Powell with his naturalness, human, easy charm and pleasing voice who brings me to the theatre most frequently.

M. L. Dailey,
Racine, Wisc.

THAT BRITISH CHARM

These English actors fascinate me. Especially Herbert Marshall. He is one of the actors with an ability to draw you into the picture; make you absolutely forget where you are to the extent that you pretend you are in the story yourself. It takes acting skill, the projection of sincerity and warmth, to do that.

Jean Dunbar,
Wyndmoor, Pa.

SPEAKING OF TALENT—

On the subject of talent that isn't given the recognition due it, what about those two superb and entertaining actors and dancers, Lee Dixon and Buddy Ebsen? The former with all the pep, life and appeal of a college man, and the feet of Astaire. And the latter with all the appeal of a homely but friendly face, the personality of a Taylor and an inimitable style of dancing.

Jeanne Mudgett,
Adrian, Mich.

GLADYS RATES WITH THE GREAT

Most people when speaking of the screen's foremost actresses mention Luise Rainer, Miriam Hopkins, Bette Davis, Katie Hepburn and Greta Garbo. But to me Gladys George deserves recognition in any grouping supposed to represent the finest abilities of acting art in the motion picture.

Jean Adams,
Buffalo, N. Y.

LOVELY'S THE WORD

I can think of no actress who better qualifies for the word “lovely” than Frieda Inescort. And the best indication of her acting ability is the fact that each of her performances seems better than the preceding one. She was very nearly perfect in her best picture, “Call It A Day,” and she was one of few redeeming features in “Another Dawn.”

Margaret A. Connell,
Des Moines, Ia.

KING'S ROAD TO STARDOM

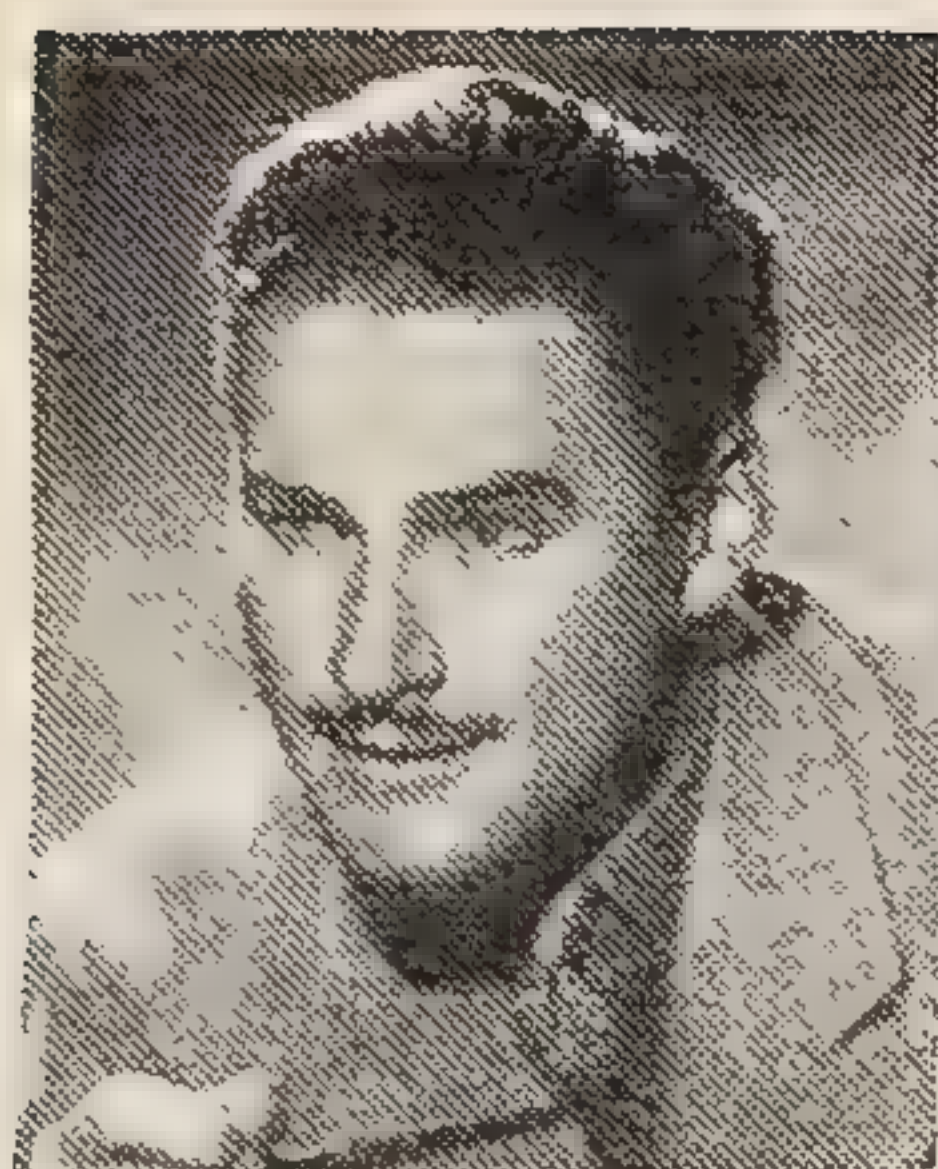
Because, after appearing in serials and small parts in features, he rose almost overnight to the eminence of a star in “The Road Back,” my salutes are for John King. That grand performance entitles him to the best from Hollywood, and the public.

Marion Cadish,
Los Angeles, Calif.

MORE ABOUT MARIE

Won't you please tell us more about the grand little comedienne, Marie Wilson? Marie is bound to become the best loved girl in Hollywood before many moons. You don't know how eagerly I scan the pages of every issue of SCREENLAND to learn more about my favorite actress—Marie Wilson.

Georgia Sargent,
Muncie, Ind.



ERROL
FLYNN

The Three
Musket-
eers with one
expression.



MADGE
EVANS

All - American
best girl; cue
for song.



EDUARDO
CIANNELLI

Dante on loca-
tion; acid on
iron.



DEANNA
DURBIN

canary in a
nursery;
ingenue wired
for sound.



BURGESS
MEREDITH

radical in
Brooks clothing;
senior most like-
ly to succeed.



MADELEINE
CARROLL

the girl you
meet just be-
fore waking
up.



HERMAN
BING

explosion in a
sauerkraut fac-
tory; Weber
and Fields' son.

Scotch Portraits

By Malcolm H. Oettinger



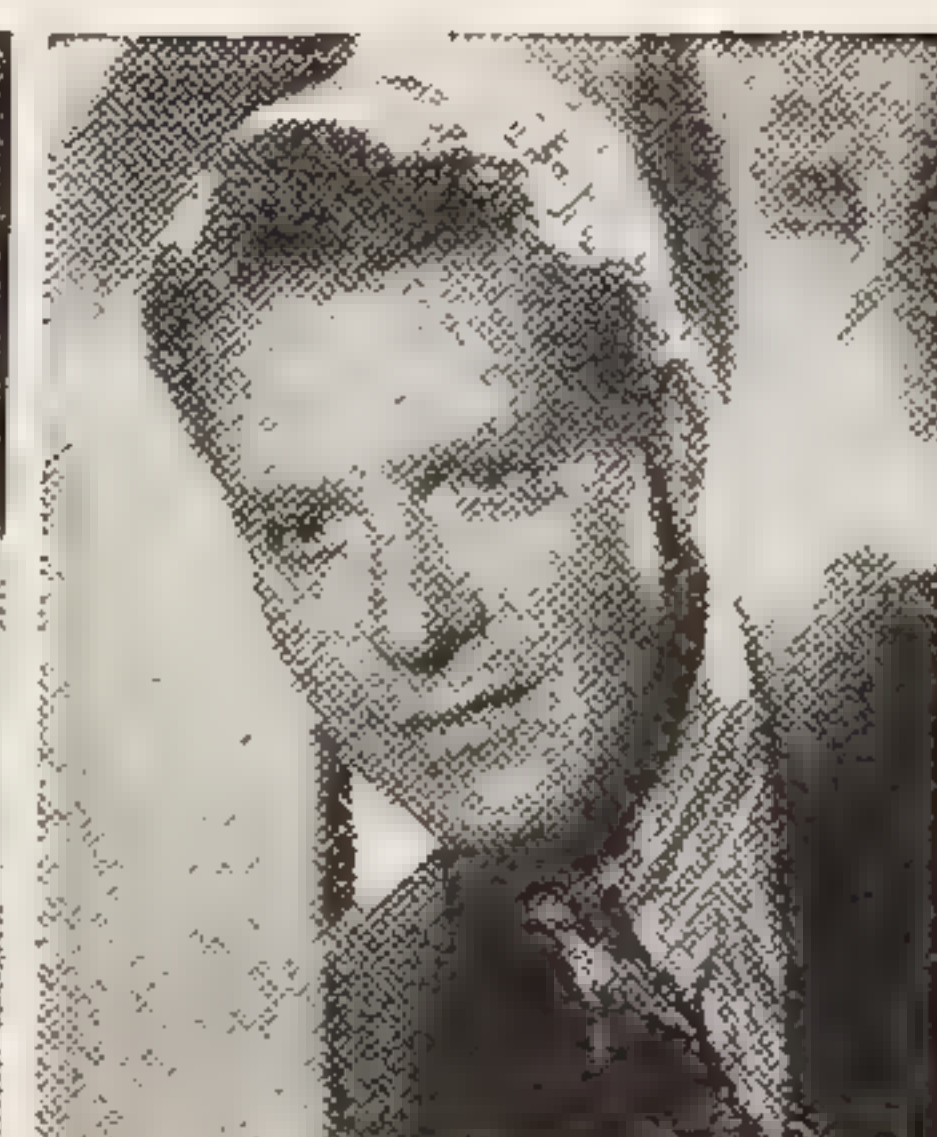
TYRONE
POWER, JR.

Mask and Wig
president;
Father's boy.



SONJA
HENIE

china saucer on
chubby legs;
Kewpie on ice.



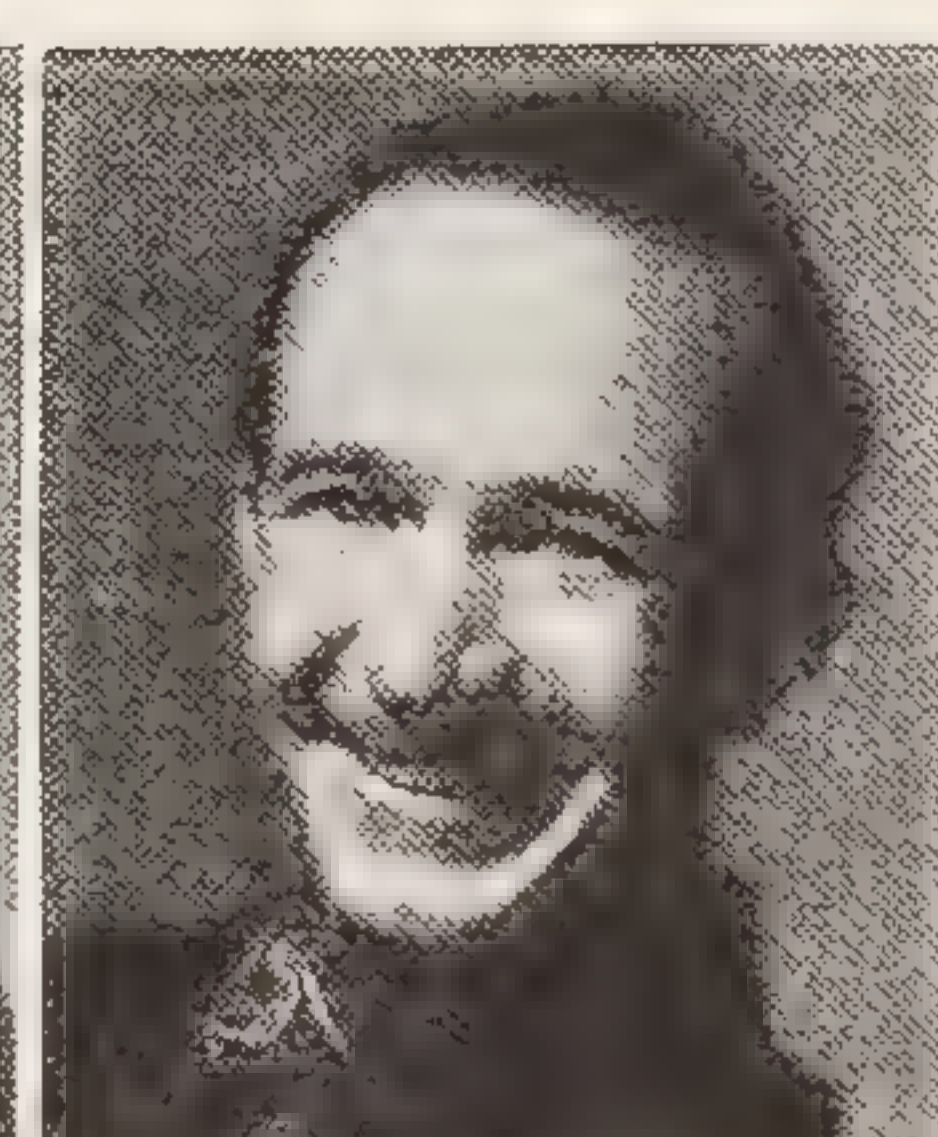
NELSON
EDDY

a dentist with
a marcel wave;
the smile with
a voice wins.



MARGOT
GRAHAME

what every wife
fears the other
woman is like.



WALTER
BRENNAN

Ancient Mariner
on a ferris wheel;
cracker bar-
rel philosopher.



JANE
WITHERS

mosquitoes and
giggles; prob-
lem child.



GREGORY
RATOFF

storm over
Siberia;
triumph of the
accent.

WHY, BETTY—WHAT LANGUAGE!



BUT, MUMS—THAT
GOSH AWFUL
RUN
MEANS NO LUNCH
TODAY!



NOW, BETTY, YOU
MUSTN'T SCRIMP
ON LUNCHES. CAN'T
YOU BE MORE
CAREFUL WITH
YOUR STOCKINGS?



MUMS GAVE
ME YOUR LUX
TIP MRS. BROWN
—IT HAS SAVED
ME **DOLLARS**

I'M SO GLAD,
BETTY. I KNEW
LUX WOULD
CUT DOWN YOUR
RUNS

NEXT MORNING

BETTY'S ALWAYS
BROKE, SO MUCH
MONEY GOES
FOR STOCKINGS

MY HELEN CUTS
DOWN RUNS WITH
LUX. IT SAVES
ELASTICITY—
DO TRY IT



Cut Down RUNS this Easy Way...

Nobody likes to have to spend lunch
money on stockings. Why not keep
stockings like new longer, with Lux?

Lux cuts down on runs by saving
stocking elasticity. Soaps contain-
ing harmful alkali—and cake-soap
rubbing—tend to weaken elasticity.
Lux has no harmful alkali . . . cuts
down costly runs!

—saves **E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y**

GOOD NEWS TO MILLIONS

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



TASTES BETTER THAN EVER

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor—tastes like a choice confection! You'll like it *even better* than you did before.

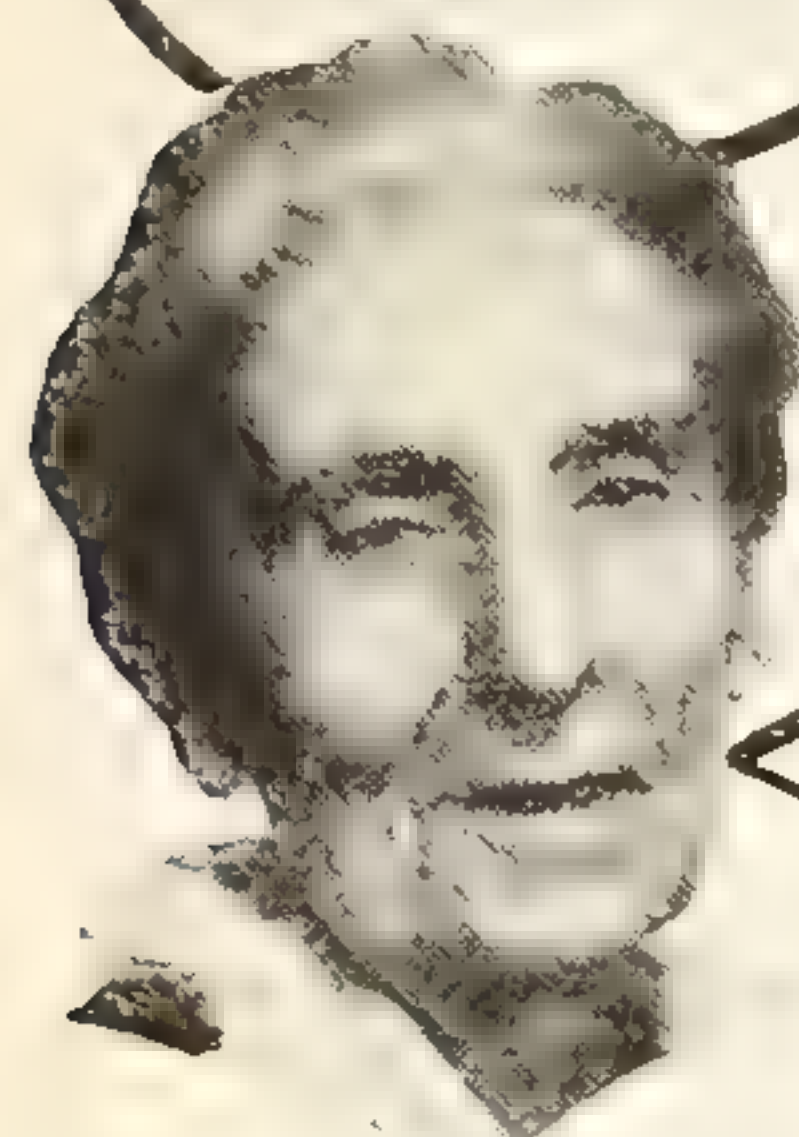
ACTS BETTER THAN EVER

Ex-Lax is now even more effective than it used to be. Empties the bowels *more thoroughly, more smoothly*, in less time than before.



MORE GENTLE THAN EVER

Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.



... and you'll

FEEL BETTER

after taking it!

PEOPLE everywhere are praising the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax! Thousands have written glowing letters telling of their own experiences with this remarkable laxative

"I always liked the taste of Ex-Lax," many said, "but now it's even *more* delicious!" ... "It certainly gives you a thorough cleaning out!" was another popular comment ... "We never dreamed that any laxative could be so gentle!" hundreds wrote.

And right they are! For today Ex-Lax is *better than ever!* A more satisfactory laxative in *every* way! ... If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, listlessness or any of the other ailments so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax!

Your druggist has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S117, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

A. G. M. Here's about your little Canadian rave, Rosina Lawrence: born in Ottawa, Canada, 5 feet 3½ inches tall, blonde hair and green eyes, weighs 115 pounds. Attended high schools in Boston, Mass., and Los Angeles, Calif. Studied ballet and tap dancing, made screen debut at 13, in "Angel of Broadway," later played in "Reckless" and "\$10 Raise," "Charlie Chan's Secret" and "Your Uncle Dudley," with a featured rôle in "General Spanky." Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokio, Japan, July 1st, 1916. She is of English descent; came with her parents to America at the age of three. Playing the rôle of *Puck* in a school production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" resulted in a leading part in the screen version of the play and a contract with Warner Bros. She is 5 feet 4 inches in height, weighs 107 pounds, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes.

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Miss R. T. So you like the looks of Jack Dunn? Address your letter to him in care of Universal Studios, Universal City, California. In the first place, he is very English, born in Lounbridge, Wells, England, on March 28, 1917, and next he skated into pictures! Literally, for it was while skating with Sonja Henie in Los Angeles, that he won his Universal contract. He is tall, dark and handsome, as you yourself have observed. Over 6 feet, weighs 182, black hair and brown eyes.



Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey, take the air to greet radio fans tuned in to a recent Hollywood preview.



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HAIL! *the conquering hero comes!*



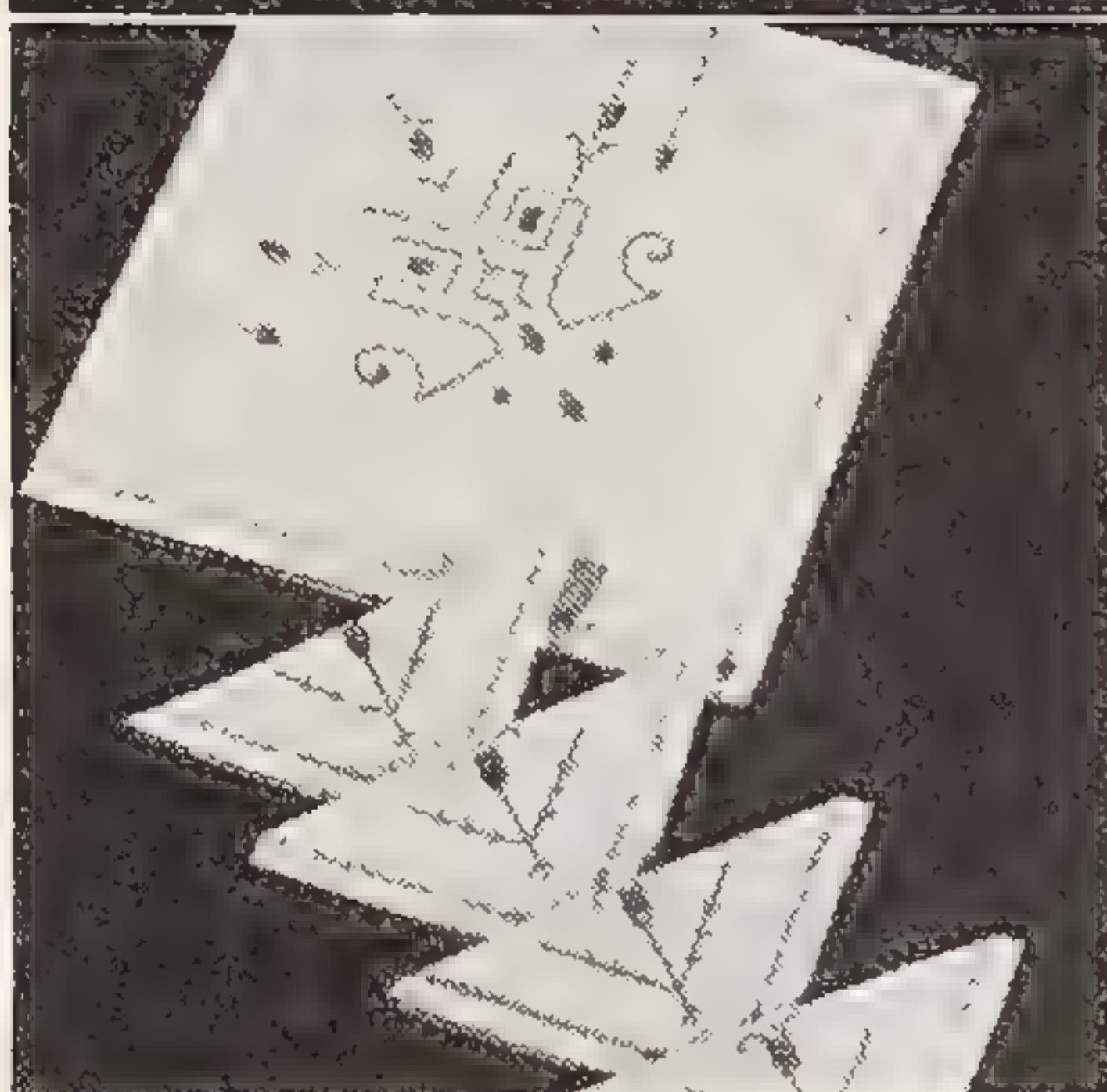
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WALTER WANGER
presents

LESLIE
HOWARD • RICHARD
JOAN
RONDELL

"
C
with
A
C

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY



Luncheon Set—Pure linen; hand embroidered. 3 colors . . . 225 coupons



FREE. Write for B & W premium

"
in
GART
SHELTON
CARSON

AMHAM BAKER

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR

SCREENLAND

GOOD NEWS TO MILLIONS

**SCIENTIFICALLY
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NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



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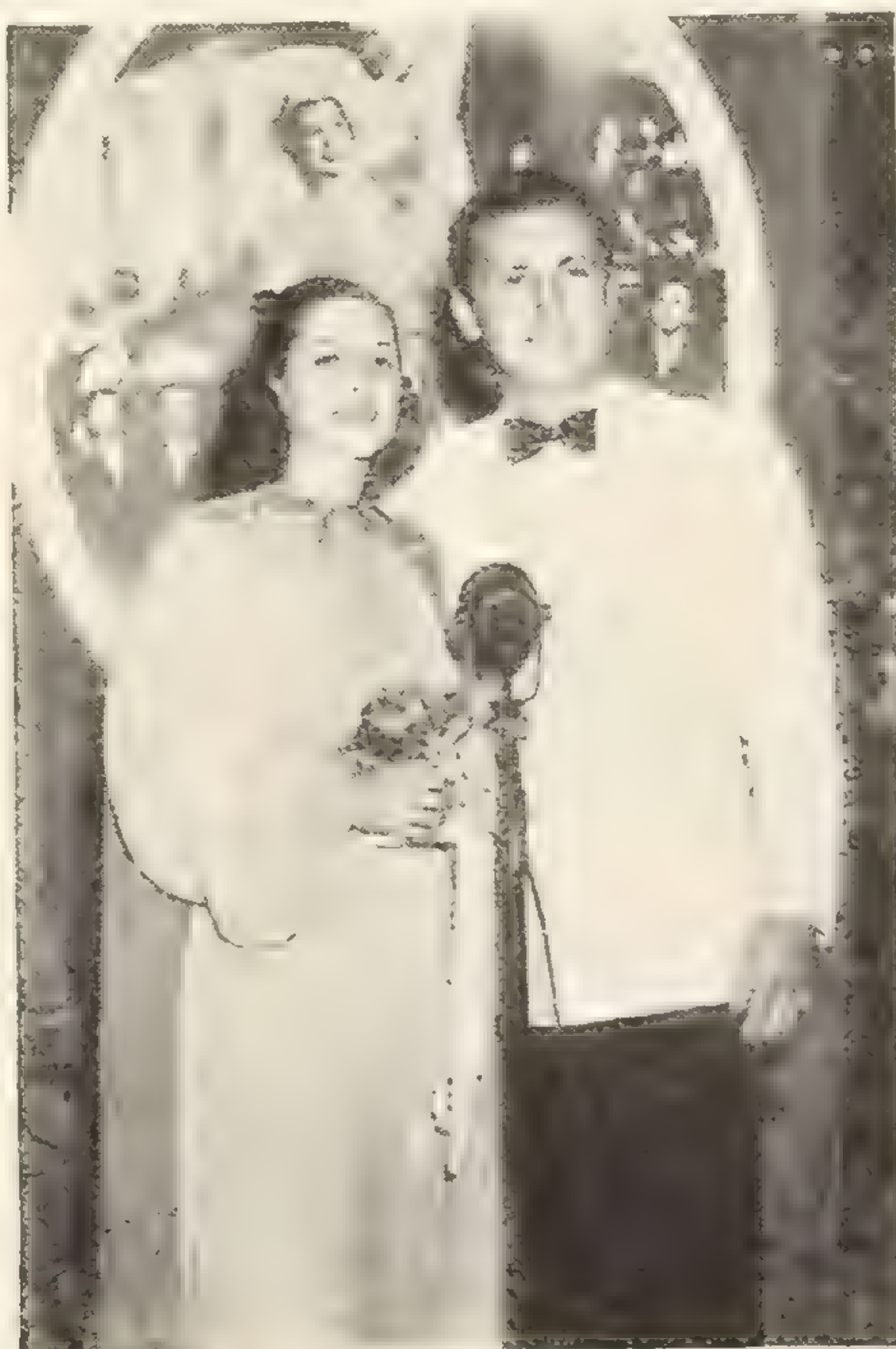
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WALTER WANGER
presents



LESLIE
HOWARD. RICHMOND



with

CHRISTY
A
C

Sc

JOAN

HOWARD. RICHMOND

in

GART

SHELTON

K. CARSON

T

ABRAM BAKER

ts



Every Member of the Family Says
"There's Nothing Quite Like"
Alka-Seltzer

...and they all say it with a smile. Yes, Alka-Seltzer is making millions of homes happier by helping all members of the family to keep feeling at their best because of the quick, pleasant relief it gives from Headaches, Upset Stomach, or other common ailments. An Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant tasting effervescent solution which relieves pain and helps correct the excess acid condition so often associated with common ailments.

AT ALL DRUG STORES — 30 and 60c PACKAGES
Also served by the glass at Drug Store fountains



Keeps You Looking LOVELY Longer
MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP



At parties, dances, everywhere — does your skin remain flawless, alluring, youthful? Compliments and a flattering skin can be yours with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply it to face, neck, arms — then feel the velvety skin texture. A miracle? No—just Miner's! Lasts all day. Won't rub off or streak. Shades: peach, rachel, brunette, suntan. At drug and dep't stores, 50c. Trial sizes at all 10c counters, or mail coupon.

MINER'S, 40A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ Shade _____

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Varsity
Show

Warners



It's got that thing! This latest Dick Powell musical is sure to please the majority, and will wow the younger element of the land. Dick, with some good songs, fine romantic support from Rosemary Lane, comedy that's funny from Ted Healy, and novelties in the musical line from Fred Waring and his group, especially Johnny Davis, returns to his old college and plumps into a lively and youthfully gay time.

Mayerling

Filmarte



So moving we doubt you'll even wish the dialogue were in English instead of French. The dramatization of the tragic life, love, and death of Archduke Rudolph of Austria is so vibrantly alive as acted by Charles Boyer, and the lovely Danielle Darrieux, as *Marie Vetsera*, you live in a world of true and entrancing illusion throughout its course. English titles clarify the dialogue. Notable. This is one you surely must see.



Broadway
Melody
of 1938

M-G-M

The world's greatest feminine tap dancer (viz. Eleanor Powell), and Robert Taylor carry on a boy and girl romance to good tunes, elaborate production numbers, and with attractive aid from George Murphy, Judy Garland—which two score heavily—Buddy Ebsen, Raymond Walburn, Sophie Tucker and many other bright names. Eye and ear entertainment done on an opulent scale. Not much story, but lots of show.



The Sheik
Steps Out

Republic

As a welcome return vehicle for Ramon Novarro, absent from films nearly 3 years, this is glove-fitting movie romance. Ramon as the desert lothario tames a spoiled rich girl from America, then proves himself a count, no less, playing Arab for the fun of it. Lola Lane, Gene Lockhart and others do good jobs, and Novarro will delight his old friends in the audience. There's good entertainment in this typical sheik story.



Love
Under
Fire

20th
Century-
Fox

Pops away with incident at a machine gun pace, and sure for a diverting evening at the theatre. Loretta Young and Don Ameche share honors in a melodramatic comedy about stolen jewels—Don the Scotland Yard chap, and Loretta the suspect he pursues to war-ridden Spain—questionable choice for a comedy locale, but the yarn moves so fast you forget all that. Finely supported, the stars are corking in this.



The Life
of the
Party

RKO-
Radio

Well, anyway it's a big party. There's Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, to make a quartette of comedians, and Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard for romance—and song too. Even Gene croons a couple of tunes. The story is very much musical comedy. Gene is a rich boy who'll lose his inheritance if he marries, and Harriet's mother wants her to marry money rather than be a singer. Fairish.

It's Love
I'm After

Warners



Bette Davis, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland in their lighter moments keep you amused even to laughing out loud. Leslie is the actor in love with his leading lady, Bette, but easily diverted by a pretty new face—and so enters Olivia, worshipper of the ham actor. All three stars are grand, and excellently supported by Eric Blore, Patric Knowles, and others. A real triumph for the engaging Mr. Howard.

Double or
Nothing

Para-
mount



Bing Crosby breezes through a tuneful variety show that has the ease and informality of one of his radio shows, with the added zest of Martha Raye's clowning and songs—one a gag about a strip tease act, called "It's Off, It's On," that's catchy and amusing as well. There is a plot, but it doesn't hurt much, and Andy Devine, as well as a number of specialty acts, spotted between romance involving Mary Carlisle

Sea
Rack-
eteers

Republic



A mélange of dance numbers, blood and thunder melodrama, and comedy about two Coast Guard buddies, Weldon Heyburn and Warren Hymer, who steal each other's girls. Jeanne Madden sings pleasantly, Dorothy McNulty stands out as a wise showgirl, and J. Carroll Naish heads a gang of smugglers. Nothing subtle about this—it's straight, obvious, elemental in its efforts to entertain by familiar mass production methods.

She Asked
for It

Para-
mount



Bright and novel little tale about a writer who becomes the detective in his own stories and solves murder mysteries. William Gargan is excellent as the writer. Orien Heyward, a newcomer with promise, is seen as his wife. Vivienne Osborne, Richard Carle, Roland Drew, Harry Beresford, Alan Birmingham, Harry Fleischmann and Miki Morita offer very good support. This is good program type entertainment.

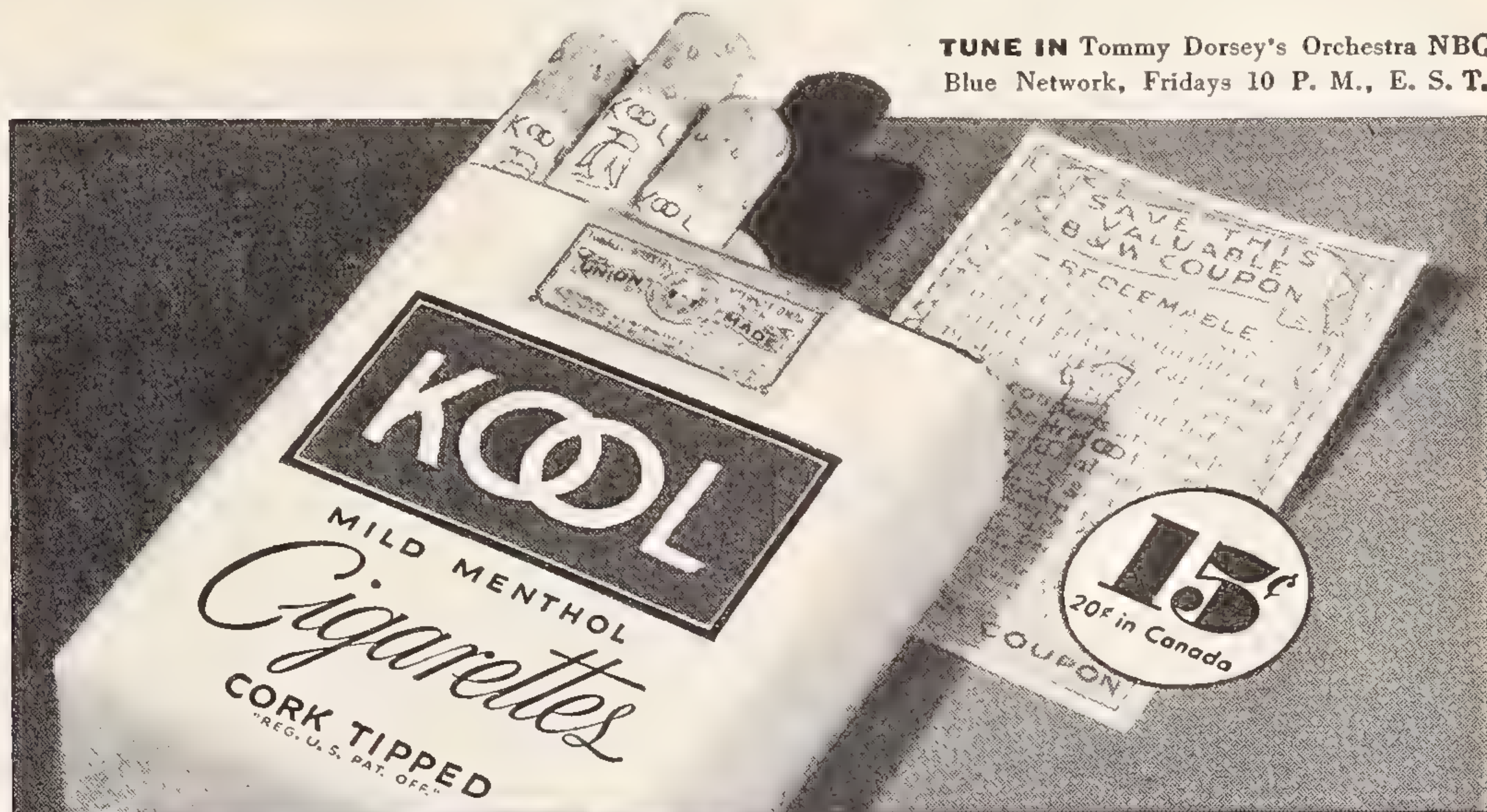
**TELL HIM
TO SWITCH
TO KOOLS**

and he'll be all right

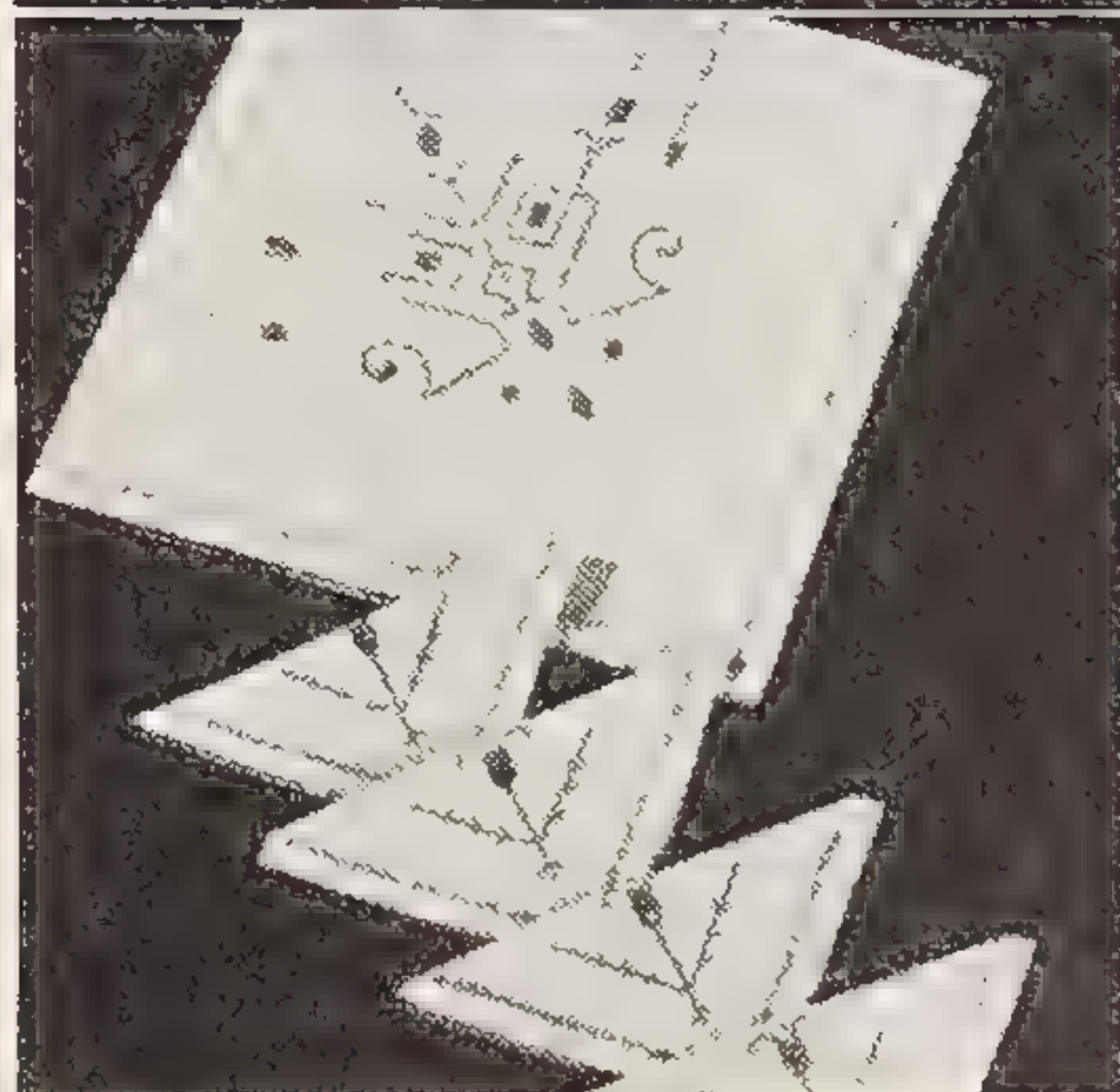


DOCTORS...lawyers...merchants...chiefs in every walk of life agree that KOOLS are soothing to your throat. Is this cooling process a secret? Not a bit of it! KOOLS are a blend of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos...with a touch of mild menthol added for refreshing, cooling flavor. And each pack brings you a valuable coupon, good in the United States for a wide choice of beautiful, practical premiums. Switch to KOOLS and save those coupons! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

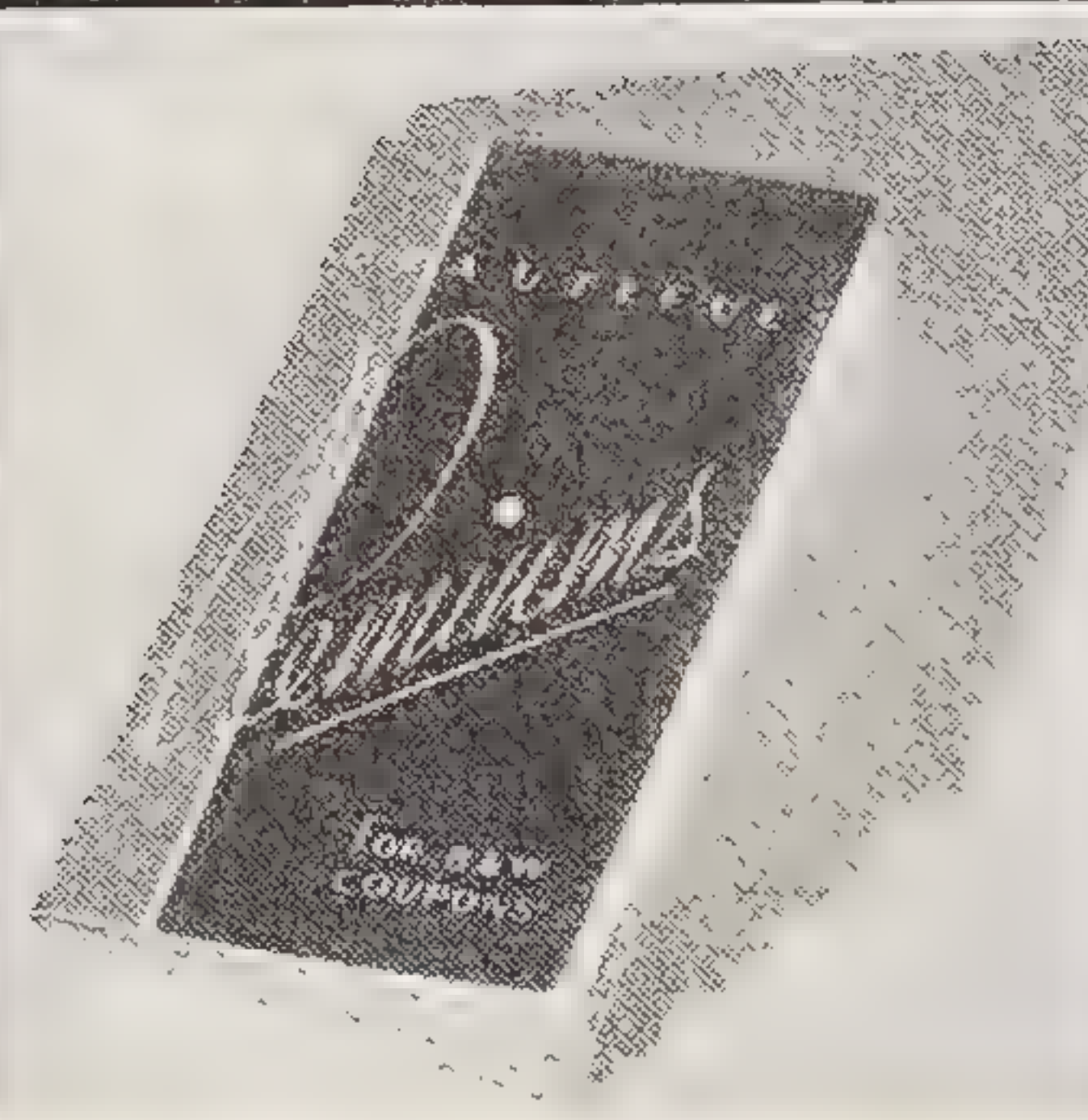
TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra NBC
Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS...MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Luncheon Set—Pure linen; hand embroidered. 3 colors...225 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 32-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14



Glassware—latest banded. 6 highball, or 6 tea, or 6 old fashioned—100 coup.

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



EYES MEN ADORE

SPARKLING, glamorous eyes can hold a man entranced—fascinated! But eyes that are tired, dull, or red, disillusion men!

Before going out, *think first of your eyes*. Use **ibath**...the wonderful new solution that is the exact formula of a specialist's prescription.

Quickly...safely...**ibath** acts in 4 ways to step up brilliance:

1. It gently washes away surface dirt
2. Safely relaxes tired eye muscles
3. Reduces redness
4. Promotes natural secretions, which keep your eyes bright, lustrous

How much better your eyes feel—instantly! Rested. Relaxed. How much better they look! Sparkling. Young.

Get **ibath** at any good drug department. Only 50 cents—the price of a manicure—and an eye-cup comes with every bottle. **ibath** is made by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied physicians and hospitals for over 100 years. So you see—it *must* be safe.

MCKESSON & ROBBINS

ibath



Personal to Fat Girls!—Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.



Inside the Stars' Homes

Screen's new singing siren, Dorothy Lamour, serves food as exotic as she looks! See the tempting Southern recipes here

By Betty Boone

TWO years ago, the section of Hollywood where Dorothy Lamour now lives consisted of fields, brown in summer and green after the rains, with not even a tree to break the monotony.

Today, like a miracle in a movie, in this place can be found street after street of dazzlingly white apartment houses, new and strikingly modern, some with touches of vermilion, royal blue or yellow in shutters, doors or roofs. Young trees, uniform in size and kind, stand at seeming attention in most of the new streets, and flowers make colorful patterns in window boxes.

Dorothy's apartment is all white outside, effective contrast to the sunbrowned olive-and-rose skin of its occupant. This new starling should be seen in a color picture; a catalogue of brown hair, hazel eyes and scarlet lips gives no adequate idea of her vivid personality.

"I wanted an apartment with a fireplace in it," confided Dorothy, surveying her living-room through half-closed eyes, "but no duplex I looked at that had one would satisfy me otherwise, so I compromised. Instead of the fireplace, I have this enormous mirror, with its draperies, and it really makes the room look larger, doesn't it?"

The mirror, as large as an archway, reflected the American adaptation of an 18th century French room, with dark blue carpet, twin sofas in beige and blue facing each other over a low glass coffee table,

Dorothy Lamour is seen, at top, in her unusual living-room, where instead of a fireplace she has a huge mirror. Right, Dorothy before the bamboo bar in her playroom, with "Hurricane" trophies.

a small white piano, and a chair covered in soft white bearskin that matched two perfect skins on the "hearth."

"I had a terrible time trying to find the exact shade for the carpet," remembered Dorothy. "Finally, I had to have it dyed. No, I didn't exactly do the house myself, but I was always in the way, if you know what I mean. One day, I wandered in to discover that the decorator had drapes in French blue sequins over the mirror. It looked like a bad stage setting, and I couldn't stand them. So after we had worn ourselves out looking, we finally came across these peach cellophane drapes and I think they give just the color note I was anxious to have.

"The room seems white because the walls and furniture are mostly white, and



maybe that's why I'm so triumphant over the yellow brocade chair in that corner, and this new picture done in soft pastels."

She waved a slim hand toward the chair, and her image in the mirror, in a peach-beige dress and French blue shoes and belt, waved, too.

Off the living-room is a dinette, with tapestried wallpaper of the 18th century, and dainty French furniture (American adaptation) of the same period.

"Tiny, isn't it?" commented Dorothy, "but I'm so busy with pictures and radio that I haven't time for a great deal of entertaining. I seldom have more than six to dinner, and these are usually Mother's friends, or members of Herbie's company." (Herbie Kay is Dorothy's husband, well-known orchestra leader.)

"I can squeeze eighteen in if I serve buffet suppers, so that's what I do when my husband is home. As a rule we have cold roast beef, potato salad, and some sort of aspic salad. But if Suedell, my maid, is in the mood, we have crepes Suzette for dessert. I don't know a thing about cooking, but Suedell will tell you—well, it's just a very thin pancake, you know, rolled around strawberry jam with brandy poured over it. Just before she brings it in, she lights the sauce and it makes a flame like that on Christmas pudding.

"Suedell makes the most marvelous desserts! There's a peach nesselrode cake that is one of her specialties. You make any kind of good plain cake and on top put peaches—ripe or canned—set in enough gelatine so that they are fairly firm, and then serve ice cream on that. Peach ice cream is best but you can use vanilla.

(Knox gelatine is excellent for this purpose.)

Suedell, dark eyes snapping, reminded Dorothy that perhaps her favorite dessert is lemon mince pie.

"I call it lemon-mince, but some call it lemon," she added. "I use half a dozen eggs to a nine-inch pie; the juice and rind of two lemons—just the yolks of the eggs, sugar, the grated rinds of the lemons, a little hot water and a dab of butter or Crisco. I put a teaspoon of Calumet baking powder in the meringue and that keeps the pie three days as good as ever. You can cut through the meringue, too."

Dorothy's mother, a scarcely older edition of Dorothy, observed that her daughter was an ideal Hollywood actress, for she didn't really care about eating and food had to be "put over" on her rather than kept out of her way!

"She likes all vegetables except spinach, fortunately," she told me, "so we have plenty of leeway. But when it comes to spinach, you can call it *spinach supreme* or *Spinach a la Lamour*, or anything else, but you won't get a spoonful down her throat!"

Daughter of a strict French family in New Orleans, Dorothy's mother was not permitted to go on the stage, but transmitted her ambitions to her child.

"She always said she was going to act, when she was little," she remembered. "I can recall her picking out a stage name for herself when she was about six, but I can't remember now what it was. When Dorothy was three, she used to sing for the soldiers and once she made forty dollars for the Red Cross in Thrift Stamps.

"When she was quite small, she won a basket of groceries on amateur night at a local picture house. I wasn't with her, but when they asked for contestants, Dorothy stood up and sang. But some big boys took the groceries away from her on her way home. I was a widow at the time and could have used them, as it was hard to get along. But I was proud of her, anyway."

"It was Mother's longing for the stage that first influenced me," admitted the

(Please turn to page 92)

POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!

I cut my stocking
bills **IN HALF** by
using Ivory Flakes
one minute
each night!

Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs—lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with pure suds wear twice as long."



ACTION! DEMANDS PHOTOGRAPHER. Look at the strain on Evelyn's sheer stockings! They can take it, because they're kept fresh and strong by Ivory care!



ONE MINUTE PLEASE! Evelyn Kelly, popular photographers' model, takes one minute at bedtime to dash her stockings through Ivory Flakes suds. "Now they wear twice as long."

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—don't use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—don't let your stockings get stale. All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



HEY! HEY!
HAYWIRE
HILARITY!

YEA! YEA!
SINGING!
STEPPING!

HI! HI!
CUTIES!
BEAUTIES!

HA! HA!
WOTTA
LIFE!

WOTTA
RIOT!
WOTTA
LAFFA-
PALOOZA!

Those merry-
maniacs of
melody! That
three-Ritz circus!
Madder and merrier,
wilder and whackier
than in "Sing,
Baby, Sing...
On the Avenue...
and "You Can't
Have Everything".
The fastest,
funniest,
tuniest hit
that they
or anybody
else ever
made!



Tunes to make life
begin for you!...
"Big Chief Swing It", "Our
Team Is On The Warpath", "The
Rhumba Goes Collegiate", "Fair
Lombardy", "Why Talk About
Love?" by Lew Pollack and
Sidney D. Mitchell • "Sweet
Varsity Sue" by Charles Tobias,
Al Lewis and Murray Mencher



Darryl F. Zanuck
in charge of production

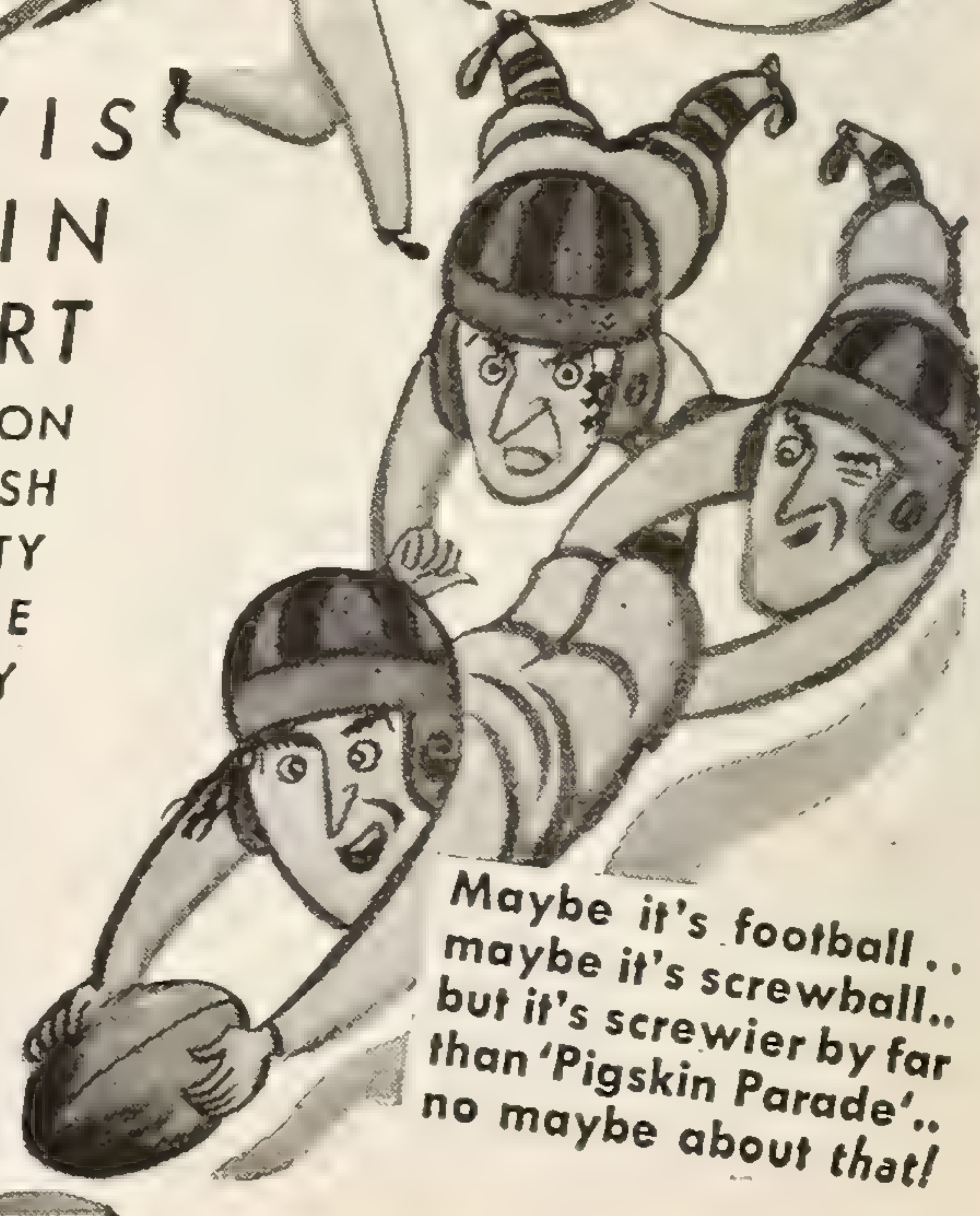
The RITZ BROTHERS in "LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"

with a glo-roarious cast
of entertainment's top-
notchers!

JOAN DAVIS
TONY MARTIN
GLORIA STUART

FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE
WEAVER • ROBERT LOWERY
LON CHANEY, JR.

Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen
Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell
Ware • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by
Sam Pokrass, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden



Maybe it's football...
maybe it's screwball...
but it's screwier by far
than 'Pigskin Parade'...
no maybe about that!

The Editor's Page



Edgar Bergen threatens Charlie McCarthy!

AN OPEN LETTER TO CHARLIE MCCARTHY

form her, but at least you might give her ear a twig and badger her into going back to Broadway.

Then there's Mischa Auer; there certainly is; everywhere you look, there's Mischa. He's on the screen practically continuously; you can't escape him even if you take to the tall pines—and you know your pines, Charlie. Now it happens fortunately that Mischa is with Universal, too, so you'll be working on the same lot. He might even be in your first starring picture—but I warn you, Charlie, it might be *his* starring picture before he's finished with you. So be on your guard. No log-rolling. Watch out, or Mischa will reduce you to splinters—and very good kindling too. Anything for an effect. Ever since he scored such a success in "My Man Godfrey" there's been no holding him back. He stood out like a poplar. He was grand in that picture, but since, he's taken to bigger and broader gestures, wider eyes, more exaggerated accent. You know how it is in the spring when the sap comes out. In "Vogues of 1938" he reaches a new all-time low—like a fir seedling—and he really needs you to heckle him back into a poplar.

And now to your favorite topic: to the ladies. You'll have to remember, Charlie, that Will Hays will be listening, so you may have to be more subtle in your approach. But if you can do anything for Dorothy Lamour, to get her bigger and better rôles, I know you'll leave no stump unturned. It took your radio program to bring out the best in Dorothy, and so far no picture has presented her successfully.

When you're a big movie star, in the Gable-Taylor class, maybe you'll remember Dorothy Lamour, and how sweetly she took your honeyed insinuations, and give her a part playing opposite you, or at least sitting in your shade. And now just one more suggestion. You've got to begin to branch out. You don't want to be "typed," do you? Your top hat and tails are all very well for weekly appearances, but do you think you can "carry" an entire picture with that man-about-town stuff? Be folksy, be everyday, my little hatrack. Get a pair of overalls and let them know you're just one of them, put slacks on your—er—limbs. Think how Fields would laugh if they called you a one-part actor, like a lone elm.

Gosh all hemlock, Charlie, be the mighty oak you are and do all of this for me. And when you've got it done, take a bough, Charlie, take a bough!

Delight Evans

DEAR Diminutive Little Chum:
Welcome to our movies!

We've needed a chip out of the old block like you for a long time. Someone to put certain pompous egos in their right places—and you know where that is, Charlie, as well as I do. Reduce 'em to chips, my little shaving. Now that you've signed your new contract to star in pictures, as well as on the radio, Hollywood is getting ready to climb trees. Trying to appear in your pictures will become the life work, I'm sure, of every player on the Universal lot. You've got them stomping in sawdust. Beautiful girls are trembling in fear of your varnished leer, and strong men are cringing in terror of being cast with you. Maybe they don't like woodland pictures. Even W. C. Fields takes to the seashore instead of the woods. You would always have the last crack, Charlie, wooden you? It's lucky there isn't a grove of you!

I would like to make some suggestions now that you are permanently transplanted in Hollywood. I haven't yet seen your first appearance in "The Goldwyn Follies," but it must have been good, or you wooden have been signed for a lone-star film. I'm sorry that Nelson Eddy is with another company and so can't appear with you on the screen, because you have done wonders with Mr. Eddy, Charlie, on that Sunday night radio hour, and he needs you in pictures, too. The way you have helped transform our Nelson from a somewhat sawdusty and self-conscious concert singer into a rather gay guy who can take it and dish it out is a revelation. You've made a trouper of him, Charlie. So please see what you can do with Katharine Hepburn, won't you? Try heckling Hepburn. I don't say that you will succeed with her as you have with Nelson Eddy, but you can try. You may not be able to trans-

Soigné

Svelte, smart, shimmering—here are the ultra ladies of the lenses. Learn their secrets of sophistication



Understanding Man came into my life. Adrian, the fashion designer for M-G-M. And these were the all-important words he uttered, which changed the whole course of my life: 'You must dress as you think!'

"Result: My first picture where I was dressed as he thought I thought was 'When Ladies Meet,' an undisputed success, if I do say so as shouldn't. They even played up my nose, and left all my makeup off; that is, only street make-up was used.

"To date, my career of 'thought dressing' has won me the titles of Mrs. Thin Man, Mrs. America, The Ideal Wife, etc., a far cry from those sloe-eyed princesses of yore.

Very last word in Hollywood elegance is Marlene Dietrich, above, who tells girls everywhere, in our accompanying story, just how they, too, can be soigné. Myrna Loy, right, admits she was once an ugly duckling, and became glamorous by her own efforts.

HAVE you ever longed to be soigné? Smoothly smart, worldly, sophisticated? Of course you have. Perhaps it has never occurred to you that Lombard, Dietrich, Crawford, Wray and Loy, whose names are now synonymous with everything that's svelte and shimmering, were not always the creatures of perfection they now are. So be not downhearted; you, too, can be soigné.

Listen to Myrna Loy on the subject: "I was an ugly duckling. You know, constantly hiding in closets, under pianos and things, to escape having the company see me. I ran past mirrors with my hands over my face. I completely despaired of ever doing anything about my turned-up button nose and freckles.

"Then when I swooned all over the place in those Oriental effects, I still felt very unhappy, in that the characters I represented were so unlike myself, and it was so difficult to make them seem real even to myself. But at least the freckles were hidden by tons of make-up and the nose was artfully disguised.

"It began to look as though I would have to go through life in complete disguise as the only escape from the plain little Myrna Loy. All of which did not make for peace and contentment, as you may well imagine.

"But, in true storybook fashion, about this time, a Very



Stars

By Linn Lambert

And I'm perfectly satisfied, because that's the sort of person I feel I am inside."

So, my children, if there's no Adrian in your life, go into a huddle with yourself and decide what type of clothes would best suit your innermost thoughts, capitalize upon your shortcomings, and see what happens.

With Joan Crawford, it is quite another story: Joan's outstanding characteristic is ambition, and this has motivated her



Lombard, famous for taking life with a laugh, nevertheless takes her career as a glamour girl intensely seriously. That's why she's a success at it. Joan Crawford, left, extends valuable advice on this business of being soigné. Fay Wray, at left below, used to be "that girl in the blue suit." Now she works hard at sophistication.

radical change in appearance from the little hot-cha dancing girl to the sleek sinuous charmer she now is. Adrian says of her:

"No movie star can start a fashion trend as quickly and definitely as Crawford. She is the most copied star in Hollywood."

Years ago, Joan adored tight waists and full skirts, as some of you may remember. These were all wrong for her, but loving them the way she did, it was very difficult for her to bow to Adrian's edict and change to flowing picturesque afternoon gowns, or extreme broad-shouldered tweeds (By the way, Joan's shoulders *are* that broad; there's never any padding used.) But her intelligence and ambition won out and she obediently wore whatever was suggested. Result: One of our top ranking candidates for the soigné set of Hollywood.

Joan's advice for girls who wish to be well dressed at all times, is: "Never trust your own judgment. If you can't afford a professional fashion counsellor, go to someone whose taste is unimpeachable, and adhere strictly to their advice, no matter what your personal wishes are."

Now as to 'Suivez-Moi' Dietrich: Of course you've all heard that Marlene calls those long flowing veils which she wears on her hats 'suivez-moi' (follow me). The Dietrich of today doesn't need a veil to beckon her many admirers of both sexes, but time was when such an airy accoutrement would have looked absurd on her.

I mean when she first came to Hollywood. Von Sternberg brought her into the Paramount publicity offices, after having cabled that he was bringing them a genius. She proved a distinct shock to those who beheld her that first day.

Try to imagine the present-day gossamer, slumbrous Dietrich as she appeared that day, seven years ago:

Eleven o'clock in the morning on (Please turn to page 73)



A Week-End with Bing Crosby

By
Dick Pine



A visit to Rancho Santa Fé gives you opportunity to meet the famous song and romance man in his most natural rôle, as cordial host, devoted family man, golf enthusiast, and lover of fine horses

IT MAY have been fate, and it may have been Bing. Anyhow, it was decreed that the most famous of the Crosby family should enjoy a couple of months' freedom from picture and radio commitments. My own mental picture of Bing was of an easy-going, happy-go-lucky son of a gun who worked hard at his relaxation, and when I heard that he had closed his North Hollywood home, and was "resting and relaxing" at his country place on the Rancho Santa Fé, I thought it might be a good idea to "rest and relax" with him for a week-end. SCREENLAND thought so, too; and, as there are no things I do better than rest and relax, it seemed a perfect arrangement all around. My few years in America still leave me with the hope that even native Americans can rest

and relax. Maybe they can. I'm still hoping. But I'm not entirely convinced. (Parker! Bring me the liniment!)

Now, don't get me wrong. Bing is a gracious host, and I like him. I had a good time at his house. It was just my rusty old bones that cried, "Uncle!"

Rancho Santa Fé lies about thirty-five miles north of the Mexican border, and consists of some forty ranches—some of which are *bona fide* ranches, and some, like Bing's, country play homes. As one rounds the last turn in the semi-circular drive that leads to Bing's estate, lined on both sides with palms and bamboo trees, one comes suddenly upon a real Spanish hacienda which must have been the pride and joy of some gallant don of a century or so ago.

Bing, besweatered, and wearing corduroy slacks, rose from the shade of a gigantic palm tree, and smiled his greetings. "Welcome to my humble shack," quoth he. "All that I have is yours!"

Though I had heard that greeting in the Orient, I had never heard it in the Occident. And when a bird like Bing Crosby utters it, he really has something to offer. I thought I would take him up on it. His Paramount contract flashed through my mind, but I didn't think that Paramount might care about that. I looked about me, and my eyes fell upon the largest and heaviest-bearing avocado tree I had ever seen. It was the size of a small house. My mind was made up. I like avocados.

"Gracias, señor," I replied, using the only two Spanish words I know. "I desire yon avocado tree." Bing grinned, and looked at his tree with affection.

"D'you know, that was the first avocado tree ever planted in California. If you can carry it back to Hollywood in your rumble seat, you can have it!" Bing still has his avocado tree.

After I had washed away the dust of travel, Bing showed me his domain. It *had* belonged to a Spanish grandee, and has played a part in California's early history. The original adobe ranch house (with walls three feet thick) still stands, and is now the guest house. The additions which Bing has built are the same type of architecture down to the last detail. The door handles, for instance, are the height of a man's knee, so that children can let themselves in and out without bothering their elders. Smart people, those Spaniards! They *couldn't* have been thinking of the Crosby dynasty. Or could they?

Of course, the first things we looked at were the horses—eight mares with their foals. Nice beasties all. But I saw that Bing was panting to get down to the new Del Mar race track, of which he is president, and where he has more than twenty thoroughbreds in training. For sheer beauty of setting, I believe it is unequalled in this country. Bing's own slogan for it is, "Where the turf meets the surf." Now, I'm not particularly interested in racing, but when Bing shows his horses, one cannot help but be impressed with his intense enthusiasm. He croons over them.

"Here's a smart little two year old, foaled in California. His name's High Strike. And here's Rocco. He won four straight at Caliente."

What interested me more than the horses was Bing's complete absorption in his stable. He doesn't care very much about riding himself, although he occasionally hacks about with Dixie. He is interested in horses for them-

selves. His greatest thrill is watching a thundering good race, with good horseflesh showing what it can do.

Back we went to the house for a cocktail on the lawn. Dixie appeared, wearing—oh, I don't know. Anyhow, it looked all right. She had slacks of some pale, shivery stuff. The three husky, tow-haired youngsters, Gary and the twins, appeared briefly, accompanied by a small army of cockers, under the escort of a huge Newfoundland. Gary suddenly announced that he would like to sing. Well, Gary *did* sing, in an amusing four-year-old imitation of his father. It was a ditty with the looniest lyrics I ever heard. "Daddy made up the words," he confided to me in a whisper which couldn't have been heard for more than sixty feet. "He sings, too, you know, in pictures *and* on the radio!"

He climbed up beside me, with a book in his hand, and gave me an appraising look. Bing had previously informed me that Gary's year's seniority over the twins had given him a "tough" superiority complex. "Y'know," he informed me, "Dennis, that one over there, is a dumb little guy. He's always divin' off things an' conkin' his bean, an' . . ."

"Gary," expostulated Dixie, gently. "bumping his head."

"Bumpin' his head," went on Gary; and then, apropos of nothing at all: "D'ya like books? This is full of animals." He opened it at random. "What's that one?" he demanded.

"A yak," I replied.

"What?"

"A yak," I repeated.

(Please turn to page 88)



Life at Bing's ranch near Del Mar is as informal as mine host's costume of corduroy slacks and windbreaker, and as warmly friendly as his smile of greeting to his guests. Below, the adobe ranch house. Right, Bing goes to work on a big platter of sandwiches. Lower right, giving his personal attention to one of his many fine race horses.

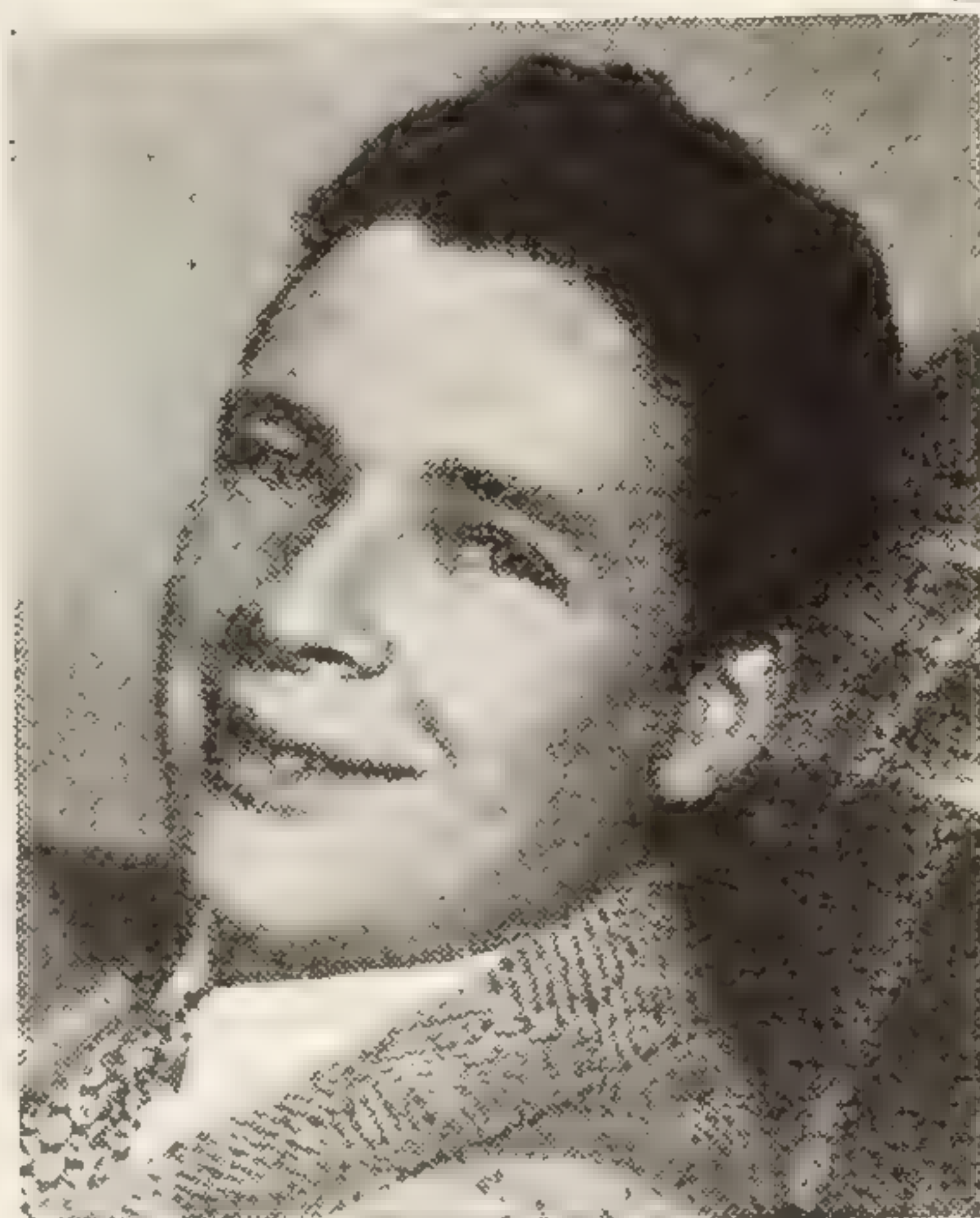
The "Swap" System

When a Hollywood producer has something another producer wants, he offers to "swap"—star, story, or director. And how do famous stars like the system? Our authentic story tells you

By Liza



Bobby Breen, above, may be offering to "swap" his choicest agates for some other boy's new kite. Well, it's done every day in Hollywood, on a gigantic scale. Kenny Baker's boss demanded six kids in exchange for Kenny, at right. Frances Farmer, far right, was "swapped" for Joel McCrea. Below, the picture that started the "swap" system in full force: "It Happened One Night," for which Columbia borrowed Claudette Colbert from Paramount and Clark Gable from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



IT USED to be, out in Hollywood, that a five million dollar law suit was almost as effective as a trumped ace in breaking up a beautiful friendship. In the old days if Paramount had slapped a five million dollar suit—there's nothing small about Paramount—on Goldwyn because he lured, decoyed, enticed, or shall we say snagged Gary Cooper, Goldwyn would undoubtedly have gone hog-wild with his Goldwynisms and uttered enough of them to keep the columnists in velvet for months, and columnists look very well in velvet if they don't sit too long. The Goldwyn gang would have been murderously furious with the Para gang and there would have been hot words and bloody noses over the pickled pig knuckles at the favorite snack bar. It used to be. It

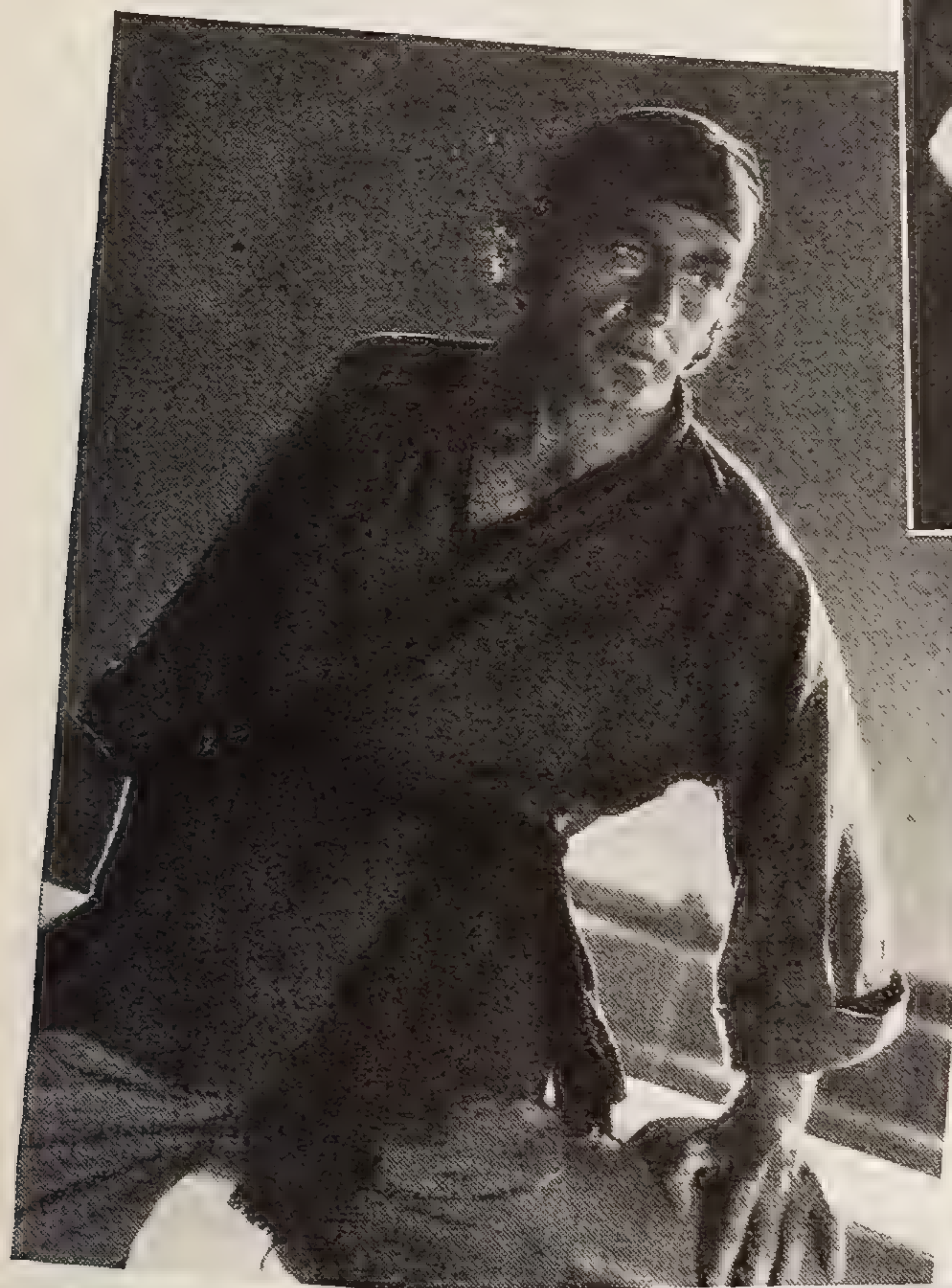


isn't any more. Nimble skipping around Hollywood these last few years I have discovered to my amazement that it is practically impossible to break up a beautiful friendship. Not so many months ago Paramount actually slapped a five million dollar suit on Goldwyn because Gary Cooper signed a contract. Nobody seemed to get mad. Then they called it off altogether, and Goldwyn and Paramount remain the best of pals. A pretty state of affairs indeed.

Do you find this lovely peace and brotherly love that envelops Hollywood like a saint's halo somewhat baffling? Well, don't. The explanation lies in the Swap System, which is as old as the hills. When you were very young and coveted the red kite with the fancy tail that the little boy next door owned, you didn't sock him one on the nose and run off with it—or did you, point-killer? No, you put on your prettiest smile and offered to swap him six agates for it, making your agates, of course, sound as alluring as possible. The swap was made, after you threw in an extra agate, and everybody was happy. And so it is with Goldwyn, Paramount, Metro, Columbia, Wanger and all the rest of them.

The Swap System has become the very foundation stone of the movie industry.

Happy result of the "swap" system was "My Man Godfrey," right, for which Universal borrowed Carole Lombard and Bill Powell from their home studios. Below, Joan Blondell was loaned by Warners to Wanger to play opposite Leslie Howard in "Stand-In." Center, below, Gary Cooper gets high bids; and Irene Dunne, delighted to be "swapped." At bottom of page, another "borrowed" team: Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, for "Tovarich."



As long as a studio has something some other studio wants you can be sure that a five million dollar law suit, even murder itself (the Warners would swap a good murder for Greta Garbo any day), will not disrupt a beautiful friendship. Why, hardly was the legal ink dry on that important five million buck document than the Paramount studio had the Goldwyn studio on the phone, and the conversation went something like this, "What's Joel McCrea doing next month? Have you found a girl for 'Come and Get It'? What about Frances Farmer? Say, she's terrific. Why, we wouldn't think of loaning her out to anyone else—but Goldwyn, that's different." So Frances Farmer was swapped for Joel McCrea, and later Dorothy Lamour was swapped for Joel McCrea, and Frances is happy and Dorothy is happy, and they do say that Goldwyn's "Hurricane" will do as much for Dorothy as "Come and Get It" did for Frances; and Joel is happy (he's starring in Paramount's "Wells Fargo"), and Goldwyn is happy and Paramount is happy and I'm happy, and entirely forgotten is that Five Million Dollar Law Suit that Paramount slapped on Goldwyn. And who cares? It could only happen in Hollywood. But it's too bad it couldn't happen in Europe. If those warring nations would just inaugurate the Swap System think what a beautiful friendship they too might enjoy.

What do the movie stars think of this bartering over their beautiful bodies, or (*Please turn to page 85*)



Personality Portrait of

Bette Davis

By *Thyra Santer Winslow*

BETTE DAVIS leads a double life!

She really does.

That doesn't seem at all the sort of thing you'd say about a good friend, unless you meant to be catty, does it? And I like to think of Bette as one of my good friends—and I haven't the least idea in the world of trying to be catty about her.

I don't suppose Bette ever thought about it—but if you asked her she undoubtedly would admit to the double life. It's a double life brought on by being a Career

Woman and a Home Girl at the same time. Bette Davis is a combination of Hard Boiled Gal and Dear Little Woman, Cynical Woman of the World and Sweet Little Home Maker. And difficult as it may sound, she's a success on both sides. Which side do I like best? That's the funny part of it, I like them both!

Yes, I like Bette when she's gentle and when she's calculating; when she's curled up on a sofa with her knitting—and when her lips are curled with a sharp and rather sardonic epigram. Bette is fun, either way. And

Famous author interviews famous actress! For a vividly intimate impression of the screen's spitfire, read Thyra Samter Winslow's close-up of Bette here

here is something I don't think even she would admit: I think that the gentle side of Bette is the true side—and that the cynical attitude is an armor she has put on to protect her from the world—and a girl needs a shell of protection in Hollywood.

Bette's life story is a combination of Cinderella, Young Love, and The Girl Who Was Misunderstood. It might have turned out differently except for three things: a, Bette is a swell girl; b, she is a splendid actress; and c, she happened to fall in love with a perfectly grand man. And that third may be the most important of all. Well, as important as the other two, anyhow.

No use going into details of Bette's life. You've read them dozens of times, I'm sure. How she fell in love with Harmon Nelson when she was a very young girl. And he paid no attention to her. Not the least bit of attention! And she was in love with him even then. But she thought of it as puppy love—and as long as he didn't care about her, why bother about it! Thus thought the very young and seemingly very wise Bette.

Careers seemed more important than love, anyhow. So Harmon Nelson went away to college and Bette went on the stage. In stock. In New York. Bits, at first. And then a grand chance. With Blanche Yurka in "The Wild Duck." Getting ahead on the stage was the main thing, then. No time at all for young men!

And then Harmon Nelson came to see Bette act. And he didn't come back to see her! She heard he was in the theatre. And she didn't see him!

So he didn't care, eh! Oh, very well, then she didn't care, either. After all, she was an actress, wasn't she! And he was just a college boy! She was getting some place! How could she be bothered by a boy she used to know! But she was bothered. And piqued because he didn't come to see her. And something stirred—underneath the ambition—and the first new layer of being cynical.

She got ahead. And Harmon Nelson got ahead. His success lay in music. Hers on the stage. His continued in music. He had his own orchestra, finally. And Bette went on the screen—and you know of her success—of all of the steps of it—and of the very fine pictures she is doing right now.

But, before her big success came she met Harmon Nelson again. And she found out—and very soon—trust Bette for that—that his seeming coldness was because he thought, because she was beginning to be a success on the stage, that she wasn't interested in him—or in being in love. Bette soon convinced him of the opposite of that. And now everyone else is convinced. Their love for each other—and trust of each other and faith in each other—is one of the loveliest things I know. Too lovely to write about. The sort of thing that reducing to cold type takes off some of the fine glow. They are so swell, both alone and together.

Harmon Nelson was a success in his own right when he married Bette. But his success meant that they were apart too much of the time. Love can't stand separation. And, thinking it over, they saw no reason why they had to be separated. Bette's success on the screen, to them both, was more important than Harmon Nelson's success as a musician and orchestra leader. Harmon liked living in Hollywood. So did Bette. So Harmon did something that only a very wise and very strong man could do—he gave up his established position to be with Bette. He isn't a parasite. Don't get that idea for a minute. Talk with him for one second and you'll know that he'd stand on his feet any place. Tall, very good looking, clever, amusing, understanding, he felt that Bette's happiness and Bette's career meant more to *(Please turn to page 79)*



She's one of the few Hollywood actresses notable for brilliant personality as well as flashingly clever acting. That's why Thyra Winslow, one of America's most popular writers, picks Bette Davis as most interesting girl in movies. At right, top, Bette as Mrs. Harmon Nelson, with "Ham." Next, with her stand-in, snatching tea on the set between scenes. Below, with the tot who shares scenes with Bette in "That Certain Woman."



CAREER GIRLS



Please turn
to page 81
for Cast and
Credits



Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn play the rôles of girls fighting for fame in the theatre. Left, reading down: Ginger, Lucille Ball, and Ann Miller. Katharine Hepburn, Andrea Leeds, and Lucille Ball; and Hepburn with Adolphe Menjou in scenes from the play.

"I'D LIKE a room with private bath," Terry Randall said in the voice acquired through the virtue of birth and training in the most exclusive schools in the country.

And the girls lounging around the living room of the Footlights Club resented the too perfect intonation as much as they resented the question itself. A private bath in a girls' theatrical boarding house! It was just too, too something or other.

Jean Maitland, who had been hovering near the telephone on the desk hoping for a dinner invitation, drew herself up with exaggerated hauteur.

"If you young ladies will pardon me, I shall take the wolf hounds for a stroll through the park," she mimicked as she walked model fashion through the door and up the room.

Terry's hands tightening on her bag were her only indication of annoyance. "Is there anything strange in my request?" she demanded.

"Oh, you mustn't mind the girls!" Mrs. Orcutt, who used to be an actress once herself, looked up with her tired, vague smile. "They're just full of fun. We're just like one great big family. I may not be able to give you just what you want, but I can put you in a room with a very charming girl, temporarily that is, until we get a vacancy. That would be thir-



"Stage Door" novelized from the screen production of the Broadway hit, with Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, and a distinguished Hollywood cast in a thrilling story of theatrical life

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

Copyright by
RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.



Hepburn as the stage-struck socialite is in contrast with Ginger Rogers, who earns her livelihood in the theatre. Right, Ginger and Menjou, as the producer; Andrea Leeds in a scene with Ginger; and Hepburn, Lucille Ball, and Ginger, in a humorous scene.

teen dollars. Paid in advance."

"Well, that's rather high," Terry said doubtfully. "Isn't there some reduction by the week?"

"That is for the week." Mrs. Orcutt tried to suppress an outburst of giggles with a frown. And she smiled her harried, too set smile as she led the way to Jean's room, pretending not to see the girl's exasperation at the trunks and bags being rapidly piled in the small room.

"When does your baggage get here?" Jean asked ironically as the door closed behind Mrs. Orcutt.

"I'm expecting the bulk of it in the morning." Terry's smile was as measured as Jean's had been.

"We could leave the trunks here and sleep in the hall. There's no use crowding the trunks." Jean's voice dripped icicles. "Or maybe we could live in the trunks."

"That's a good idea. You don't mind helping me unpack?" Terry suppressed a smile as she tossed a fur coat over the girl's arm. "Oh, I beg your pardon, you're not the maid, are you?"

"That's quite all right." The little red-headed spitfire of the Footlights Club sniffed contemptuously at the mink. "Fresh killed?"

"Yes." Terry slipped a dress that could have come from no other place than Paris on a hanger. "I trapped them myself." (Please turn to page 81)





Leslie Howard's One-Man Show

"Hamlet" of the stage, debonair hero of the screen, the noted English actor turns completely small-boy as he tells you about his camera hobby

By Ruth Tildesley

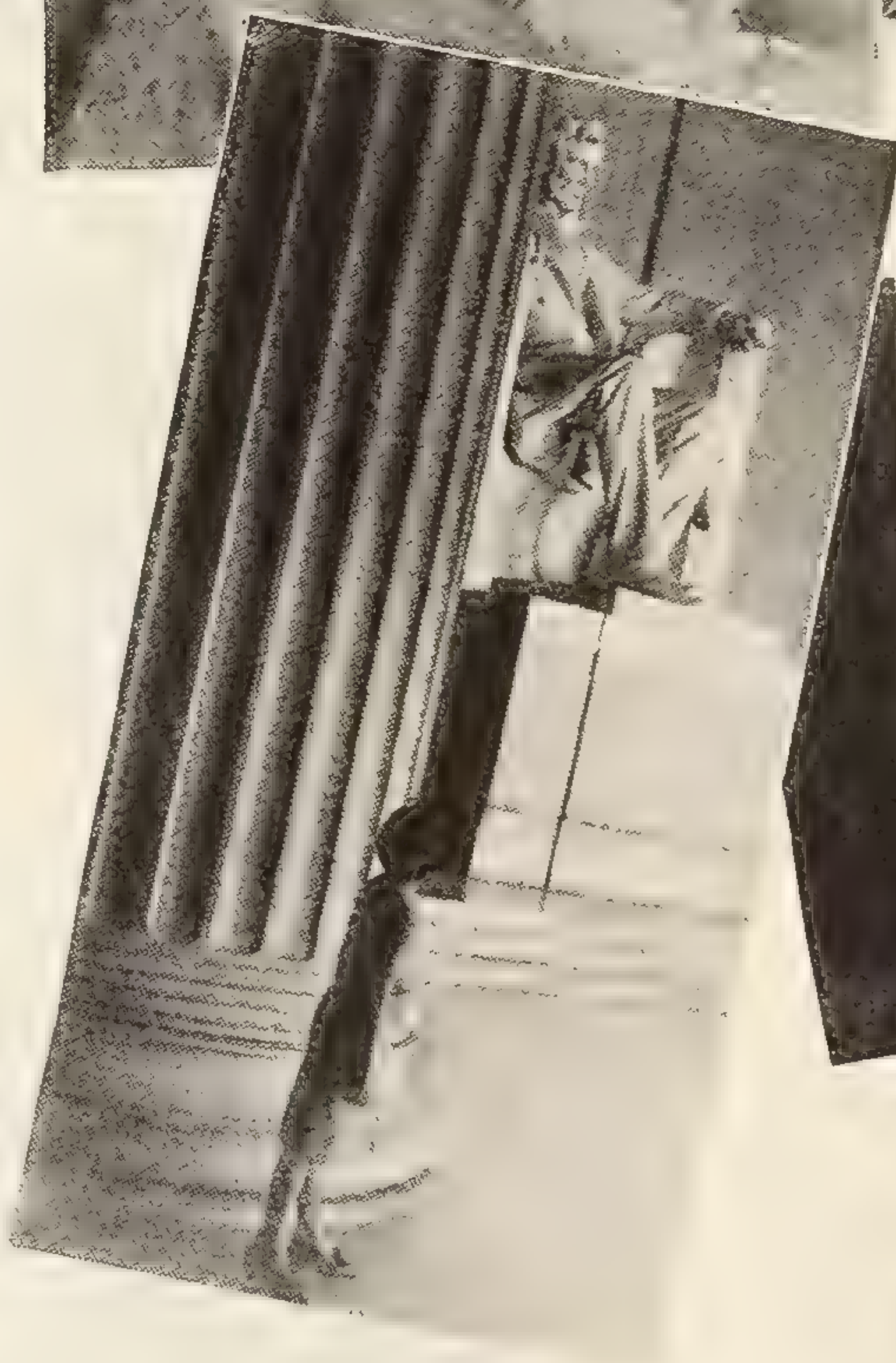
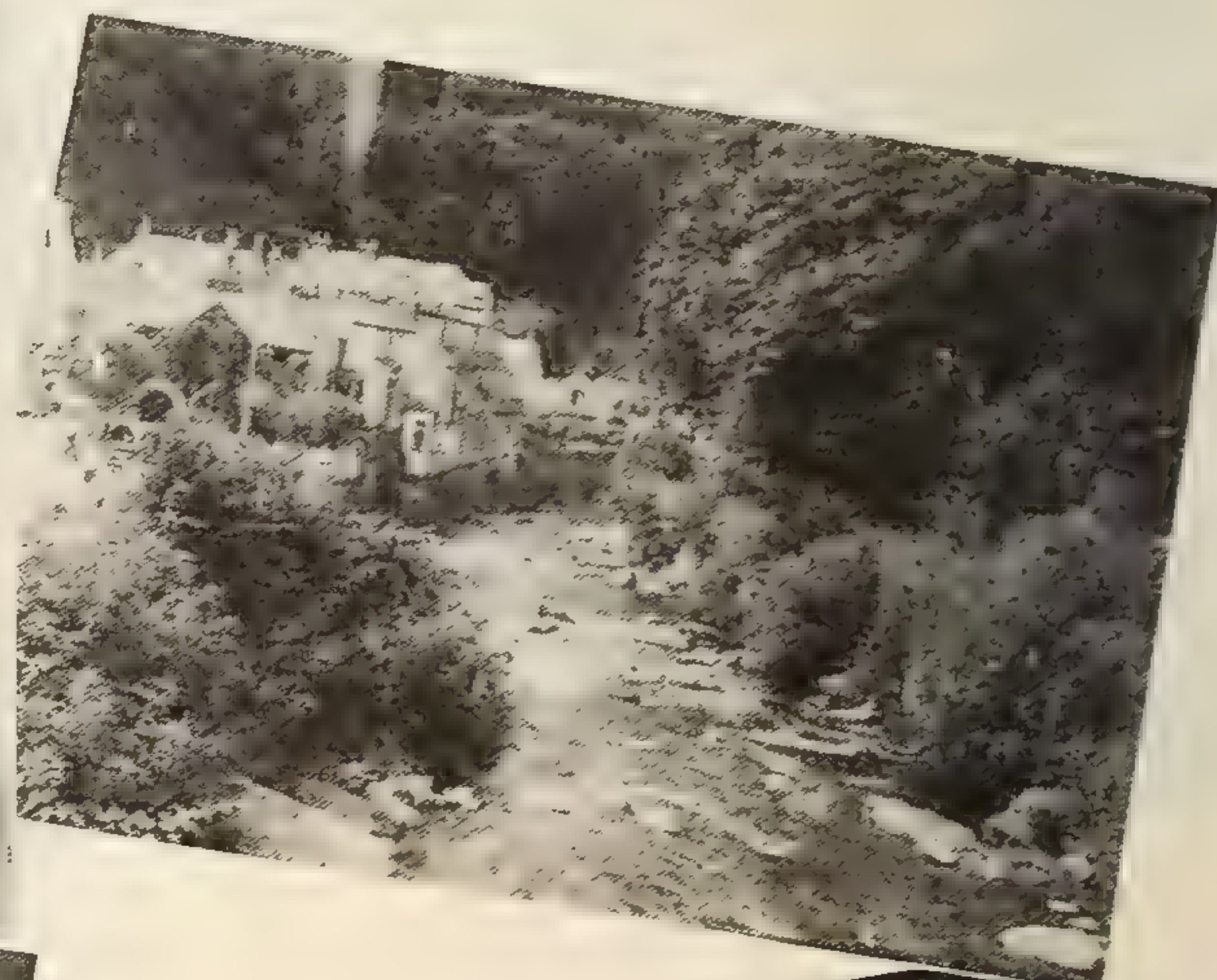
A FRIEND, stopping at the Leslie Howard house in Hollywood, had occasion to look for a handkerchief in one of his host's bureau drawers. Instead of handkerchiefs, the drawer fairly bulged with prints of camera pictures. He sought in the rest of the drawers, but there discovered more piles of prints, more spirals of film, more strips of not-yet-enlarged Leica shots.

"But what do you do with your shirts and ties?" he demanded, mystified, when the actor had come to his rescue with the needed linen.

"Oh, Mrs. Howard sees to that, —I don't know. I need this space for my pictures!" returned Mr. Howard.

He took trunkloads of camera pictures with him to England, where they are permanently installed in the Howard homestead, but already the new Hollywood domicile is overflowing with results of recent Howard-Leica excursions.

The new home is not three minutes from the heart of Hollywood, but once inside the gates you'd



Leslie Howard before the camera and behind it. Right, view made on the "Romeo and Juliet" set. Center, left: his daughter before the Lincoln monument, and, right, with her father in another view made in Washington, D. C. Upper right, Linton, England. Upper left, the picture-taker taken, with two pals.

never suspect that you were within a hundred miles of the roaring town. The stucco house, with its flat roofs and arched windows, is set into the side of a hill that rises from the dark green of fir trees to the blue of the sky. Yucca, those "candles of the Lord," dot the upper slopes.

Below the driveway is the swimming pool, flower-rimmed, with a stone terrace above the dressing-rooms, gay with yellow furniture, tilted sun-umbrellas, and water-proofed swings.

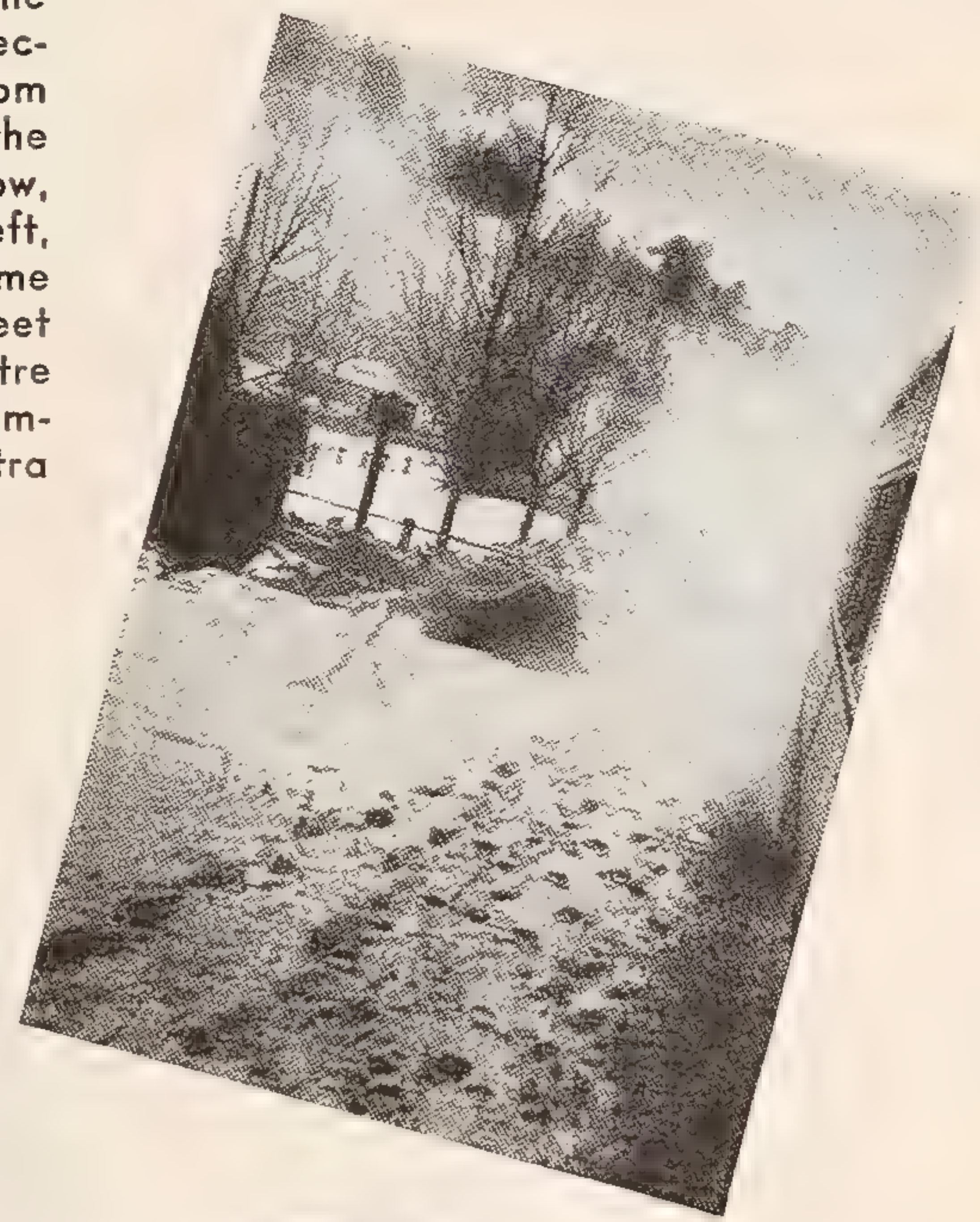
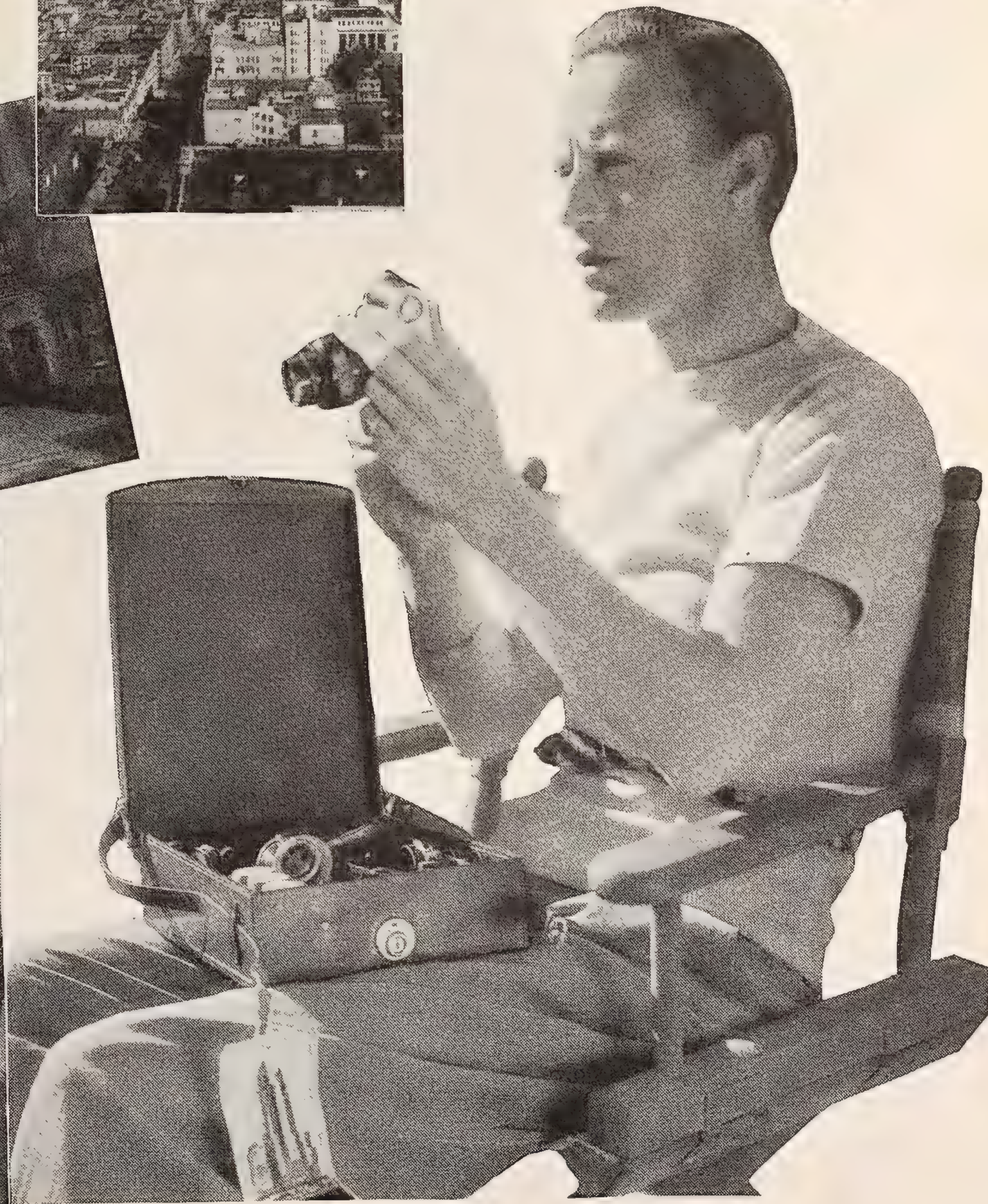
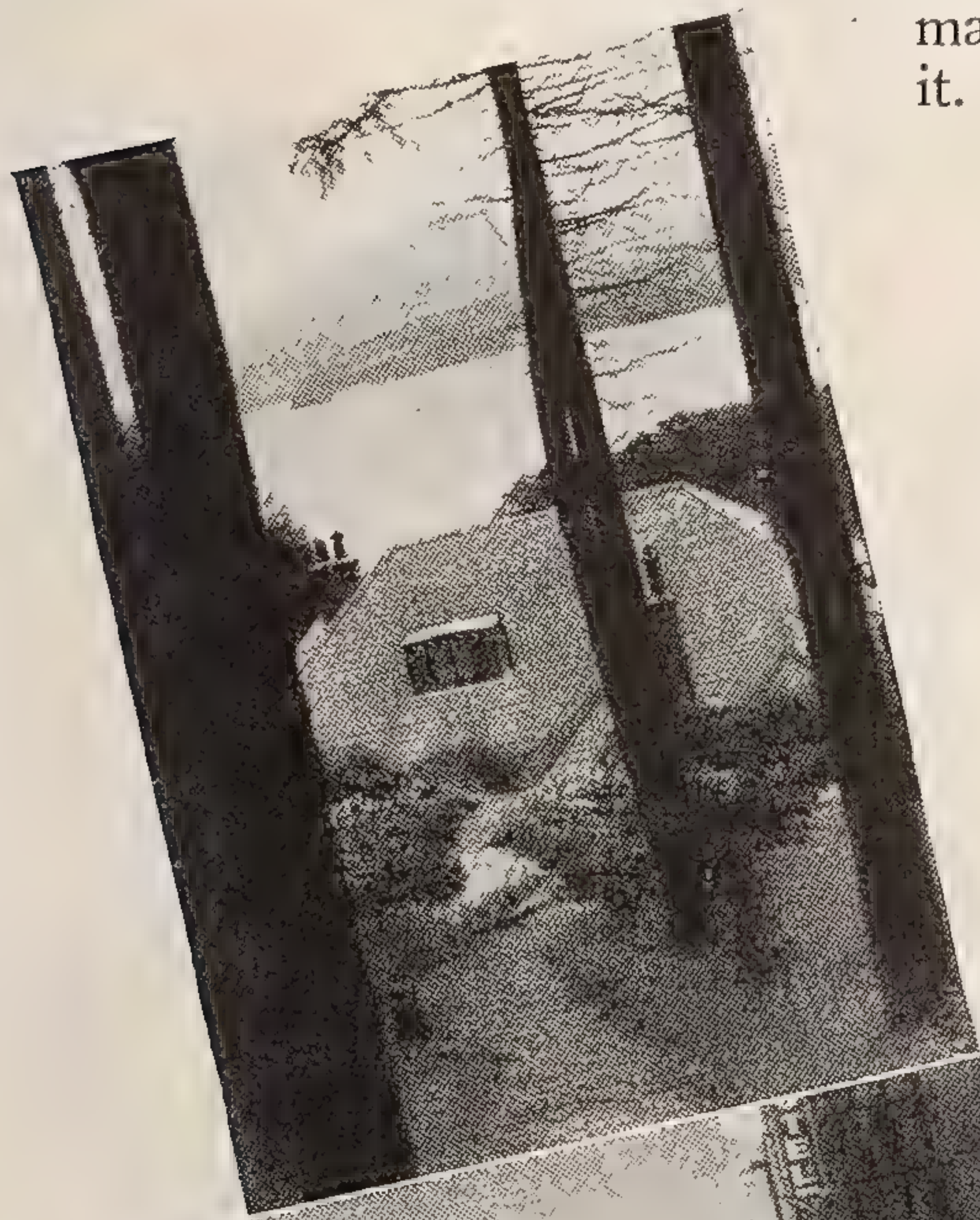
And here was Leslie Howard, slender and sunburned, in blue bathing trunks, dark glasses, and a gold medal suspended on a thin gold chain.

"Nice place for pictures," he commented, with a glance at the sunlit panorama around us. "Eventually, you know, I should get something rather interesting here." The important thing about a house, I gathered, was that he should be able to make pictures around it.

"I had cameras long before I thought of going into motion pictures," he said. "I suppose the reason anyone goes in for cameras is because he can't make pictures with oils or charcoal or water colors. As a child, I wanted to be an artist, but as I grew up I hadn't the time or opportunity to devote myself to it, so I did the next best thing and made my pictures with a lens.

"Leicas, or other miniature cameras, seem the best for my purpose because of the swiftness of the lens. It takes motion picture film, too, which (*Please turn to page 90*)

More samples from the huge Howard collection. Right, view from train window during the "Hamlet" tour. Below, San Francisco. Left, Hugh Walpole's home in England—a street scene—showing theatre where he played "Hamlet." Lower left, extra girl.



Cash — and Cary

Moreover, if you haven't given Cary Grant credit for a lively sense of humor as well as a sane outlook on life, you will after reading this swell interview

By
Virginia Wood

"**W**HAT would you do," I asked Cary Grant as we sat on the set at Columbia where "The Awful Truth" was being filmed, chatting about this and that, "if you found yourself at the end of your career and with no money?"

"Well—I don't know," Cary replied, reflectively, "I'd never even thought of it. Guess I'd just start over again, and go out and look for another job."

And the funny part of it is, that's about what Cary would do if he were confronted with such a problem. Certainly, it wouldn't be the first time he's been broke and had to take the first job that came along to keep on living. There were plenty of long, lean years after Cary ran away from his home in England to seek his fortune when he didn't know where his next meal was coming from. And I can assure you Cary's present enviable position hasn't softened him to the point where he wouldn't be able to buck those same hardships again.

"In the first place, Ginny," Cary went on, "I don't think the day will ever come when there will cease to be some medium of entertainment. I believe it will always exist in some form or another—maybe not for myself, as an individual, but certainly for us of this profession."

"Look back at the first days of the depression in this country. Theaters went out of business, to be sure, but not nearly in proportion to other businesses. People would spend their last half dollar to go to a movie or a vaudeville show, just to take their minds off their own troubles.



What interests Cary most is how can he give better and better acting performances. Perhaps he will set a new mark for himself — and others — in "The Awful Truth," playing opposite Irene Dunne, as shown in the still below.



"Charlie Laughton said something to me one time that made a very deep impression on me. I was terribly depressed one day at the studio—you know, in one of those Russian cellar moods. I happened to run into Charlie on the Paramount lot, where we were both working at the time, and started to tell him all my troubles.

"'Did you ever stop to think, Cary,' Charlie said, 'that all those people in the audience who see your pictures are faced with the same problems—and probably worse difficulties than you are? It's something that occurred to me years ago when I first went on the stage. I was feeling very sorry for myself. I didn't think I'd ever make a success of acting. I was terribly upset about financial matters and life just didn't seem worth the living. And suddenly it dawned on (Please turn to page 70)



Mirror of her own real or simulated emotions, Rainer's face is fascinating to watch, particularly in our intimate on-the-set candid camera shots of her. Working on "Big City," her new film with Spencer Tracy, the little Luise is heart and soul in her task of portraying character. Above, discussing next scene with Tracy; center above, listening to director Frank Borzage. Then, from top down at right: a poignant close-up of the co-stars; concentrating on the director's demands; visualizing the next scene as Borzage explains it. At bottom of page, in her dressing-room between scenes—revealed as the young girl this great actress actually is, her shoes kicked off for comfort as she reads her fan mail.

Try to count Luise Rainer's many expressions, if you can keep up with 'em!



Girl
of
1,000
Faces?

Adam Gets Eve—Again!



As old as Eve, as urgent as Adam, is the motivation of most cinema plots, from then till now. But why not? Hollywood likes it, the customers like it—and occasionally, as with Gary Cooper, above, its expression becomes practically a fine art. Gary is shown trying to decide between a brunette Eve and a blonde one, in his new character of Marco Polo. At right, Patric Knowles is being persuasive with Beverly Roberts. At far right, new boy Lee Bowman is pleasantly menacing Gertrude Michael, in "Sophie Lang Goes West."



The merry game, Adam-chases-Eve, goes on. Above, James Ellison, hero of Paramount's re-make of Rex Beach's popular book, "The Barrier," charms Jean Parker in her rôle of shy Indian maiden. At right, Nino Martini tells the old story to Joan Fontaine for "Music for Madame," in which Martini supplies both the trills and the thrills, and Joanie the frills.

Of course, motion pictures are improving every day, and audiences grow more sophisticated and demanding. But somehow the theme song remains the same—with variations



At left above, you'll see our delightful decoration from "The Great Garrick": three blissful, beautiful bar-maids, played by Marie Wilson, Lana ("They Won't Forget") Turner, and Linda Perry, at the mythical "Adam and Eve" Inn. Top, Leslie Howard as scholarly love interest for Joan Blondell in "Stand-In." Above, two on a match are John Boles and Ida Lupino of "Fight for Your Lady." Below, Joan Crawford and her two cavaliers from "The Bride Wore Red": Robert Young, Franchot Tone. At left below, John King and Joy Hodges ride right into romance on "Merry-Go-Round of 1938."





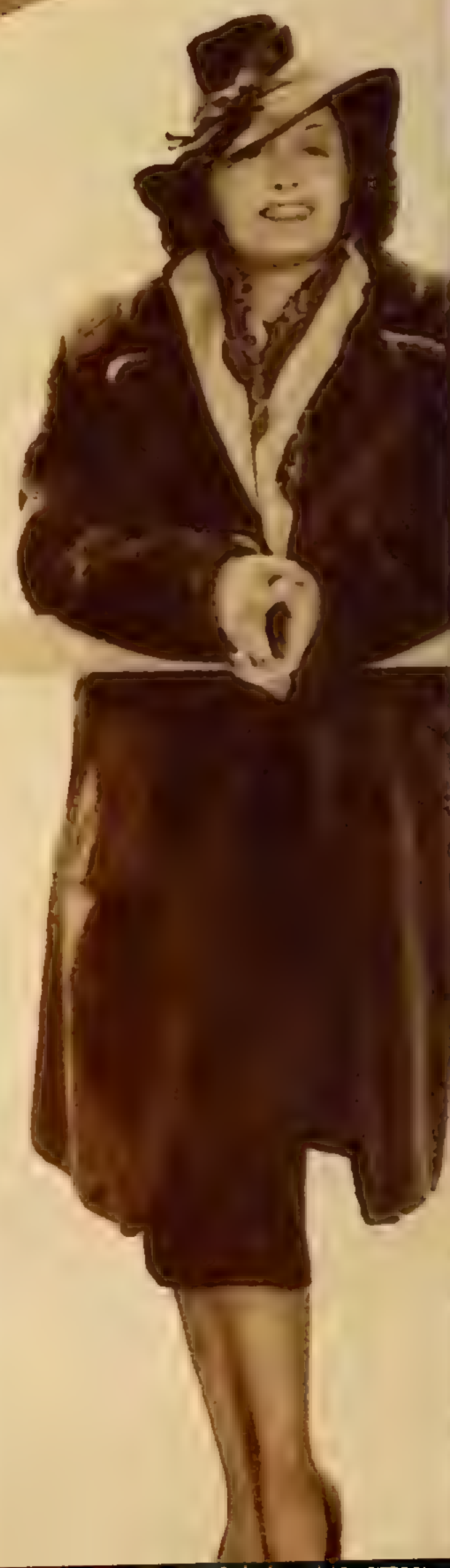
Just

Fur

Fun!

Nothing enhances a girl's beauty
as much as the sheen of shimmering
furs—so smart Hollywood swings
into action for the new season

*Fur fashion portraits by
William Walling, Paramount*





Starting at far left, on other page: Gail Patrick in swagger grey Persian lamb; new beauty Sandra Storme in sophisticated kolinsky, new model; Ida Lupino in brown squirrel, short and boxy; Gail again, this time in "Tahmi," new trick of the mutton family; and above, Mary Carlisle in her new topper. Below, Sandra again, leopard-trimmed; next, left below, Mary Carlisle in swank grey Persian swagger; then Miss Patrick, in sheared beaver; and finally, 'way across on next page, Miss Carlisle, a-gleam in shining black broadtail, with big muff to match.



From a Sandwich

Forthcoming films offer a balanced which pictures are the feasts, and



"Victoria the Great," produced in England by Herbert Wilcox, gives great promise of being an important historical photoplay. At far left, an impressive portrait of Anna Neagle as Britain's great Queen. At left, Victoria in later years, with her Prince Consort Albert, as portrayed by Miss Neagle and Anton Walbrook.



"Summer Lightning," followed by drenching rain, for Joan Bennett, shown at left playing the wettest scene of her career, with Henry Fonda. Note the technician protected by rain coat and hat. Lower left, a quartette of zanies comprised of Bert Lahr, Billy House, Mischa Auer, and Jimmie Savo, perform for Universal's "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." Below, a beautiful love scene between Gary Cooper and the newcomer Sigrid Gurie, for "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Samuel Goldwyn's costly new epic.



to a Banquet!

menu for greedy movie-goers. But which the snacks, we're not saying!

Glorifying that good old South Sea style, the sarong, is handsome Frances Farmer, far right, for Paramount's Technicolor production, the first drama of the sea in all-color, "Ebb Tide." In this screenplay of the tropics Ray Milland plays opposite Miss Farmer, as seen in scene still at right.



A fight that may start a new comedy cycle is in "Nothing Sacred," between Carole Lombard and Fredric March. Our scene at right is just before Carole gives up, after a furious hand-to-hand struggle with Freddie—all because, says the script, she wouldn't say "good-night." Below, all is sweetness and light in this scene from "Make A Wish," with Basil Rathbone and Bobby Breen. Lower right, the Ritz Brothers getting into the spirit of the big game, in "Life Begins in College." Maddest of three, Harry, is at right.



California Castle By The Sea



*Home photographs of
Maureen O'Sullivan
by Clarence Sinclair
Bull, M-G-M*



It's a comfortable castle, Maureen O'Sullivan's new Malibu Beach home, and shows why the star will hurry back from England after making a picture there as Robert Taylor's leading lady



At Malibu Beach, original playground of Hollywood stars, you'll find this decidedly charming and enormously livable home of the John Farrows—she's Maureen O'Sullivan, he's a director. Below and at left, the lady of the manor on the beach terrace. Across page at far left, reading down from top: the playroom, with its interesting wall treatment of a ship at sea; the dining room; Maureen in her mirrored dressing-room; and the bedroom, done in ice-blue and white. At right, reading down from top: another view of the nautical playroom, in the better modern manner; a corner of the living room, with good 18th century pieces; a large view of the same room, taken from the balcony which forms the upper portion of the house; and the breakfast room, where in the window recess below which Maureen is sitting, are many of the fine Chinese porcelains of which the Farrows are avid collectors.



Tricks of

Hollywood has a way with it, when it comes to making seeing believing, and remembering. For instance, Katharine Hepburn, far left, sees to it that her poses live up to her reputation as a stormy petrel.



A big—but big—hat serves as an effective frame for Mary Astor's beauty, upper center. Eleanor Powell, upper right, peppy priestess of the tap dance, switches to a very spiritual mood for a striking picture for the papers. Right: Margot Grahame, remains in character as an alluring siren of intriguing and inviting charm, and Movita Castenada stresses the primitive appeal of the South Seas Hollywood scouts discovered in her.



A little game to keep you guessing is worked out at the left. Which of the three girls you see really is Gloria Dickson? Well, we'll tell you. The one in the center is the Gloria you'd recognize if you met her face to face off-screen. At far left, the brooding, defiant lady, and, near left, the disdainfully quizzical girl, are tricks of the trade.



the Trade

Giving you something to remember them by is a neat Hollywood stunt. Note these startling samples of tricks that catch your eye, excite your interest, and keep you movie-conscious

Hotcha à la Hollywood, is prettily portrayed by Eleanore Whitney in this pose at the right. But for tricks of the acting trade, you—and we, too—know that John Barrymore knows them all. Here's Jack, below, turning from great lover to grizzly sea-farin' man—which transformation is a mere pipe and whiskers for Jack. And note the neat trick that was turned with a comb and curling iron, at bottom of page. Of course you recognize Ginger Rogers with her own adaptation of the page boy bob she'll wear in some scenes in "Stage Door," even though Ginger turns her well-known and soothing features away from our camera.



Then there's Errol Flynn to consider in this trick business. Errol jumps from swashbuckling costume romantics to the brawny business of prize fighting by merely putting on a scowl and ring togs, as shown in our movie at the right, with fast action in the first three frames, and a bit of makeup repair at bottom right. Below, Errol makes love to Joan Blondell, and Joan reciprocates—which you may be sure is just a trick of the trade, for "The Perfect Specimen."





POLO FOR



We're not saying he plays to the grandstand, but if Spencer Tracy, left, and again, left foreground above in the thick of a mêlée on the polo field, puts on a spectacular dash to win applause, who can blame him, with a gallery of glamor like that? Some of these beauties love the game, but some have other things on their minds. Read their own reactions, as you gaze at Virginia Grey, Margaret Lindsay, Virginia Field, Mary Maguire (Mary takes a sun tan with her polo), Elissa Landi (who rides her own pony to the game), Gloria Dickson, in the upper tier, left to right. Florence Rice, Jean Rogers, Iva Stewart, Rochelle Hudson, Olympe Bradna, Franciska Gaal, Lana Turner, Joy Hodges, Jean Dale, and Phyllis Brooks, may be identified in the lower tier.



PEACHES

Galloping for goals to thrill
the girls—swell game,
and sometimes it works





Shirley is growing up gracefully. Her loveliness is not only that of an ingratiatingly chubby child, but has a rare spiritual quality which, we venture to predict, will keep Shirley Temple a beloved public figure all her life. Now she stars in "Heidi," from Johanna Spyri's story which has been a best-seller for years. Our large picture is a charming study at the village fountain. Below, with Helen Westley. At right below, Shirley awes a small playmate.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Shirley Temple in "Heidi"

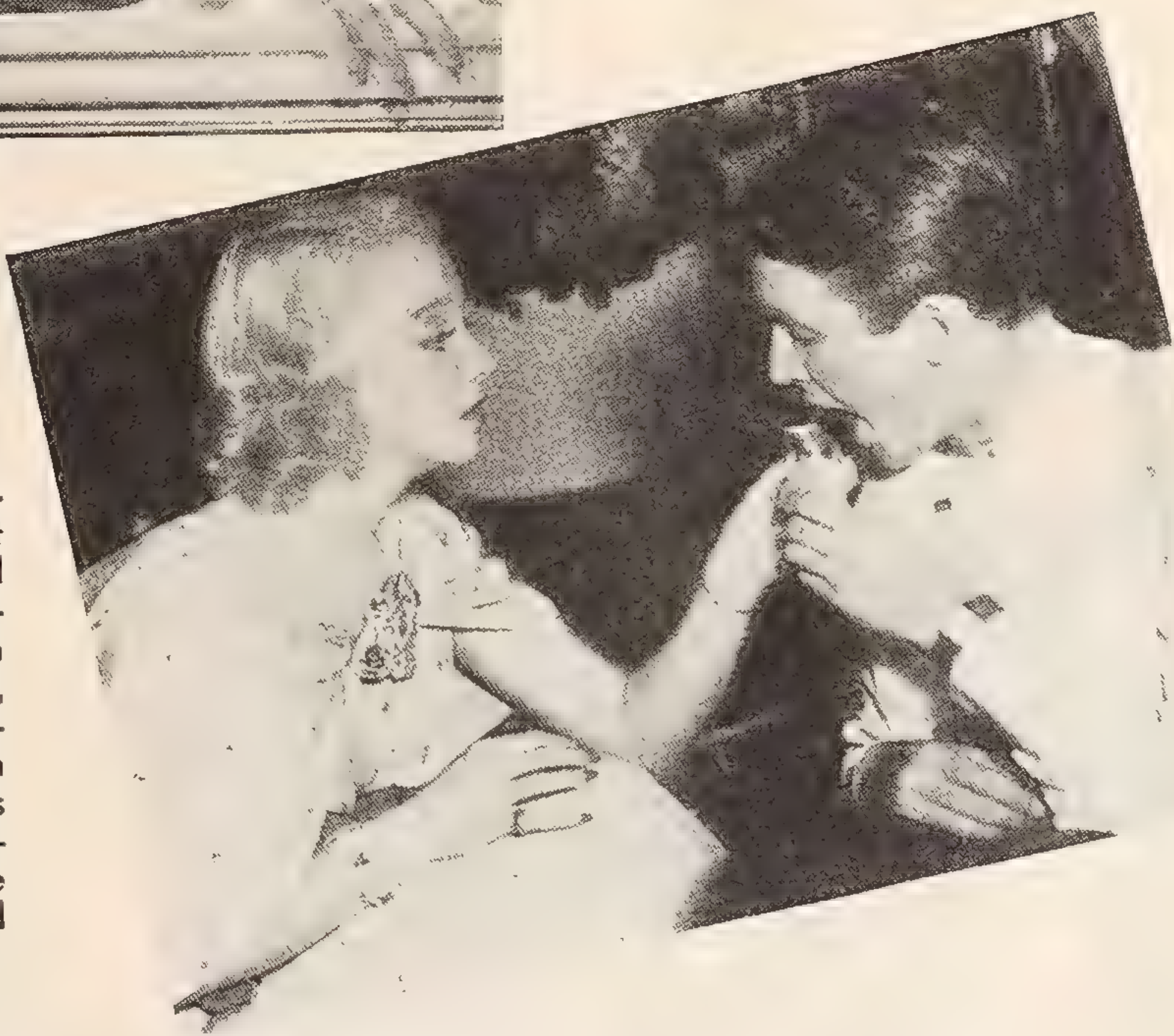
Virginia Bruce explains that every man friend a girl has isn't a potential sweetheart, and goes on to tell why she admires five of her own friends

Sidestepping Romance

By
Maude Cheatham



With characteristic frankness, Virginia tells us that someday she hopes to find romance again, the memories she treasures of John Gilbert, her first husband, and her plans for the future. Right, Virginia with her good friend James Stewart—"a merry companion, and a friend whose loyalty you may depend upon," says Virginia.



"CAN a girl keep her sweethearts as friends, after the romance cools down?" I suddenly asked Virginia Bruce.

And Virginia, propped up in bed, battling a cold and a menacing temperature, gave me a reproachful look before replying, "Why come to me? I'm not knowing!"

But she went on, "Every man friend that a girl has isn't a potential sweetheart, especially in this business where we meet so many charming and brilliant people; and even if at first they imagine they have a romantic urge, they usually wake up to find it is a grand friendship, instead.

"The demand for friendship is strong in everybody. We all seek someone in whom we can confide, talk over our troubles and our triumphs, ask advice, encourage and be encouraged. Too, we like a congenial companion for our fun, and so, when we find a trustworthy friend, we appreciate him.

"For myself, I'm not interested in romance. Not for the present, anyway. But I treasure certain friendships.

"I sometimes think that working in screen romances takes the edge off the real ones! After being soulful, repeating passionate dialogue, and rehearsing clinches and kisses before the camera all day, players demand a

complete change of scenery when they leave the studio; it is a relief to be with a person who isn't still acting. After all, there are many interesting things in life besides—*love*. Too, contrary to what many seem to think, I believe most actors and actresses prefer simple amusements when their play-hours come. I certainly do, for one.

"I like amusing people. It is a great gift when one is able to bring laughter and gaiety into social life, and after the strenuous work at the studio it offers the necessary antidote for high-strung nerves. My men friends, among whom I count Jimmy Stewart, Cesar Romero, David Niven, Ralph Jester, Paul Warburg of New York, Jean Negulesco—offer the widest contrast in personalities, but they all have a quick wit and a keen sense of humor; they see life at its best.

"Cesar is a gay companion and we laugh much of the time we are together. He has an electric vitality, is always thoughtful and chivalrous, and dances divinely. We frequently have our dates here at home, dining with the family, and my father and mother, as well as my brother Stanley, welcome him as a charming guest. He's a very comfortable person, too, and fits into any situation. One of our favorite stunts is singing duets, and while they are sometimes (Please turn to page 72)



100 MEN AND A GIRL—Universal



MOST refreshing picture in a long time! Deanna Durbin's second starring film is better than her first, and ideal entertainment for the family. The dewy-eyed, characterful-chinned Deanna presents a fresh and new style in screen glamor. As direct and clean-cut as a young Norma Shearer, whom she somewhat resembles, Dubin challenges criticism by behaving as though her rather phenomenal voice were an entirely natural thing, not to be surrounded with hocus-pocus but simply to be taken for granted. The result is always an audience at ease and in love with Deanna, the one prima donna who doesn't demand homage and therefore gets it. She is a most delightful child, and a joy to watch in her new rôle as Adolphe Menjou's daughter trying to get work for her father and 99 other unemployed musicians. To do it she pursues the eminent maestro, Stokowski, playing himself in fine style, until in self-defense he is forced to conduct the men in a big concert—the musical occasion of the movie month, I assure you. Deanna sings two "popular" numbers, but the thrill comes when she sings Mozart's "Exultate," with Stokowski's symphony orchestra. Menjou, Frank Jenks, and the other 98 men are splendid.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



DEAD END—Goldwyn-United Artists



STRONG meat in the month's movie menu is "Dead End," masterly picturization of the important stage play. Robbed of some of its impact by the censorship restrictions of screen speech, Samuel Goldwyn's version is nevertheless a powerful and moving photoplay. As it happens to be almost the only realistic drama of the current screens, it will impress you in its full force as a sombre, though not sordid, social study, cleverly caught in terms of cinema. Joel McCrea gets that part he has been preparing for all this time in the rôle of the idealistic *Dave*, who dreams of better things than his life in the dead end street, and through his courage in defying the prodigal gangster triumphs over his environment. McCrea is really excellent. Sylvia Sydney too is at her very best as *Drina*, whose dream is to save her young brother from the evil influences of the waterfront. It is recorded that Joel and Sylvia said to each other: "You know who will be the real stars of this picture, don't you?" They meant the five boys who play the young hoodlums, victims of the "Dead End" street, the same young actors who played in the original stage play. I still think the picture "belongs" to Joel and Sylvia and to Humphrey Bogart. The boys somehow lacked conviction.



THE FIREFLY—M-G-M



"THE FIREFLY" was to me just that old operetta with "Giannina Mia" in it, and I have been trying to duck "Giannina" over the radio for years. It's a horrid song, I think, and I still think so even after hearing Allan Jones sing it. But that is not Mr. Jones' fault. If anyone could make me like that song he could. He has converted me to everything else about "The Firefly" in general and male operetta singers in particular. He helps make the new MacDonald musical movie a rousing and at times irresistible entertainment. Jeanette herself is completely captivating as the lovely lady spy whose private romance threatens to interfere with Napoleon's plans in Spain. Mr. Jones is a gentleman spy and it was inevitable, in a Metro picture, that they meet, make love, and sing duets. It was *not* inevitable that the best of the love duets should be sung in a farm wagon in a barnyard, and this is a fine bit of amorous buffoonery. The high spot of the picture, however, is "The Donkey Serenade," the best number in all movie musical history to my mind. Allan Jones rides along beside Jeanette's coach singing in rhythm to the coach wheels and the coachman's guitar as the donkey boy capers ahead piping the tune. It's sheer delight, a classic. A fine show.



THE PRISONER OF ZENDA—Selznick-United Artists



GRAND "escape" from gangster melodrama, fashion shows, and maybe too much music this month is this remake of the picturesque Anthony Hope romance. It is a gorgeous show, this new "Prisoner of Zenda," and genuine fun all the way—even though you may think you disdain such make-believe as mythical kingdoms and mistaken identity, of which "Zenda" has more than its share. I admit I may be prejudiced, because I like any Ronald Colman picture, and this one offers Colman not only once, but twice—oh yes, it's a dual-rôle film, too. But Mr. Colman is twice as superb as *Rassendyll* as he is as *King Rudolf*; so I had a wonderful time, and I believe you will too, you old doubter you. It's magnificently produced in the true Ruritanian manner, with lavish settings against which the top-flight cast swashbuckles with what seems true enjoyment. If you must know, the story concerns the commoner who doubles for the king, with whom the *Princess Flavia* falls in love, but who bows out gracefully when the time comes. It's beautifully sad at this point, for the Princess is none other than Madeleine Carroll, the only actress I know who can play this proud princess stuff and make you believe it. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a grand *Rupert of Hentzau*. It's all first-rate fun.



SOULS AT SEA—Paramount



IT'S an epic. I know it's an epic, because it has trouble at sea on a huge scale, and Gary Cooper being a hero also on a large scale, and it even has a trial scene. The fact that George Raft, disguised even though he is with a curly coiffure, comes narrowly close to stealing the epic right out of the sea and Gary Cooper's hands, makes no difference, except possibly to me and Mr. Raft. We enjoyed his part in it more than anything else. The ex-slick dancing gangster-type has become an Actor, and a darned good one. He is truly touching at times, and with Olympe Bradna, the poignantly appealing little French actress, as his team-mate, he enacts a dual death scene that, for me, was as sincerely moving as in any "Romeo and Juliet." But to get back to Mr. Cooper, who is after all the billed star of this show: won't he ever outgrow "Mr. Deeds"? Here he is practically on trial for his life and honor, for strange doings in the Atlantic after a shipwreck; and for all he seems to care, the issue at stake might as well be just a new form of doodling. "Souls at Sea" has big moments in spite of Mr. Cooper's lack of enthusiasm and Miss Frances Dee's phlegmatic heroine. Splendid sea "pictures"—and Mr. Raft, and little Bradna supply most of them. Watch Bradna.



THIN ICE—20th Century-Fox



THE amazing Miss Sonja Henie follows up her first picture success with a new film almost as good. If you thought the great little skater had run the gamut in glacial exercise in "One in a Million," see this and change your mind. Sonja hasn't even scratched the ice. That goes, too, for her acting performance. Like Deanna Durbin, Sonja disarms her audience by resolutely refusing to do any acting, as such, contenting herself with being herself, and very nice too. The story isn't much—when I tell you the scene is Switzerland, and Tyrone Power plays a Prince incognito, and Sonja a skating instructress at the local hotel where Tyrone and his political playmates are staging a conference—but of course she doesn't know he's a Prince, though everyone thinks she knows—does that give you an idea? I thought so. But somehow the story doesn't seem to matter so much once Sonja swings into graceful action, which she does at gratifyingly short intervals. She is a dream of loveliness on the ice, and not shy on skis, either. Mr. Power, being neither a skater nor a skier, has to be satisfied with occasional moments of charm, as romantic support to Sonja. He's gallant about it. Raymond Walburn, Arthur Treacher, Melville Cooper stand out.



VOGUES OF 1938—Wanger-United Artists



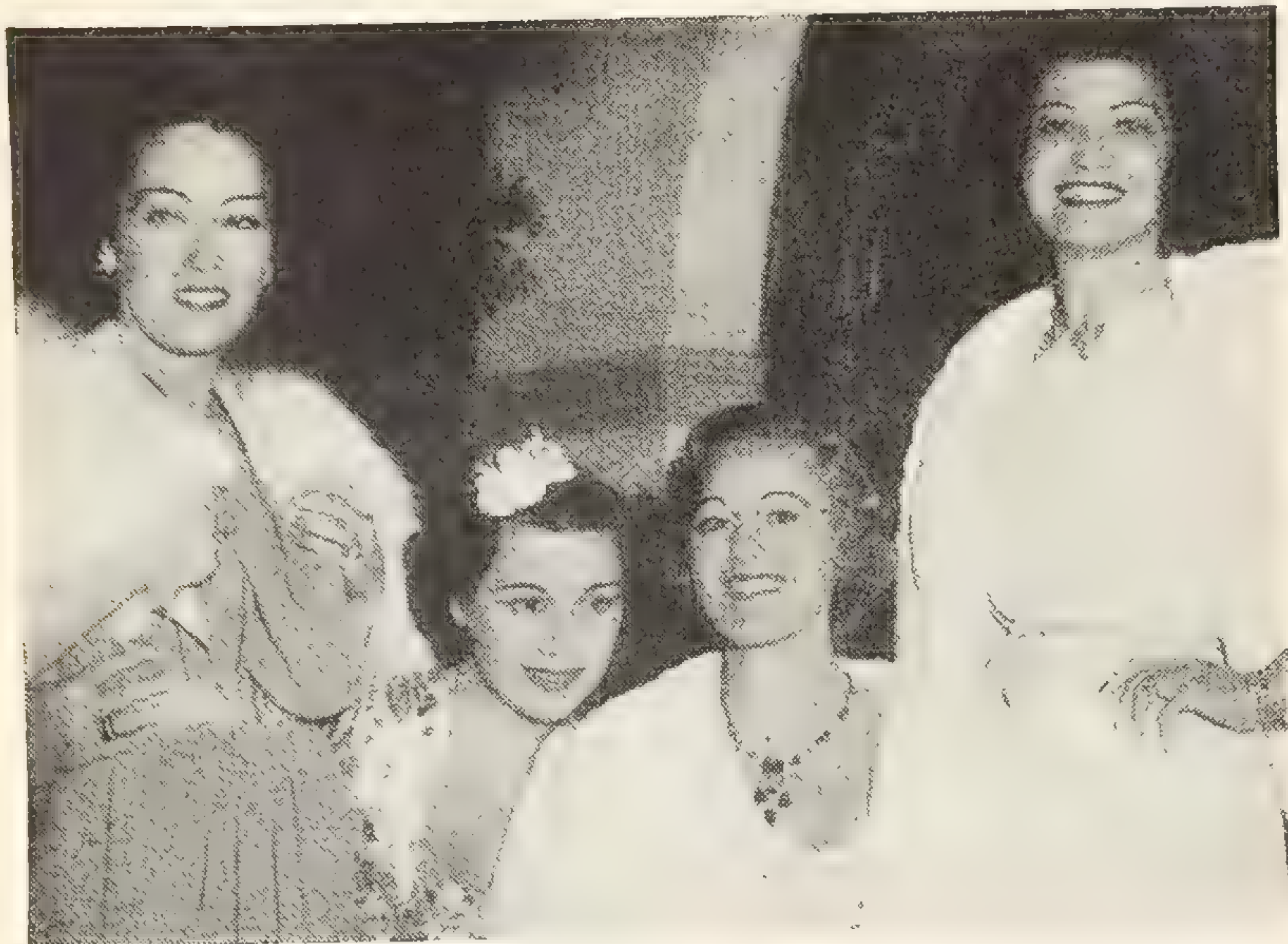
NO GIRL in her right senses will want to miss this one. It's a field-day for fashion-conscious femmes—with a practically endless parade of advance fashions—say about 1940—and an inside slant on what goes on behind the scenes of a smart dressmaking establishment. "The Most Photographed"—and most exploited—"Girls in the World" are here, too, undulating around in fine fur and feathers; but it remains for Our Own Joan Bennett to show them, and us, how really to model clothes, moods, and emotions. This is an all-Technicolor production, you know; and it was a lucky day for Miss Joan Bennett when Technicolor was born; for the always pretty but often pallid Joanie becomes in a flash a brilliant new beauty, whose Dresden-doll prettiness comes to glowing life. She's a society bride-to-be who changes her mind at the altar, and becomes instead a model for Warner Baxter's clothes salon. Despite all the obstacles put in their way by Helen Vinson, assorted models, and the dull plot, Joan and Warner manage to keep things moving, either in new fashion shows, romantic comedy scenes, or breathtaking close-ups. Night-club scenes reach a new high in pictorial excitement. It's too long, but it's awfully pretty. And how dull other pictures look!



Invitations to Grace Moore's "Musical Evenings" are keenly coveted in the screen colony. You'll enjoy this brilliant account of Grace's latest party

I might have gone to my grave thinking them as dull a crowd of bores as ever gathered over a mess of spaghetti if it hadn't been for Grace Moore. In one evening she destroyed mental adhesions I had had for years! Old prejudices fell off of me clippity cloppity. I who thought the alpha and omega of music was Benny Goodman's swing band suddenly became passionately intrigued with arias and octaves. As a matter of fact I might even go for a passacaglia, or a tenor.

I don't know how I happened to get invited to La Moore's. I'm inclined to believe that it was an accident. But strange things happen in my profession, so I never penetrate too deeply into the why or wherefore of my



MUSIC lovers, I have always been big enough to admit, are all right in their places. But I have never been able to find their place in my scheme of things. I think it was because I met the wrong people during my formative years: I would simply go into ecstasies over a neatly cracked shin, provided it wasn't my shin, on the hockey field; Jane Cowl emoting, "You gave me a number, etc." (hot stuff in my day); and a successful Queen finesse "after lights" in a drafty dormitory—but a concerto, even a zippy concerto, left me cold. Music Lovers, I was led to believe by my evil companions who reeked of chocolate sodas and dill pickles, were a bunch of undesirables with long hair and dirty nails who didn't wash behind their ears and who dressed as dowdily as a slattern from the other side of the tracks. (I was forced to change my opinion when I met the very chic and awfully clean Misses Moore, Pons and Swarthout.) Being of a good family I was sent to all the musical events my city afforded so I might absorb by environment what I had missed out on in heredity—but when given a choice of Kreisler or Billie Dove I invariably took Billie Dove. Later I switched to Clara Bow. I simply would have no truck with those Music Lovers.

Grace Moore Parera, at right in her gay party gown, is one of Hollywood's most exclusive hostesses. When she entertains, her guests are the cream of the musical and screen worlds—as at left: Gloria Swanson, Gladys Swarthout, Miss Moore, Rosa Ponselle, noted singer.



in Hollywood



invitations. I was never one to bite the hand that feeds me caviar. Grace was too much of a lady to express surprise and say, "And what are you doing here?" and I was too much of a lady to answer, "Hell, I don't know," (I have a quaint Old World vocabulary that's a perfect joy to my friends who have small children). Anyway, why all this quibbling as to how I happened to get to Grace Moore's party? It isn't *that* important.

The Parera estate—Grace is Mrs. Valentin Parera in private life—consists of three acres out near Brentwood, and directly across the street from the Gary Coopers which means they must look out for burglars on warm summer evenings as the Coopers seem to attract them to that neighborhood. On the three Parera acres there are at present the groundwork of a spacious and beautiful house, a swimming pool, a badminton court (except the Pareras insist upon playing Pelota on it), some elegant trees, some termites looking over prospective home sites, and a horrid little dog named Queenie, given Grace by a Lord, who bites. I mean the dog bites, I'm sure I don't know the personal habits of the Lord. While their home is being built, the Pareras—when not vacationing in Europe, where Grace being on the *soigné* side has a villa at Cannes—live in a six room bungalow which when the "big house" is completed will automatically become the "guest house." Conspicuous in the living room, gay and chintzy, are pictures of Gladys Swarthout and Noel Coward, close friends of La Moore's, and Mary Garden, whose protégée she was. It was the greatest diva of her day, the glamorous Mary Garden, who first noticed that the ambitious young girl from Jellico, Tennessee, had a Voice. Years later Grace Moore in Hollywood was able to return the favor.

All the way out to Bundy Drive (streets get awfully coy out Brentwood way), I kicked myself for letting myself in for a boring evening. Grace Moore, I growled, is

By
Elizabeth Wilson



The merry Moore, whose new film will soon be seen, has a flair for the unusual in costumes, canapes, and carnival capers. At left, note her very new clips, at neck and wrists. Far left, surrounded by James Melton, Valentin Parera, her proud husband, Lawrence Tibbett, Herbert Marshall.



a famous opera star making pictures in Hollywood. She knows every composer, every conductor, every song-bird in the racket. She knows everybody who even had a whiff of the musty old Metropolitan. It was only natural that the place would be jammed with Music Lovers, and fine talk about fugues and concertos would be flipped over my head with terrifying glibness. And of course there would have to be a Child Wonder, there always is. Even at Norma Shearer's parties.

A memory of all the horrors of my one musical interlude in Hollywood swept over me. It was sanguine. It was given by an actress, who shall remain nameless for certain reasons (law suits, if you must know), and her *piece de resistance* of the evening was a fat soprano with an aura of garlic from the Met (*Please turn to page 98*)

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Loretta Young

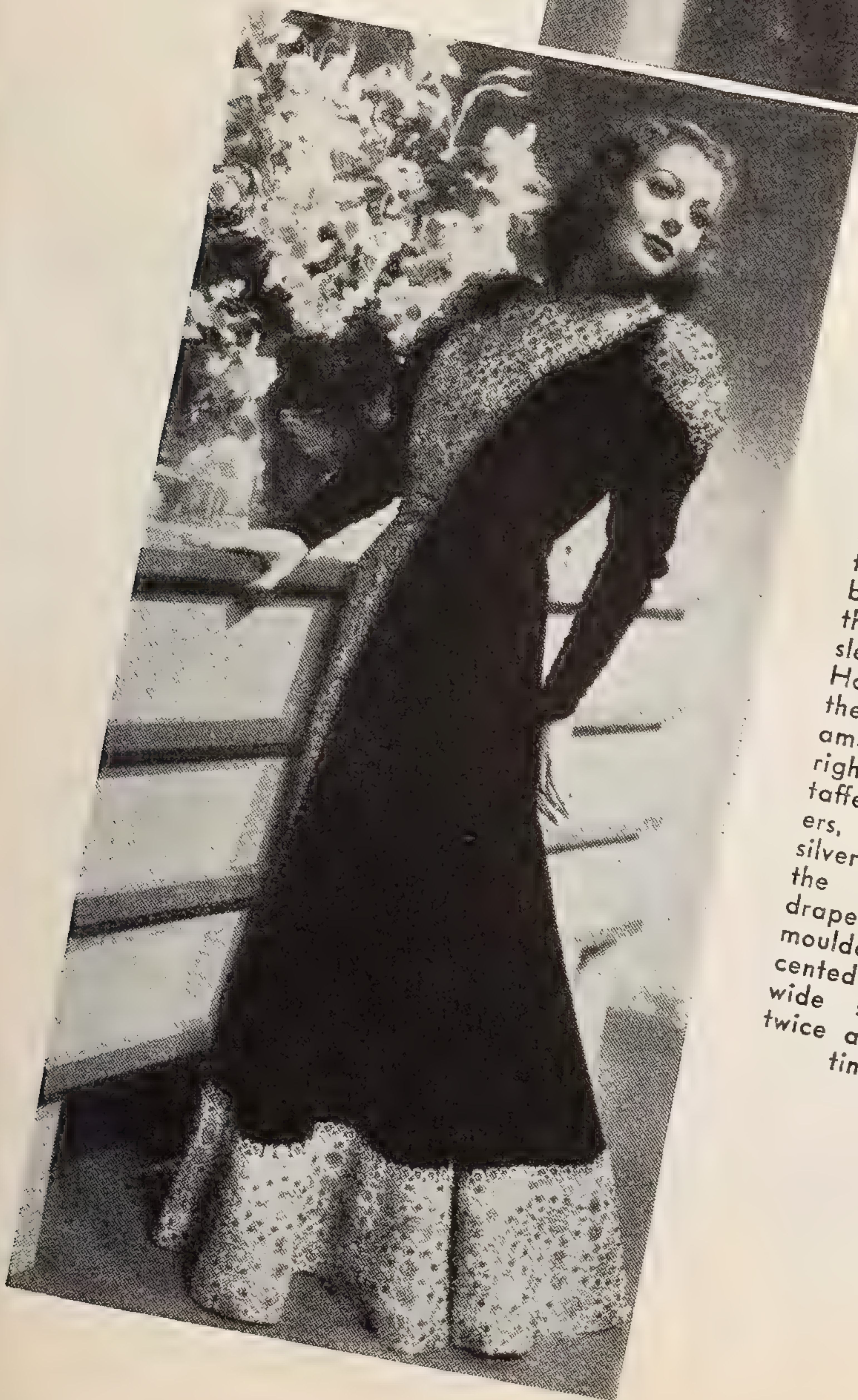
Sweeping black paradise plumes enhance Loretta's hat of black velvet, at left above. A jewelled cross hung on a chain blazes at the throat of her black frock. At left below, sleek fitted coat of mink—which Loretta tops with a flower-pot hat, below, of Paisley satin in shades of brown, red, beige, and soft green corded into narrow strips, draped with a voluminous brown veil. See exotic bracelets.



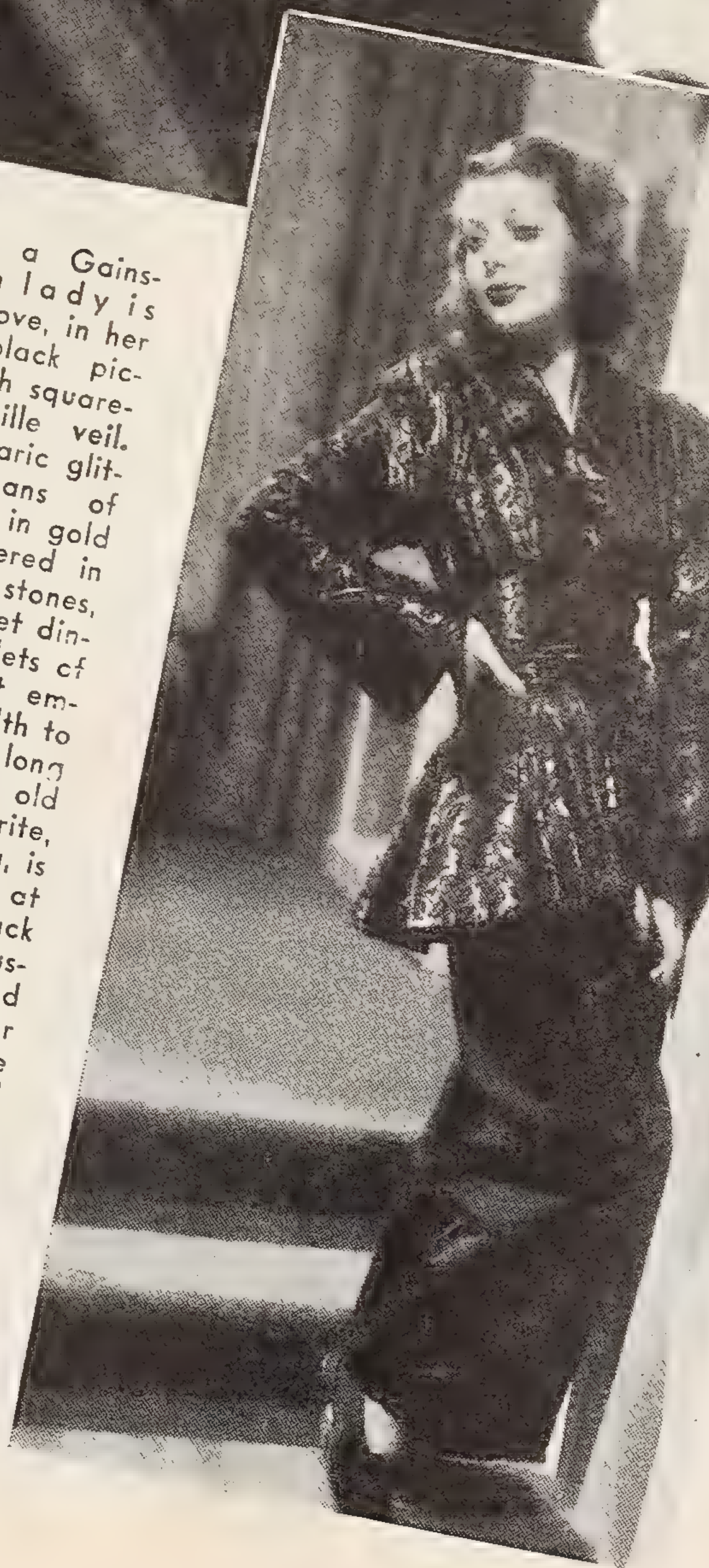
Glamor Girl in the great Hollywood tradition, Loretta Young goes frankly and glitteringly gorgeous in her new screen clothes, which she likes so well she wears them off-screen as well. Spectacular, yes—but oh, so smart!



SCREENLAND Glamor School photographs of Miss Loretta Young in the costumes she wears in "Wife, Doctor, and Nurse," with Warner Baxter, for 20th Century-Fox, designed by Gwen Wakeling.



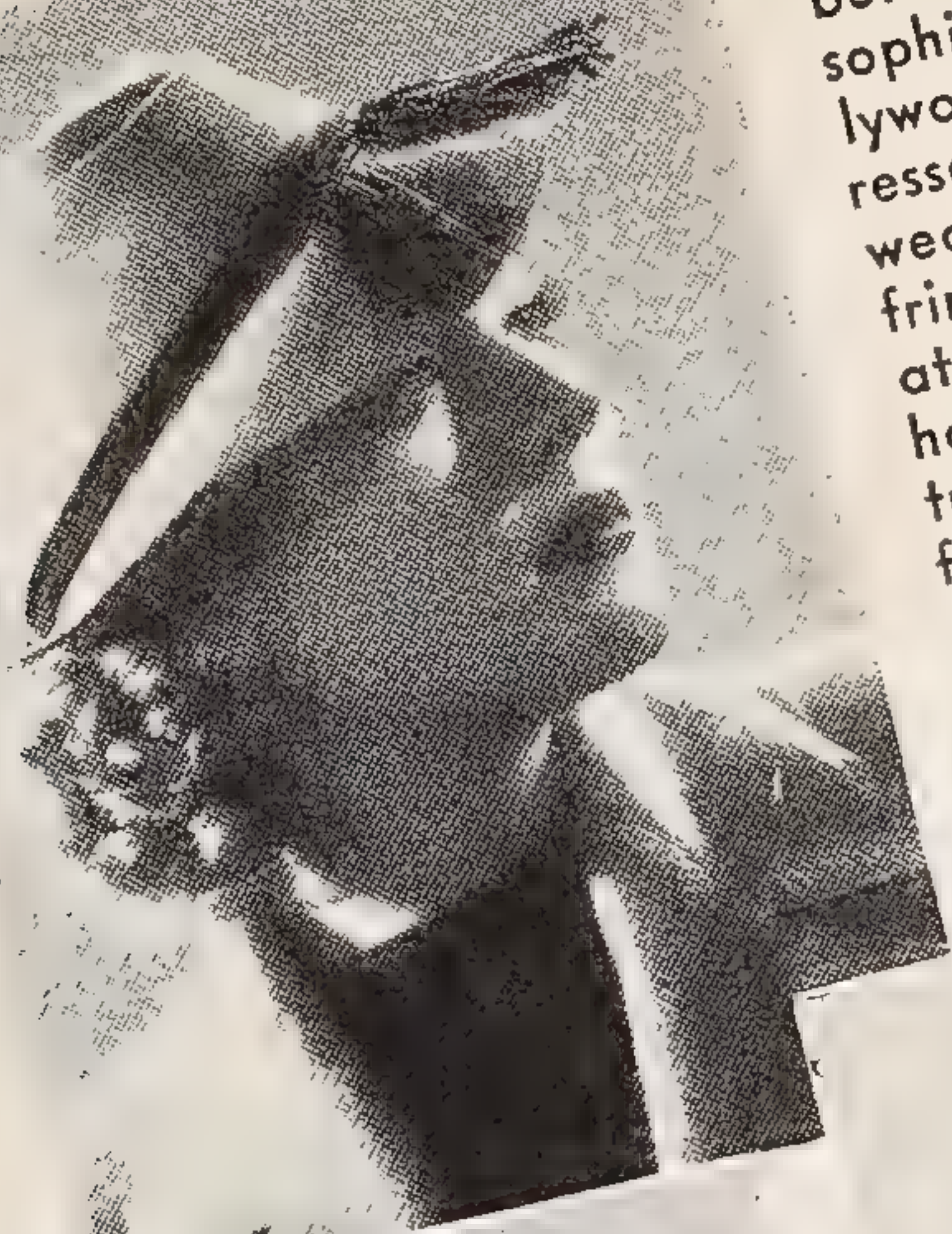
Lovely as a Gainsborough lady is Loretta, above, in her enormous black picture hat, with square-dotted chenille veil. At left, barbaric glitter, by means of banding done in gold cloth embroidered in multi-colored stones, on a black velvet dinner gown. Epaulets of the same bright embroidery add width to the top of the long sleeves. A good old Hollywood favorite, the hostess pajama, is amusingly revived at right, with stiff black taffeta for the trousers, and black and silver metal cloth for the tunic. See the draped bodice and moulded waistline, accented by a long, wide sash wrapped twice about Loretta's tiny waist.



Young lady, at leisure, lounges at right in this masterpiece of frothy delicacy, a negligée of coral-peach chiffon, banded with matching maribou, beautifully draped. Directly below, Loretta selects for more exotic moods the hostess pajama costume of gun-metal gray paper taffeta, printed in huge orchids of pale blue, rose, and green. The coat is cut away in front above the knees, sweeps the floor at back, and is finished with a padded roll. Trousers are close-fitting at the ankles, and tuck into especially designed boots of bright green suede. Very Hollywood? Yes, but fun! At right, below, Loretta's gleaming gown—tiers of fringe made of crepe bugle beads, on heavy white crepe roma. For formal evenings, any girl with Loretta Young's slim and lissome figure glories in a gown like this—or is there another figure like Loretta's, anywhere? Somehow, we doubt it!



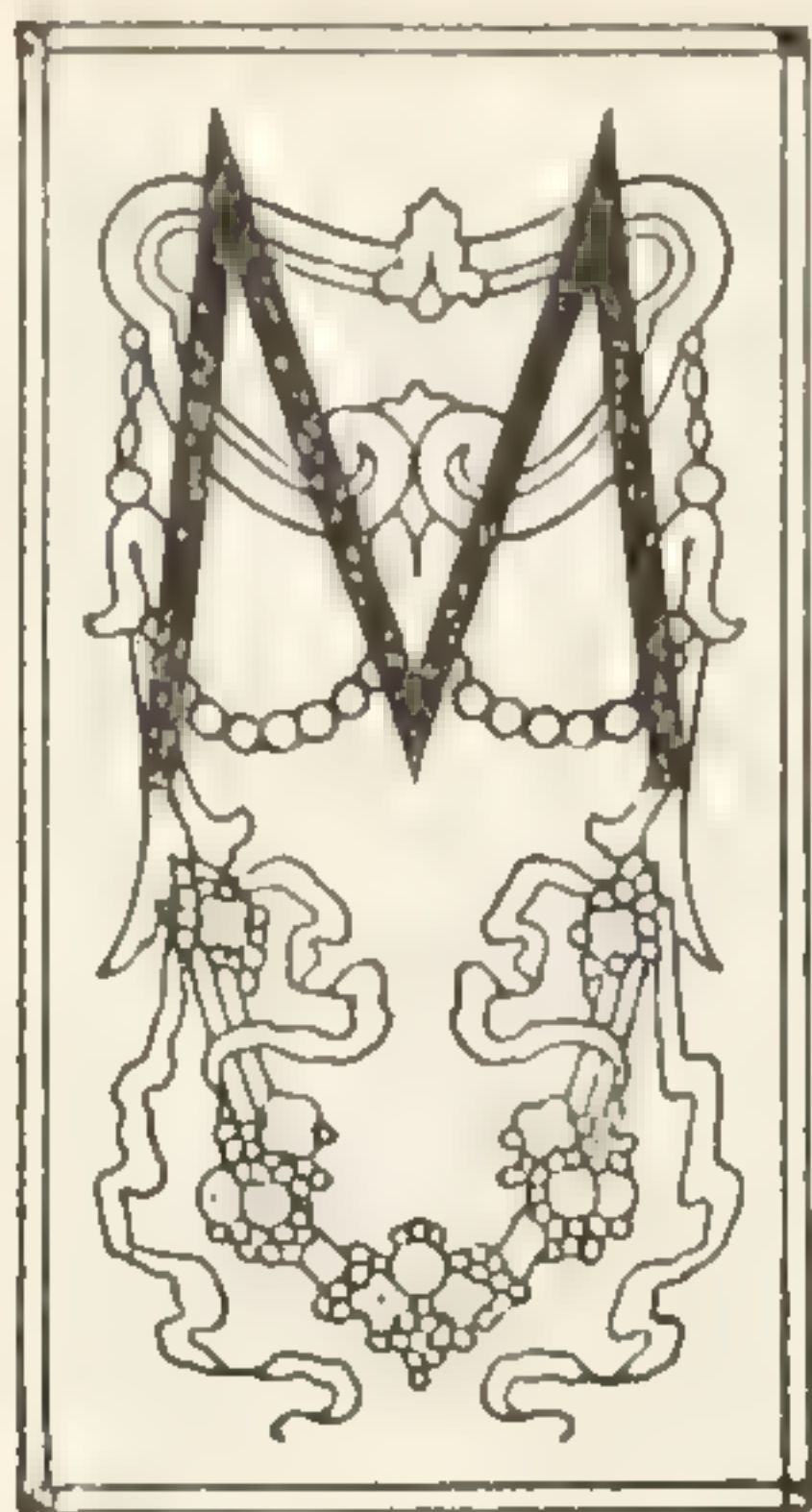
Your hat may be young but it must not be unsophisticated, say Hollywood's younger actresses. Left, Jean Rogers wears a blue hat with fringe of leather; and at left below, a dressier hat with curled brim trimmed with white feathers. Below, Joan Fontaine's spectator sports hat, fashioned from black felt with black and white polka dot ribbon.



To The Teens!



Two smart girls, above: Jean Rogers, at left, wearing a dress of wine wool with three high kick-pleats in skirt, and studded cowboy belt; and Nan Grey, right, in two-piece gray suit, with jacket patterned in circles of red, yellow, white, and blue. Jean again, at far left, wears a two-piece suit of nubby wool in dubonnet shade, with wide lapels and high cuffs of gray Persian lamb. Jane Bryan, left, models a tailored dress of blue sheer wool with diagonal pattern, with hip-length jacket.



MY LIFE

By

Robert Taylor

Ever eager to applaud his fellow stars, Bob was first to congratulate Sophie Tucker for her singing of "Some of These Days" in "Broadway Melody." Below, you see how delighted Sophie was with Bob's tribute.

As told to Ben Maddox



UNKNOWN HOLLYWOOD DAYS

| WILL never forget my letter asking to get into the movies. It was a warm summer morning when I wrote it. Everyone in Hollywood seemed headed for the ocean. However, I have never cared for the beach and certainly I was not going to be sidetracked from my all-important job for that day. I had just graduated from college and settled in a Hollywood rooming-house; I was trying to be an actor. The appeal to M-G-M had to be a perfect sales line.

For three hours I sat there at the plain little desk in my upstairs room and wished I had studied essay-writing! I fought with eloquent phrases, threw them away, and eventually emerged with my masterpiece. Tactfully I pointed out that the previous winter one of their talent scouts had noticed me in a college play at Pomona, and I reminded them that for several months I had reported for coaching at the studio. Of course I didn't add that I had impatiently quit reporting when they hadn't made me an actor immediately.

As I was running downstairs to take the letter to the postoffice the elderly lady who was the only other boarder came to the door of her room to wish me luck. I still see her smile of encouragement. It kept me, frequently, from wondering too much if I were making an awful fool of myself. A country kid from Nebraska sticking his neck into the weird windmills of Hollywood!

I had no friends at all at first. I knew no one influential. Emphatically I was on the outside of the studio world. My name was not on any stellar party lists.

There has been comment on my "skyrocketing rise." Obviously I have been most fortunate. Yet it was not quite as quick as you may have been led to believe. No



Bob
to the
world

one was checking up on
goes back to exactly how
are printed. I remember
telling the truth.

As a sales line that
perfect. I received no
while, I discovered what
wood as a nobody. I knew
but I was pretty disappointed
spectacular happened.

I had a roadster, but
didn't want to fall in love
was strange to spend so
things aren't breaking
I can't laugh off disappointment

An agent called me
M-G-M the winter before
boulevard. He took me
tested. What excitement
only didn't sign me; he
up! Instead I went on
There they didn't bother

Then when I thought

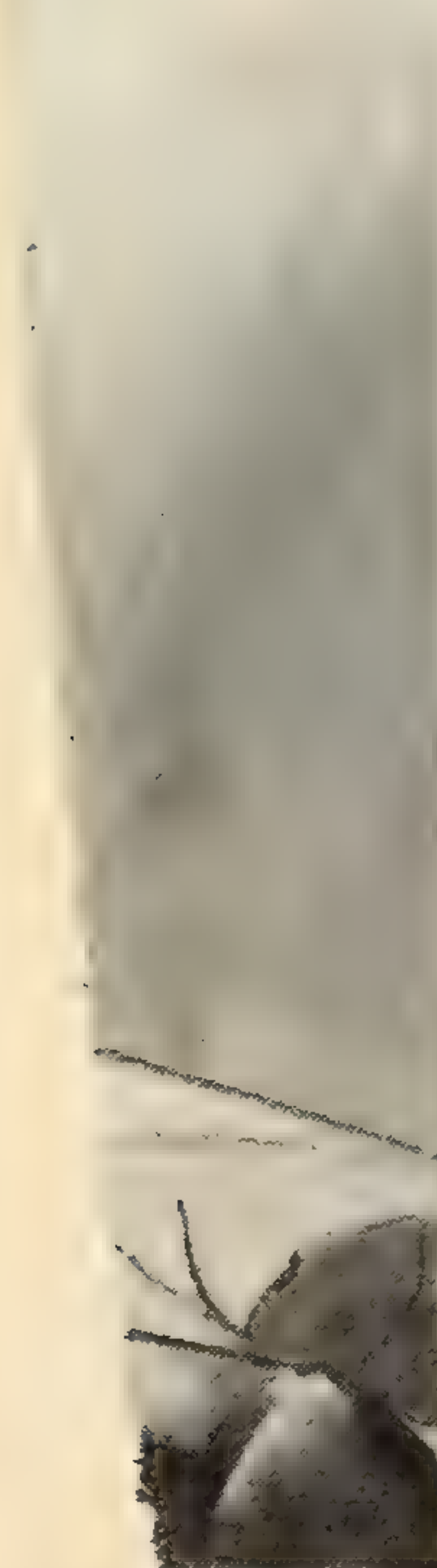
Home of the Robert Taylor
page. He was a "rooming
ments. Below, his present
place. Right, Bob and
romance has attracted a
highly popular appearance



a young
merican
llywood

secretary into a
er big with Fuller.
s off between you

the equable Hilda



"It always has been, Mr. Fuller, you know that. But this guy didn't get a square deal. You took him away from his home and a job where he earned a living. You made him think you believed in him as an actor. You brought him to this madhouse where he didn't know a soul but you. You didn't take the trouble to see that he got a fair test or a chance to show his stuff. He can't buck this game. He's too nice and gentle and sweet. He didn't ask you to bring him. It was your own idea. Now you're shipping him back like a—like a crate of rotten eggs—"

"Wa-ait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute." Fuller drawled it, but a slow fire burned behind his eyes. "So he's too gentle and kind for this game, is he? And I'm supposed to wet-nurse him. Well, if he's too gentle and kind, he better go back where the big bad wolf won't bite him." He dropped irony for direct attack. "What's this fella got, anyway, that sends you dames into dithers? First my wife, then you. With her it was just an idea. She gets one a day. Turns herself into a one-woman casting bureau. Now it's a big brown palooka from Honolulu.

Illustrated
by
Georgia Warren



Son of Nature. Primitive whatchamacallem. Put him in pictures. Schony for a wedding present, Honolulu for a coming-back present, next she'll go up to Alaska and pick me out an Eskimo. Well, I put my foot down, see? So what happens? So she leaves me flat. I ain't got no culcha, I'm a—a philispine or something, I don't know from art, so she skips—vamoose, spurlos versenkt. Maybe she's gone to Reno. Let 'er go. Is that any way to treat a husband?" For one moment she caught sight in his gimlet eyes of a little boy lost, then he stormed on again. "Get this. I'm running my business. I'm not taking dictation, not from my wife and not from my secretary—"

The phone rang. Through force of habit Hilda picked it up. She wanted to laugh wildly at what she heard. Instead she said: "Greenwood's outside."

"Tell her to send him in." He took a cigar from his pocket and bit the end off viciously. "That's all. From here on I'll handle it."

* * *

They sat in a little park, facing Santa Monica Boulevard. The arclight, to which Hilda's back was turned, shone full on Ferdinand. Her hands lay listless in her lap.

"Well, I certainly fixed it up fine with Fuller."

"What does it matter? This way or that, the end will be the same."

There was a silence. "When are you going?"

"He has arranged for tickets for Tuesday. So I take the boat the same day I come in New York. That is better, he said, it is cheaper to spend here those few days than there." He smiled, and waited for her answering smile, but none came.

His voice took on a graver note, and he moved a little to see her face more clearly. "Miss Hilda, is it for me you are sad?"

For the first time intimacy sounded in his voice—for the first time, now that she was about to lose him. How sweet it sounded. How she wanted to wrap it around her and lie close within it, that tenderness. She caught a swift glimpse of days and weeks and months, when there would be no "Here Ferdinand von Schoenbauer" at the other end of the wire, no thin brown face smiling at her across a table. A wave of desolation swept her. But her gray eyes met his steadily enough.

"No, Shaybar. It's for myself."

"Yourself?"

"Yes.—I love you, Shaybar." Modern, courageous, honest though she was, her voice faltered and died.

For what seemed to her an eternity he was silent. Then he gathered her up in his arms, as one gathers a child, and she lay there like a child. When he found his voice again, he was saying: "I did not mean it to be like this, my dear. I thought, when all is well with

me here and there is some work and some little money, and my people are cared for, then if I can teach her to love me, I will ask her for my wife."

"What are we going to do?" she whispered.

He released her, and took her hands in his. "My Hilda,

What can I do? You understand, without me they are helpless. There I will find something, that they may eat."

"But what about us, Shaybar? What about us?"

"You will be patient, yes? I will send for you. Then you will come—you and your good mother—"

"No, no, it'll never be like that. You know it won't. You know you can't imagine me in Vienna. Things'll happen and I'll never see you again. There'll be some horrible Austrian (Please turn to page 75)



London

TO SEE a perfect picture of English peace you should come to Pinewood just now. Majestic oaks and chestnuts spread fading branches over the spacious, rolling lawns, surrounded by shrubs that nod lazily in the cooling winds which lull them into their long winter sleep. A peacock pompously preens himself on the old stone terrace and only the songs of the birds disturb the country silence.

But come out of the gardens into the great white studio buildings and you'll have all the noise and crowds you want! Half-a-dozen major productions are now in full swing, headed by "The Girl Was Young" which is Director Alfred Hitchcock's new thriller. It's about a young author suspected of murder, helped to escape from gaol by the Chief Constable's daughter and her four little brothers. There's a pursuit that leads to such diverse spots as a seaside boarding-house and the bottom of a disused mine—and there's pretty Nova Pilbeam as the hustling heroine.

Less than three years ago brown-haired Nova was hailed as the latest child star with her work in "Little Friend." Since then she has been menaced with death in "The Man who Knew Too Much" and executed on Tower Hill in "Nine Days a Queen;" but now she is seventeen and has just learnt to smoke mild Turkish cigarettes so Hitchcock is letting her have her first romantic rôle. She's a charming girl, delighted that her pet terrier Brenda is appearing with her in the film, and owes her unusual name to the fact that her mother hails from Nova Scotia. She lives quietly with her parents in a suburban house and has her bedroom decorated in turquoise blue, her favorite color in which she usually dresses too.

Tall Percy Marmont, who plays her father in the new picture, declares Nova is sure to become a great actress



Hollywood as usual is well represented in the current London picture scene. Above, Elizabeth Allan, who is playing opposite Anton Walbrook, left, in a new melodrama. Patricia Ellis, lower left, is making her first visit to England to play in a picture with Jack Hulbert. Percy Marmont, below, and Sophie Stewart, lower right, are British stars now engaged in important new screen productions.



Studios hum and social gatherings glitter as film notables work and play in and around Britain's capital

By Hettie Grimstead

because she has the right kind of hands. "Supple, quick-moving, sensitive in gesture, rather long and slim. All the greatest players have hands like that—Garbo, Norma Shearer, Katie Hepburn and Joan Crawford to name only a few." So Nova is accordingly paying particular attention to her manicure and looking forward to her next assignment which is to play the youthful *Princess Victoria* in the historical "Girlhood of a Queen."

Also at Pinewood they are busy on Jessie Matthews' new musical—the last our dainty dancing star will make in England for she and director-husband Sonnie Hale are off to America immediately it's finished. Jessie's greatest ambition is to partner Fred Astaire and since Fred likes the idea too and there's a lot of negotiations going on between Jessie and Radio Pictures—well, don't be too surprised this winter! But first you'll be able to see Jessie in "Full Sail," playing the adopted daughter of a London bargee. (He's a stalwart gentleman who navigates a little flat-hulled freight boat along our canals. We've hundred of miles of them, connecting up with the River Thames.) There'll be some lovely shots of London's famous river and lyrics by Arthur ("Pennies from Heaven") Johnson, all written in a week because he had to dash back to Hollywood to provide Bing Crosby with another epic.

Pinewood's recent visitors include blue-eyed fluffy-curved Patricia Ellis, looking cutely Continental in a slim black marocain frock with a gaily-printed red and green jacket. She's come over the Atlantic for the first time to be Jack Hulbert's romantic interest in his new musical film "Playboy." She's seen the Changing of the King's Guard and walked in Hyde Park and eaten hot buttered scones for tea, so she's getting quite Anglicized.

Patricia was also bidden to the cocktail party of the month, given by wealthy and good-looking bachelor Sir Anthony Weldon in honor of Merle Oberon. It took place in a great green-walled room at our latest Society restaurant, Le Vert Galant in Park Lane, and Merle wore an unusual outfit in vivid blue and yellow and looked supremely glamorous as usual.

Her latest film is being made entirely in color and it is called "Red Shoes," Merle playing *Tamara* who's a Russian Ballet dancer. She doesn't need a double for

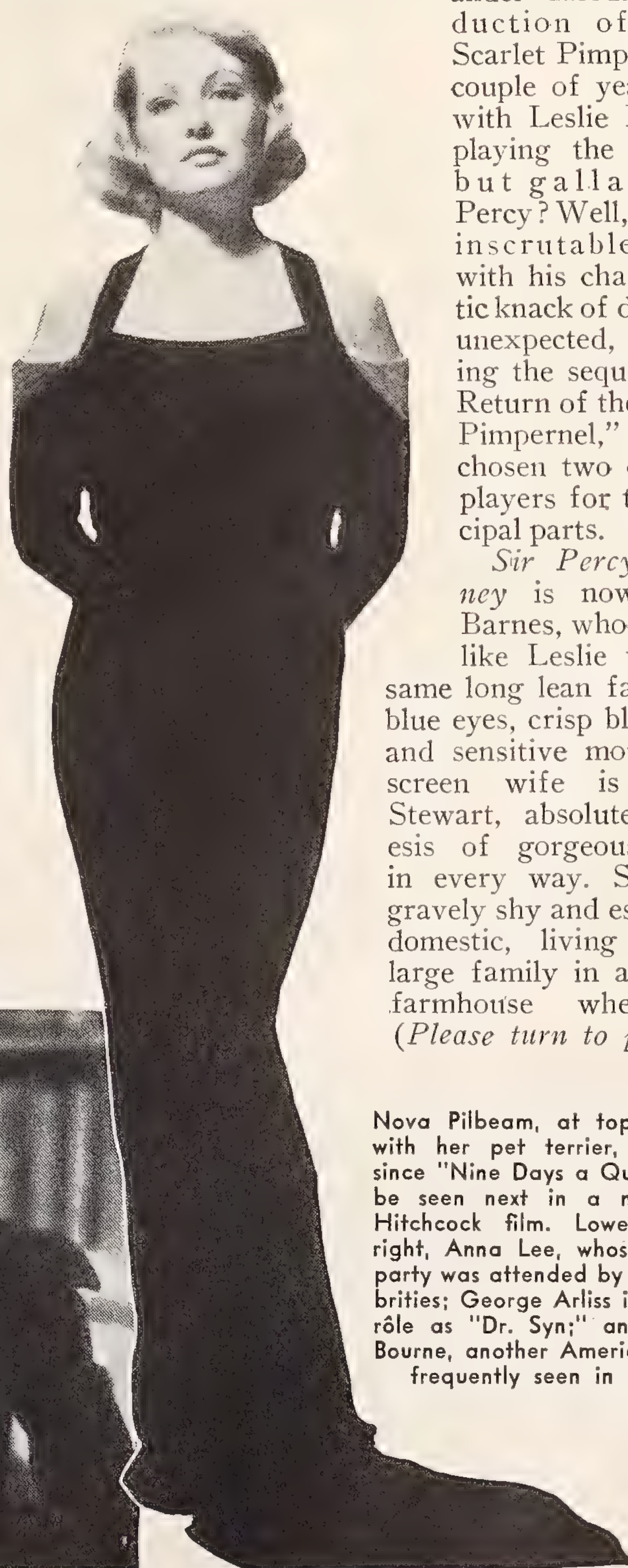


the scenes where she is pirouetting on the stage of the Royal Opera House at Moscow because she was originally trained in dancing and once earned her living as professional partner in a Mayfair club before she went on the films.

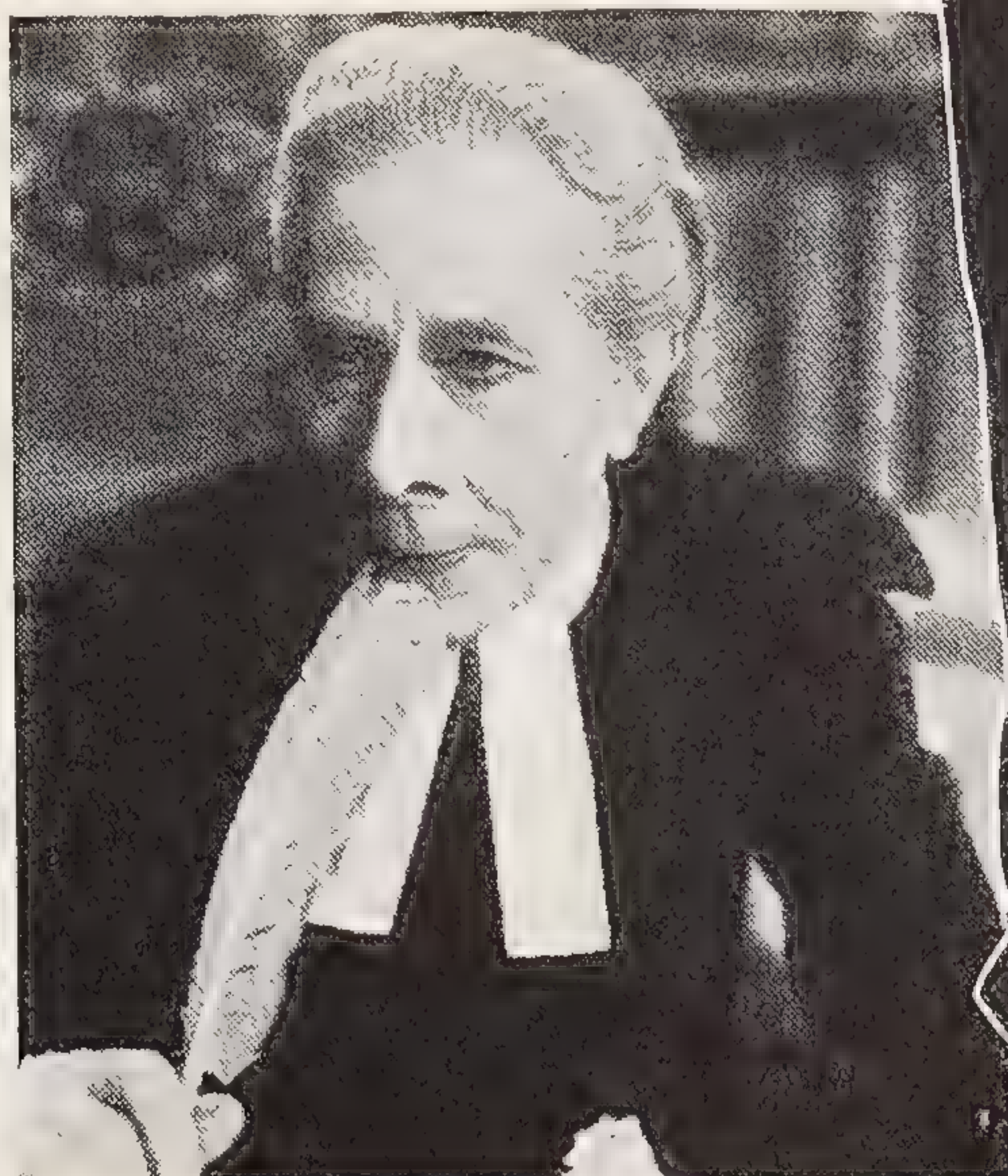
Do you remember Merle as *Lady Blakeney* in Alex-

ander Korda's production of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" a couple of years ago, with Leslie Howard playing the foppish but gallant Sir Percy? Well, now the inscrutable Alex, with his characteristic knack of doing the unexpected, is making the sequel, "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," but he's chosen two different players for the principal parts.

Sir Percy Blakeney is now Barry Barnes, who is rather like Leslie with the same long lean face, light blue eyes, crisp blond hair and sensitive mouth. His screen wife is Sophie Stewart, absolute antithesis of gorgeous Merle in every way. Sophie is gravely shy and essentially domestic, living with a large family in a country farmhouse where she (Please turn to page 96)



Nova Pilbeam, at top of page, with her pet terrier, grown up since "Nine Days a Queen," is to be seen next in a new Alfred Hitchcock film. Lower, left to right, Anna Lee, whose midnight party was attended by many celebrities; George Arliss in his latest rôle as "Dr. Syn;" and Whitney Bourne, another American beauty frequently seen in London.





Stars and their stand-ins are congenial companions as well as fellow workers. Here you see an example as Joan Blondell, starring in "Stand-In," chats with her "set-up" substitute, Connie Rea.



William Powell's stand-in, W. W. Dearborn, not only "holds it" while cameras are focussed, but clowns with his boss to entertain colleagues on the set. That's Bill behind the whiskers at left.

Here's Hollywood

The Gay Gossip in Brief

By Weston East

THE lowdown on the Clark Gable disappearing act he pulled on his recent vacation was because Clark couldn't even complete his bear hunt he started out to do without five million people tagging along. So he upped and turned his car the other way and vanished into thin air because he really needed a rest and even the studio didn't know his whereabouts.

THAT party the Ritz Brothers gave the other eve, which was attended by dozens of famous filmites, was really thrown in honor of "Ritzie," their favorite poodle! The guests claim they've never had such a good time because their real host was so amusing.

OVER on the set of "The Bride Wore Red," Helen Hayes had the time of her life, during her visit in Hollywood, taking candid camera shots of Joan Crawford from every conceivable angle to add to her collection.

TYRONE POWER, in spite of the fact he's been seen round and about with Janet Gaynor very frequently, insists that there's only one gal he really cares for and that's Sonja Henie. But on account of her absence, he just can't sit in a corner and mope. And Sonja thinks he's pretty swell, too.

GLORIA STUART and her hubby, Arthur Sheekman, are one of Hollywood's more devoted couples. During her recent trip to Honolulu with her mother and a gal friend, Gloria got so homesick for Arthur she cabled him each and every day. "I spent more money on cables than I did on the trip," Gloria admits, ruefully. "Guess I'll never take another without him."

BELIEVE it or not, the glamorous Jeanette MacDonald can whip up a mean dish when she puts her mind to it. When she and Gene Raymond returned from their honeymoon trip to Honolulu, they discovered they didn't have a cook between 'em. They borrowed one from Jeanette's ma for a couple of days, but this didn't work out very well. So Jeanette donned her favorite apron and went to

work herself. "And, boy," says the enthusiastic bridegroom, "can she cook!" This went on for two weeks—until they'd found a satisfactory servant.

EVERY year for the past seven, Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons have made a trip on their anniversary to Santa Barbara, where they were married. In fact, they go through the same routine they followed on their wedding day—a visit to the priest in the church, followed by dinner alone in the same café, and then a jaunt to Carmel, Monterey, and Del Monte, where they spent their honeymoon. How's that for sentiment?

JANE WYMAN, that luscious babe who made her screen debut in "Mr. Dodds Takes the Air," is buying furniture for her new pent-house apartment. In real life, Jane is Mrs. Myron Futterman and she's getting a terrific kick out of fixing up their very first Hollywood home.

DON MILO, Bob Taylor's best friend and stand-in, is getting a swell break. Bob wanted to take him to England, but British labor laws wouldn't allow Don to work in his usual capacity, as stand-ins must be hired in that country. However, Bob finally discovered he was allowed to bring in a companion, so Don is having a marvelous vacation with no expense to either of them and won't have to do a tap of work until he comes back to Hollywood.

DURING the filming of "A Love Like That," Barbara Stanwyck was supposed to hit Herbert Marshall in the face with a strawberry short cake. They rehearsed and rehearsed, but Barbara just couldn't make a go of it. "I just can't throw that thing at Bart," Barbara moaned, "he's simply not the type." So the prop man had to do it for her in the actual shooting of the scene.

THE Errol Flynn came back from their boat trip on Errol's yawl, "The Cheerio," just like a couple of newlyweds. Looks like all the rumors of a separation were just rumors and they're happier than ever after being apart for so many months while Lili was making pictures in Paris. And they're a mighty handsome couple, if you ask me!

BUMPED into June Lang out on the Fox lot, clad in pink pajamas, and looking anything but unhappy about her recent marital mix-up. What we're wondering is what's going to happen to all those gorgeous wedding presents they received? We're told on very good authority that Vic Orsatti, the groom, did everything in his power to persuade June to patch things up, but it was no go.

THE latest mutual admiration society is that combination of Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy. Muni thinks Spencer is tops in the acting field and Tracy goes into a perfect dither whenever Muni's name is mentioned. Nice to hear a couple of raves like that in this town where so many knives are aimed at the other fellow's back.

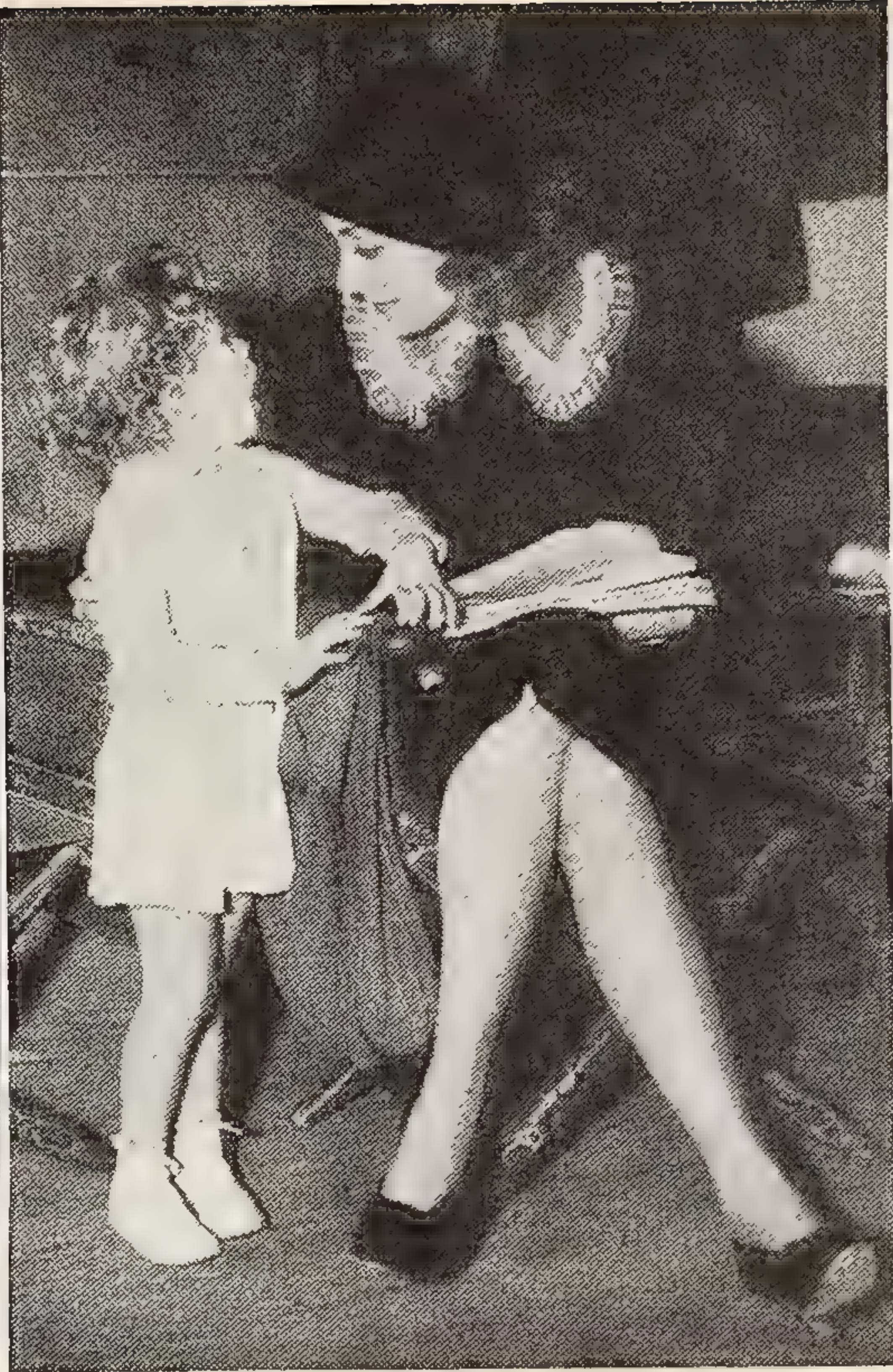
IN SPITE of the fact that Wayne Morris has been doing the town with that and that young thing, it's Lana Turner, young Warner actress, who's really carrying the torch for him. Every chance she gets, she pops over to the set where Wayne is working in "Submarine D-1" just so's she can look at him.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has two new pets in her household. They're two kittens, one Siamese and the other Persian. And they answer to the somewhat startling titles of "Monsieur" and "Bijou."

YOU'D think, just off-hand, that Joan Davis would be perfect when combined with the Ritz Brothers. But when they tested Joan in the comedy lines for "Life Begins at College," they found her particular brand of humor and theirs just didn't jel. So she's playing herself in the film and won't appear in any scenes in which the hysterical brothers cavort.



So far as Joan Crawford is concerned, no breakfast is complete without fruit, right out of the peel, like this.



Patricia, daughter of Director William Wellman, tells Carole Lombard her name and age—two years.



Danielle Darrieux, Parisian star, is all ready, and eager to make her debut in a Hollywood screen production.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S latest hobby is whipping out *petit point* bags for her friends. The bags are terribly clever, having the initials of the party concerned worked right into the pattern of the bags. She's doing one, now, for Billie Burke.

YOU can always tell when Mrs. Pat O'Brien is out of town. It's during these rather infrequent intervals that Pat tears loose with the boys and attends every fight and wrestling match and other equally masculine sports and really has a time for himself. Then when Mrs. O'Brien arrives back home, Pat settles down to being but the most model of Hollywood husbands.

FUNNY thing about that marriage license George Mason and Paula Stone took out in Santa Barbara. Seems George gave the clerk her name as Pauline instead of Paula, thereby holding up the whole procedure. Anyway, we think it's a good idea he found out her name was really Paula before they got married!

OVER on the set of "Bulldog Drummond's Revenge," they're not asking for afternoon tea any more. Reason is the cast and crew was somewhat miffed when they requested permission to knock off for half an hour at four each day for tea and the director refused their request. On the following day, however, they were handed the finished script and found there were

nine individual tea-drinking sequences to be filmed in the picture. P.S. They're all so sick of tea, you can't even mention it to any of them. (It's the truth, s'help me!)

IN CASE you meet a rather florid gentleman, riding around the streets of Bel Air on a motor bicycle in the early mornings, you can bet your boots it's W. C. Fields. This latest pastime has been taken up by Bill, since his serious illness, as a less strenuous way of keeping fit than his former hard game of tennis.

VIRGINIA BRUCE isn't awfully superstitious about most things, but when it comes to her dressing-room, she is. When the studio notified her they had a brand new suite ready for her in the fancy new building they've just constructed, Virginia agreed to move. But with her she took most of the furnishings she's had ever since

Burgess Meredith and Ann Sothorn are ready to do a very informal scene, all done up in their bathrobes and being coached in dialogue by a director, lower left. Buddy Longworth, ace Hollywood photographer, shows Lana Turner and Marie Wilson his recently published book of camera art. Right.

she first arrived at the studio—many of them gifts from the late John Gilbert. And Virginia swears no matter how many times she moves her dressing quarters, those same things will go right along with her.

MOST amusing is the fact that Helen Vinson, married to the tennis champ, Fred Perry, is taking tennis lessons, but not from her illustrious husband. Instead, she's learning to swing a wicked racket under the instructions of Elizabeth Ryan, a former tennis ace.

A BIG-HEARTED cop stopped Wendy Barrie when she was buzzing down the boulevard the other day and ordered her to pull up to the curb. Seems he'd been passing by and noticed that Wendy was crying. Upon being questioned, Wendy, with tears still streaming out of her eyes, told him she was just homesick for her family in England. Handing her his handkerchief, he told her to go ahead and have a good cry, but not to try to drive until she'd had it out!

THEY celebrated the close of "Park Avenue Dame" the other eve with a barbecue, given by Fay Wray and Dick Arlen, at Dick's Toluca Lake manse. Plenty of steaks, baked beans, and all the trimmings were served. The guests later played badminton, ping-pong, or went for a swim in the pool.





Cecilia Parker's modified Page Boy coiffure, above, has a soft roll in front to flatter her high forehead. Dorothy Lamour, right, hopes it's true that long hair is coming back!



Glamor Rules Hair Styles

Individuality, softness and historic inspiration mark the coiffures worn in Hollywood

By Elin Neil

TURN back the clock and give us Yesterday! That's the theme song in the Fall of 1937 hair-style symphony. There are myriad new twists and turns to show off the beauty of your crowning glory, but each has found its inspiration somewhere in the past.

Hollywood heads this season present a pageant of the most femininely alluring hair arrangements history has to offer, subtly adapted to modern life and fashionable clothes. Cecilia Parker, for instance, wears the new modified Page Boy coiffure to perfection. The latest version of this style, which sky-rocketed into popularity last Spring, is shorter and neater, with a softer look in back; and it shows curls or rolls atop one's head wherever they will be the most becoming. The severity of the original Page Boy bob has gone by the board.

The "1900" fashions that are showing up so conspicuously in clothes, are having their influence on hair styles, too. Front curls, brushing one's forehead, are increasingly smart. They're not the frizzed-bang variety, product of the old-fashioned curling iron, though. They are soft and smooth and shining.

Two or three little curls that caress one's neck behind exposed ears have been borrowed from the days of hoop-skirts and high powdered coiffures. They're frivolous and intriguing, especially if the rest of one's hair is arranged simply.

There's a revival in hair ribbons. Little bows are being



Large curls frame Orien Heyward's lovely face, above. A flower-like coiffure is achieved by Lucille Ball, left, who wears a halo of soft curls across the top of her head. Olympe Bradna's luxurious hair, below, is arranged in a smart coiffure that's natural and well-groomed.



used as evening decorations almost as much as the flowers, feathers, and jeweled ornaments that have been having such a vogue. It's an ultra-smart as well as a comfortable habit to tie up your curls in a cluster at the back of your head when you indulge in active sports. And little girls are wearing big hair ribbons again without a whimper about they're being "sissy."

Some hair style prophets are predicting that long hair will be the coming rage, and unshorn tresses will be piled high atop one's head, reminiscent of the pompadour days. If this prediction comes true, Dorothy Lamour will be in the height of style, without any hair "growing pains," because her crowning glory falls below her waist. Others foresee a shorter bob, designed to promote back-of-the-neck comfort.

Long or short, as the case may be, there are a few very definite developments in hair styles. Faces are

framed with curls or rolls or soft bangs breaking the hairline in front. More often than not, there's height above the forehead.

Straight, shiny hair at the crown of the head has completely vanquished waves and "wisdom bump" fullness. Shingles are fading right out of the hair fashion picture. Nape-of-the-neck rolls are still popular, but there's a decided tendency toward fluffing them up so they won't appear too tight and sausage-like. The shorter Page Boy effect is another favorite way of finishing off one's coiffure in back.

Some of the newest coiffures bring the hair up from the back of the neck, arranging it in high-placed curls on both sides of a diagonal part. The kind of long bob that has a "bedroom" look is rapidly becoming passé. Your back-of-the-head view must appear well-groomed, however soft and natural-looking. The days of careless abandon below the neckline are gone.

Waves grow fewer and farther between. A smart new adaptation of the fingerwave idea is the half-wave ending in a soft curl.

Don't go to extremes in the color of your hair, if you want to ride with Dame Fashion. The platinum blonde rage is dwindling down to oblivion. And for this we're thankful, because that artificial silvery shade takes such strong bleaching that few heads of hair can stand it for long.

We're in favor of having your hair "touched up" (or doing it yourself) if you want to disguise gray streaks or substitute brightness for drab tones. Only be sure you bring your hair to a shade that could be natural with your type of coloring. Obviously bleached or tinted hair is decidedly out of style. And the blondes gentlemen prefer are the ones that don't wear labels!

If you touch up your hair yourself at home, the best method is a temporary color rinse that washes out with the next shampoo. This will brighten your hair and lend it color. However, it won't bring gray streaks into harmony with the rest of your head. Henna, which leaves a thick coating on each hair shaft, will cover up gray, but it produces a shade of red that's unmistakable to the discerning eye.

If you have your hair tinted at a beauty shop, watch the part like a hawk. It'll give away your secret if you don't watch out. You can get a hair dye pencil that will keep the new-grown hair in color harmony with the rest of your head. And there's a liquid retouch for the same purpose that you put on with a brush.

And now I'm going to give you a very important word of advice. If your hair is bleached, dyed, or tinted, be sure to tell the beauty operator what you've been using when you get a permanent wave. Standard permanent waves can be given on touched-up hair with beautiful results. But the operator should know everything you can tell her about the condition of your hair, so she can give the wave accordingly.



Like all movie girls, Eleanor Powell uses the latest beauty methods.



Follow the lathering road to Beauty with Lux Toilet Soap.

WE'D like to erect a monument to lather as beauty's first hand-maiden! When it's the product of a mild, pure efficient soap like Lux, lather works miracles for beauty. Snowy white suds of Lux cleanse complexions so gently yet firmly that blackheads and blemishes don't have a chance to get a start, unless they're due to internal causes. Its mildness and non-drying qualities make Lux ideal for bathing and washing your hands, too. Use it, either in cake form or in flakes, for kitchen and laundry jobs, and you won't be embarrassed by tell-tale housework hands when it's time to go ladylike for life's gayer moments. Everybody knows how good Lux is for washing fine silks, cottons, and woollens, but the beauty angle is sometimes overlooked. Besides making clothes fresh and new-looking, it removes every trace of perspiration odor.

BEAUTY news of the first importance has to do with Pond's famous face creams. They've been such great favorites for years that we didn't think there was any room for improvement, but a very great one has been made.

To each cream has been added "skin-vitamin," a substance that's been proved by the most thorough tests to have remarkable powers for beautifying complexions. The color, texture, and fragrance of Pond's creams remain just the same, and there's been no change in jars or labels. But every time you get a jar of Cold Cream or Liquifying Cream to cleanse and soften your skin, or Vanishing Cream to give it a smooth, flattering surface for make-up, you'll know that it contains this new "skin-vitamin" for beauty!

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Galiardo's "Breathe-Rite Dy-Nam-Ics" you can make it work wonders for your beauty. Under this system of breathing, which requires only a few minutes of concentrated effort each day, your own lungs reduce over-fat parts and bring your figure into harmonious proportions. And you feel so much better from the energizing effects and sense of inner poise that you want to carry yourself with queenly grace. The system is easy to learn through simple, illustrated lessons obtained from The Health Reconstructive Institute, Inc.

A BURNING beauty problem is how to keep your face powder where you want it, without the inconvenience of having it spill over in your purse, dressing table, wash basin or luggage. That problem has been solved by the firm of Lovely Lady, who recently brought out one of the finest inexpensive cosmetic lines we've found. Their Spill-proof powder container keeps the powder right in its case until you dip into it with a puff. Convenient as it is, you'll find it at five-and-ten cent stores. And you'll find other Lovely Lady products—creams and make-up—that are excellent quality in spite of their low price.

IF YOU think eye cream is an expensive luxury, just wait until you try Maybelline's new Special Eye Cream! It's marvelous for keeping the super-sensitive skin around your eyes smooth and fine-textured, preventing "age signs." Smooth a little Maybelline Special Eye Cream over your eyelids and around your eyes at night. And you'll find it an excellent "dressing" to give your eyelids a flattering shine by day.

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Cash—and Cary

Continued from page 34

me that whenever I did a good job on the stage or screen I was diverting those thousands of people down in front from their own troubles by interesting them in mine—as the character I portrayed.

"So I determined that no matter what happened to my own private life, I'd try my level best to help those folks forget about themselves for at least as long as they looked at my performance. And I can't tell you what a great deal of satisfaction I've gotten out of that one idea!"

"Don't misunderstand, Ginny," Cary went on, "or run away with the idea that I fondly imagine myself a public benefactor, philanthropist, or what have you. It's true I'm being paid for it—but that follows as a natural course. The better your acting is, the more money, as a consequence, you earn. But that's the same in any business. If you're interested in your work, it's bound to further you, thereby bringing in more money. And actors, just as human beings in any other walk of life, have the same desires, the same disillusionments and disappointments to contend with. It all boils down to getting the most out of what you have and making as few people unhappy in the doing of it. And if you can add, in any small way, to another's happiness, that's about the best you can do. Phew—we're getting profound, aren't we?"

Cary chortled and just then the director called him back on the set. I watched him as he loped across the stage. "Loped" is really the only way to describe the way Cary walked. Six feet one, tanned as dark as a Hindu from his outdoor life at the beach, wearing an old pair of slightly mussed white pants and a not-too-new polo shirt, Cary looked anything but a movie star. And I must say he doesn't act like one—except in front of the camera. On this particular day, he was crouched down behind it, as a matter of fact, playing with a dog, while Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy enacted the rest of the scene in front of it.

"It's always been a mystery to me," Cary went on, as he flopped down in a chair facing me, the scene finally completed, "how people can feel that money is absolutely essential to happiness. After all, there are only a certain number of things that money



Popular co-stars Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are making a comedy for their next film together.



Cary Grant, always seeking good acting company, finds it in his newest screen assignment, as leading man for Irene Dunne, here in a scene with Cary and Ralph Bellamy.

can buy. It can assure you of eating more or less regularly, that's true, and it can provide you, possibly, with a more comfortable bed on which to sleep. But all the money in the world can't buy that harmony and contentment which must exist only within yourself.

"I can look back now and think of a hundred instances when I was broke, jobless and all the rest of it, when I was every bit as happy as I am today. I can recall dozens of times, when I've been down to my last dime, spending it on some small luxury and getting that full dime's worth of enjoyment in return, simply and purely because my mental attitude was right."

I know Cary really means this because I remember, when he first came out to Hollywood from New York, how he would sit around for hours with a few of his old cronies and reminisce about their various and sundry escapades. And many a laugh we've all had at his expense, too. Incidentally, Cary enjoys nothing more than a good laugh on himself.

"Right now," Cary continued, seriously, "the thing I'm interested in more than anything else is to perfect myself at my job. I want to be a really good actor more than anything in the world. It's much more important to me than accumulating wealth. It wasn't easy for me to leave Paramount, they made it worth my while to stay. They were swell! But I've realized, these past few years, that an actor can only be good if he plays in the type of rôles he has faith in. When you're under contract to a large studio, you have to take the good with the bad.

"Besides, I got bored a long time ago with straight leading man parts. And there's nothing that gets a guy down as much as being bored with his job, believe me! I got so darned tired of always having to say nice things, always acting like a perfect gentleman—as you do when you're a leading man. Character parts give an actor much more opportunity to express himself—to be natural.

"And, actually, they're a lot easier. If a director tells me, for instance, to walk across the stage as I would, naturally, I immediately become self-conscious. But if a director tells me to stagger across the stage like a drunk, it's a cinch and I snap right into the rôle—(fine thing!).

"One thing that really broke my heart

was when another studio bought a play I had seen in London and was dying to do. I wanted to do that part more than anything I've wanted in a long time and I begged my studio to buy it for me. But they were afraid the part (which was a pretty unsympathetic one) would hurt my career and they refused."

I was reminded of another story I'd heard about Cary the other day. A big producer wanted Cary to play in a very important picture. Cary was crazy about the part, although it wasn't the most important one in the film. But the producer happened to be a friend of his and Cary knew he was spending a large sum of money on the rest of the cast.

"You can't afford to have me in the picture in such a small part," Cary told him. "Get someone else to do it for less money."

But the producer insisted.

"All right," Cary finally agreed. "Tell you what—I'll play it for nothing!"

The producer was practically overcome! But of course couldn't agree. Cary finally played the part and the picture was a tremendous success, as Cary had been sure it would be. The point is, however, Cary really would have sacrificed any monetary gain to appear in a part he was sold on!

"You know, you've got me all upset," Cary said, suddenly. "I don't know what I really would do if I couldn't act any more. I'd be rather badly equipped for any other job after acting for so long. You don't have to be particularly intelligent to be an actor, you know. You just have to have a certain peculiar facility of expression and imagination that is indispensable but pretty hard to acquire. And it isn't particularly adaptable to any other business—unless it's writing."

"Tell you what, Cary," I suggested, "you could write fan magazine stories."

"No thanks!" Cary said, emphatically. "I have enough grief trying to be an actor without taking anything like that on myself. Guess I'll keep on concentrating on acting and not worry about the future."

"The best anyone can do, anyway, when it comes right down to it, is to eat, sleep and be as happy as you can and let the future take care of itself."

And with that sound bit of philosophy, Cary rushed away to his dressing room to change clothes for his next scene. Think I'll try his prescription myself. He certainly seems to be thriving on it!

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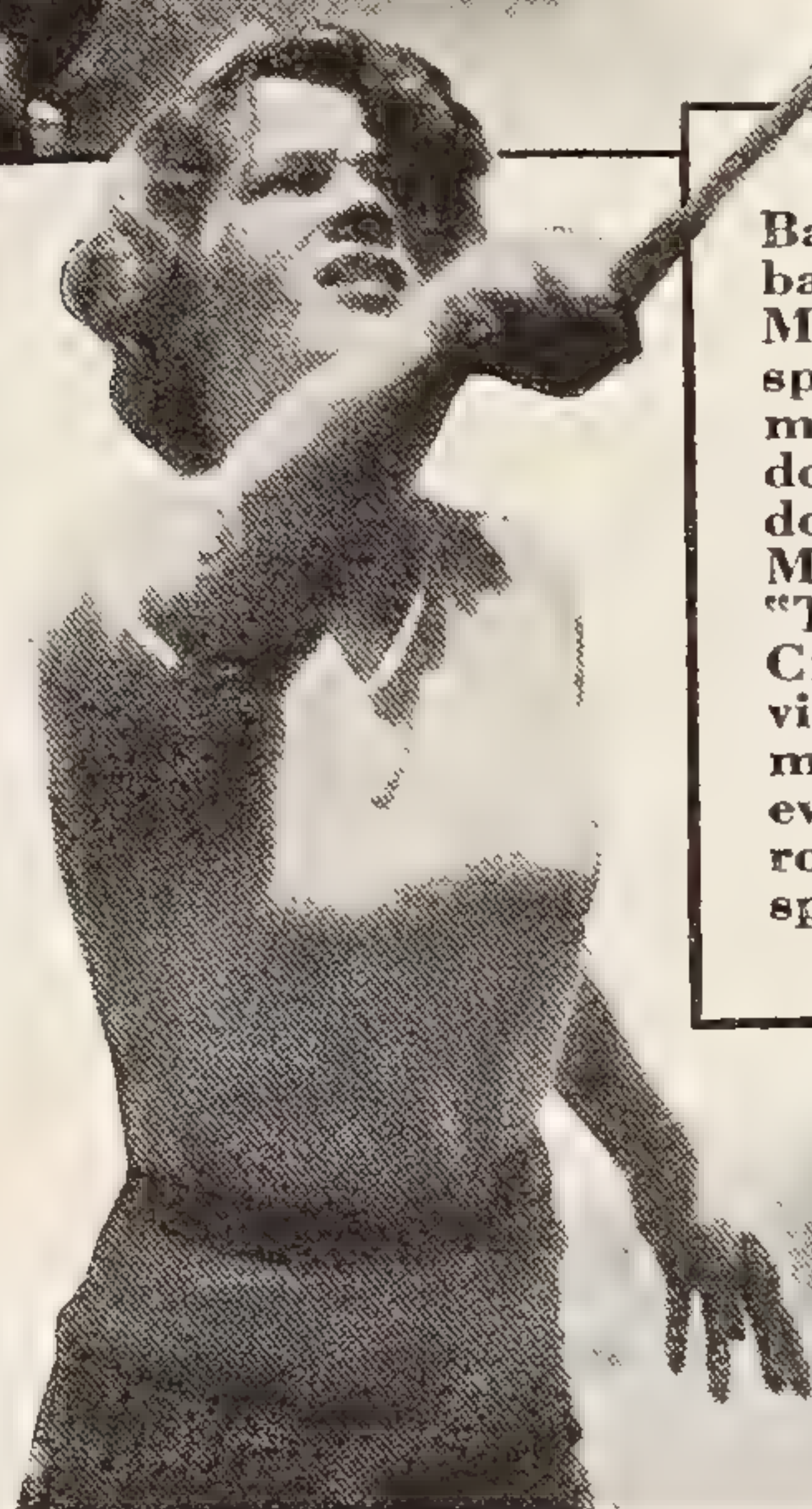
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Sidestepping Romance

Continued from page 51

pretty awful—our harmony doesn't always harmonize—we have great fun doing it.

"David Niven is a true cosmopolite, who has lived fully and touched life at many thrilling points. Sensitive, sympathetic, and with an amazing understanding, he makes a congenial friend. There's Ralph Jester, supervisor of educational short subjects. He's a brilliant conversationalist, well up on every current topic, and is a stimulating as well as an amusing friend.

"Jimmy Stewart is a merry companion, though he has plenty of depth and one could unburden one's heart to him. If Jimmy is your friend you can always depend upon his loyalty and trust him in every emergency. One of our chief amusements is to spend an exciting evening pounding out duets on the piano and making up lyrics as we go along.

"I've known Paul Warburg for many years, but naturally, as he lives in New York, we see each other seldom—only on my rare trips East, and his infrequent visits to the Coast. But when we do get together we make up for lost time, and we talk a lot and laugh a lot. He is much interested in my career and I look forward to getting his opinions because his viewpoint is unbiased.

"A scintillating personality is Jean Negulesco. He's astonishingly versatile and is not only a successful scenarist, but has won acclaim as an artist. He made that copper pastel portrait of me that hangs in the library, and I'm tremendously proud of it. Jean often comes dashing in, enthusiastic over some clever game he's just heard about, and within a few minutes he has the entire family playing it. Under his exuberant leadership, it always ends up as an hilarious adventure.

"It's a wild life, isn't it?" laughed Virginia. "Of course, there are times when I dress up in my best and go to parties, and to night clubs—I love to dance. But I soon tire of the bright lights; I've never outgrown my small-town complex of early to bed."

There are girl friends, too, many of them, with Veronica Cooper, (Mrs. Gary), Dolores Del Rio, Betty Furness among the intimates. But there are few leisure days for her to lunch or go on shopping jaunts with the girls, for besides her Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures, she is loaned to other studios, most recently to Twentieth Century-Fox for "Wife, Doctor and Nurse" in which she is vying with Loretta Young for Warner Baxter's love.

One day, when she was a very little girl, back in the home town of Fargo, North Dakota, she and a school chum were leafing through a motion picture magazine, when the friend breathlessly asked, "Why don't you be a movie star?" Embarrassed, Virginia replied, "Don't be silly. First you've got to be pretty. Then, you must live in Hollywood to be a screen star."

Despite the suggestion, she never once thought of becoming an actress; instead, she dreamed of becoming an artist, and already her funny little sketches were being praised. But life had other plans. Following financial reverses, the family left Fargo and moved to Hollywood; by chance, Virginia met Director William Beaudine, who gave her a screen test, then put her into her first picture, "Exiles." To this day, she wonders how it all happened.

Like a shining thread running through Virginia's thoughts is an intense desire for happiness. Persistently, she side-steps all sad stories and pathetic incidents, because they break her heart. When she finds she has to do something, she immediately makes herself like it because she hates doing things

she doesn't like to do. Naturally, she has a sweet and placid temperament, but there are times when she's likely to fly off and stage a high-powered scene. But she doesn't, because it makes her miserable, afterwards. It's all very simple; avoid unhappiness and you'll be happy!

Said Virginia, "I used to drift through the days and let things happen as they would; but I discovered that because of so many loose ends, I was wasting precious hours. So, one day, I did a little serious thinking. When we make a picture, plan a party, or even a new dress, we figure how to get the best results from the material at hand. Why not do this with life? Why let it go helter-skelter and become sketchy, instead of filled to the brim?"

"With a little thinking ahead, I now have time for my screen work, and my daughter—Susan Ann was four in August, and we're building a comradeship which I fondly hope will be her most precious treasure. Also, I have time for my family. We're a contented household and I feel the intimate contact with these sterling personalities is a priceless experience for my child. Especially helpful is the masculine influence which my father and brother bring into her life, not to leave out mother, who at all times is the backbone of the family. Then, I'm building a new home on two acres I bought here in Brentwood, a block from this house. I play tennis, keep up my music, and have a few social diversions; so all in all it's rather exciting, and believe it or not, everything works out most happily, without fret or worry."

Though still in her early twenties, Virginia, has had a full life and more colorful experiences than many women check up at forty. She's reached a high spot in her career; she's known the love of handsome John Gilbert in their romantic marriage; she's had a baby. Too, she's had heartbreaks, and a divorce. And the love and admiration of many men. But today, she insists there is no romance. Then, after a long pause, she quietly admitted that Jack still fills her thoughts.

"He did so much for me," she explained, simply. "He enriched my life in every way, teaching me to appreciate the important things, the best in literature and art, the magic of the starry heavens, the sweep of landscape; he worshipped beauty in every form. I bought many of his treasures when his home was sold after his death, and his chessboard is always set up in my room, his favorite books are here, and his beautiful desk that he loved. They bring him very close, for whatever he touched seemed to take on some of his vital, magnetic personality."

Through the quiet house we heard the patter of footsteps on the winding stairway, and Susan Ann burst into the room, bubbling with excitement as she exclaimed, "Oh Mother, I saw a train—an engine train. I wish you could see it."

Looking into her bright, blue eyes, I asked, "Who do you look like?" and promptly, she replied, "I look like Susan, 'cause that's who I am, Susan Ann Gilbert!"

After the child left us, with characteristic frankness Virginia told me that someday she hopes to find romance again; a glorious one that will open up new dreams for marriage in the greatest adventure life can offer. Too, she wants children.

The Prince will need no classic profile, or soulful eyes, or even an impressive bank account; but he must be understanding, generous, and have a sense of humor; he must be strong, courageous, blest with a vital personality, and alive!

But Virginia seems to be in no hurry and is carefully sidestepping romance, as she goes serenely on her way, contented with her work, her family, and—her loyal friends.

Soigné Stars

Continued from page 23

a damp California day. She had on a baby-blue chiffon afternoon gown, an enormous pink horsehair hat which didn't spare the bows, and PINK SATIN SHOES! Add to all this the fact that she was more than plump, and you have the German star, Marlene Dietrich.

Seeing her on the set of "Angel," her current picture, in flowing black chiffon and transparent black picture hat, which allows the sunlight to filter through in such a manner that it picks up the gold powder which she uses in her makeup, one can't help but feel that if a metamorphosis such as this can be accomplished in such a comparatively short space of time, there's hope for all and sundry.

To fully appreciate Marlene's advice to the glamor-seeker, it's necessary to hark back to the worn-out topic of those trousers she affected. She was sincere in adopting this fashion. She likes the freedom such clothes afford. As she says:

"Women's fashions are always changing, and it is so much trouble to bother about my personal wardrobe as well as my studio clothes, that it seemed to be a simple solution of the problem. I've never worn them outside of Hollywood, and Hollywood has such a country-like air, they seemed appropriate."

But you will notice that Marlene now wears the usual trimly tailored suits, but with frilly feminine blouses. So Marlene, like our sage Emerson, has learned the secret of good taste, which she passes along to you: MODERATION. So all youse little caterpillars who yearn to be butter-



"We hate to leave you now!" chant Johnny Downs and Lynne Overman to Terry Walker and Eleanore Whitney, acting up to the title of their film, "Good Night Ladies."

flies with powdered gold, watch out for extreme fashions.

And now in our journey down the soigné, we come to that Gorgeous Gamine, Carole Lombard. Somehow no matter how superbly she slithers across the screen, one can always detect that mischievous glint in her eye, that theoretical tongue in cheek, which is the Carole her friends know; the

Carole of the whooping laugh, the fun-loving, life-loving gamine.

Barrymore was the man in Lombard's life who brought out the real Lombard, and not the imitation. Along about 1926 Hollywood nightclubbers began to notice a young blonde dynamo dancing her light-hearted way to an easy victory in the Charleston contests so popular then. But

HER SMILE WON HIM

...But her breath lost him

I HEAR TOMMY BLAKE FELL HARD FOR YOU TONIGHT, HELEN. LIKE HIM?

HE'S AWFULLY NICE! BUT HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE, PEG!

I THINK I KNOW WHY, HELEN...BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY IT! SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH...OH WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TOMORROW?

MY BREATH! WHY PEG, THAT CAN'T BE...BUT I'LL SEE DR. ELLIS

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AND PEG, TOMMY AND I WANT YOU TO BE BRIDESMAID!

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ging skin, feel wonderful. Miss H. Olson, Minn.—Lost 6
lbs. on 25¢ size, amazed at results. Mrs. J. Best, Wash.—
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Mrs. K. Smith, N. Y.—Lost 48 lbs., feel and look like a
young girl, had not slept in years, now sleep like a baby.
Reduce-Eazies did wonders by taking the fat away from my
heart. Marion Swanson, 225 N. Kuakini, Honolulu, Hawaii
—Reduce-Eazies are marvelous, I lost 11 lbs., ate anything
I wished. They took out the dark circles from under my eyes.

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those coveted cups went for a very serious purpose. For Mrs. Peter's little lass, Jane, would arise bright and early the morning after each contest and wend her way to "Uncle," where her new trophy was exchanged for coin of the realm, and such coin was again exchanged for clothes.

At this period, Peggy Hopkins Joyce was Carole's idea of sartorial elegance, and she assiduously copied her. What matter if Carole's black satin was not quite so lustrous, nor so enticingly heavy? What matter if her pearls were by Woolworth rather than Cartier? They were larger, weren't they? And they were worn in the true Joyce manner, for dressed thusly, Lombard was Joyce.

Fortunately, when her next ideal crossed her horizon, she had more of the well-known wherewithal to buy the stuff girls are made of. For by now she was a Mack Sennett bathing girl, getting paid for clowning around. This time, she fastened her fascinated stare on Connie Bennett, the elegant. This fixation ran into money, for it called for great variety, and all of it luxurious. Carole got a bit out of her depth at times during this period, and was wont to show up at a very informal swimming party attired like the proverbial Christmas tree. But her sense of humor apparently conquered, for next we see her as the Tailored Woman, the Ruthie Chatterton influence. This style was very becoming, accentuating as it did that voluptuously lithe figure, but unfortunately Carole was such a perfect mimic that her friends began to look around for Chatterton whenever Carole spoke, and she's too much of an individualist to want to be completely lost in another identity.

So when Barrymore asked for her to do "Twentieth Century" with him, Carole was temporarily without benefit of any outstandingly different personality whose color she could take on. (Sounds like Carole the Chameleon, doesn't it?) But all was not lost, for Hepburn hit Hollywood about this time.

However, she reckoned without Barrymore, for here was an actor who had dealt with women of the theater from 'way back, and the first day on the set, he said:

"Miss Hepburn, come here a moment."

"You mean me?" intoned Carole monotonously.

"Yes, you! Why don't you be yourself? I wanted Lombard, that grand trouper, for this picture, and what do I get? An imitation Hepburn. Just remember you're a distinct personality. You don't need anyone else. You've got everything." Then, with a spank where it would do the most good, which brought forth Carole's old gladsome whoop, he continued:

"Now, remember, from now on, be yourself."

And that finished the saga of a siren, for Carole has found herself as the real Carole Lombard, and not an imitation.

Speaking of sirens, have you seen Fay Wray recently? There's one of the most startling changes of all. Fay Wray speaking:

"Ten years ago when I was doing 'Legion of the Condemned,' I thought of clothes as a necessary evil. Something annoying, which took precious time away from my work. So I just always wore a blue suit of some sort. I did this until it had become sort of a uniform, and people would say: 'There goes that girl in the blue suit again.'"

"But that picture was the turning point in my life. I met my husband on it. He wrote it, you know. It even changed my ideas on the little blue suit numbers. Like every creative person John (John Monk Saunders), is interested in the drama of women's clothes. He even likes red fingernails," she added, laughingly. "He's not

one of those husbands who believe their wives should wear black things with white collars, because they look ladylike. I strongly suspect he doesn't even care whether or not I do look ladylike, as long as I look interesting." (But somehow she always manages to look the perfect lady, even the dignified grand lady, despite her pocket size.)

"At the time I went in for that blue suit routine, I had a blue suit personality. If anyone spoke to me, I stammered and stuttered and I only felt really at ease when actually working before the camera. I was looking at some stills from that picture recently, and I actually look like my own grandmother. Wait—I'll show them to you. Get the hairdress. That was what I thought a spy would do with her hair."

Her naïveté would fool you until you realize what a clever gal the new Wray is. She's reached the acme of cleverness as a hostess. She makes you babble! Yes,



Louise Hovick's crowning glory is topped by a fringe-trimmed hat of gray kidskin that matches her swagger coat.

and what's more, she makes you prattle! Before you know it, you're going on like mad about yourself, until suddenly stopping in mid-sentence, you realize that she has been looking at you with a look of sloe-eyed interest, murmuring encouraging yeses, and you're making an utter fool of yourself. You know the type. They're deadly. After bearing your soul, you go home feeling like the devil of a fellow, and remembering that particular person with a warm feeling around the heart, but not quite realizing why. Not realizing you've been given the utmost in flattery: a genuine interest. And she's tops in this accomplishment. All the more strange for her to be a mistress of this art, when she tells you that her shyness amounted to a phobia B. S. (Before Saunders, of course).

So the Fay Wray of today rightfully belongs in our soigné salon, and her recipe seems to be: "Dare to be daring, but always be sincere." A tough combination, but worth the effort, if we can judge by our diminutive friend.

If you've stuck with me this far, and you still want to be soigné, choose your weapons and go forth, my friends!

Great Lover

Continued from page 63

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Ferdinand von Schoenbauer is brought to Hollywood from Vienna, where he is a success on the stage, by an agent, Fuller—chiefly because Fuller's wife is sure he'll be "a discovery." Ferdinand, whose last name is changed to Greenwood, gets a small part in a film largely because Hilda Drake, Fuller's secretary, who is greatly attracted to the modest and handsome foreigner, keeps at her employer to do something for the actor. With hopes high, Ferdinand and Hilda go to the sneak preview, only to find that his scenes have been eliminated from the picture. Broken hearted, for this failure means Ferdinand must go back to Vienna a failure, he takes Hilda to her home. There the girl confesses to her mother that she loves Ferdinand, and the mother sympathetically advises her to do her utmost to make Fuller give the actor another chance.

girl—"She burst into wild weeping. "I don't know what's the matter with me," she cried against his chest. "I've turned into a regular wailing wall."

When the fit was spent, he dried her face with his handkerchief. "What a child it is—smaller than Annamarie. See—so I make her to laugh." Two fingers became a pair of long ears on either side of his head. His nostrils quivered. His lips munched contentedly. Despite herself, a faint giggle escaped Hilda, even as she sniffed. He was a pinknosed rabbit to the life.

"Do you know any more like that?" she gulped.

"Many. All that the Zoopark contains." He looked cautiously about—"Do they give here tickets for madness as for speeding?"—and dropped on all fours. Head down, he lumbered past her, a clumsy bear, regarding the world out of sullen eyes. Then, in one supple movement, he folded his limbs beneath him, a tiger, wary-eyed, on the watch for prey. Slowly he rose to his forelegs, bared his teeth and snarled. Now he flung his head up, straightened his back, his limbs seemed to grow long and delicate, his neck arched, he picked his way daintily through a forest, paused in fright at the rustle of a dead leaf, and loped away.

"With the speed of an antelope," cried Hilda, as he rejoined her on the bench. "What else can you do?"

"Perhaps mademoiselle is hungry? It will astonish you how one can fill the stomach when there is no food." He plucked a napkin from the air and spread it over her lap, another over his own. He offered her a plate. "A peach, if you please. I myself gathered them in the orchard this morning, while you still slept." He took one for himself and peeled it carefully, laying each non-existent paring on his non-existent plate. Then he set the plate aside, held his imaginary napkin under his imaginary peach, and took a bite. "Hm—a little over-ripe, perhaps." He thrust his head forward, that the napkin might catch the juice, and continued eating, turning the fruit round as he progressed, and finally holding the pit in three fingers to nip off the last morsel. Finished, he flung the peachstone from him, touched the napkin to his lips, and wiped his hands vigorously. "So. I have eaten better."

Hilda's eyes shone. "Shaybar," she breathed. "Who ever told you you were the romantic type?"



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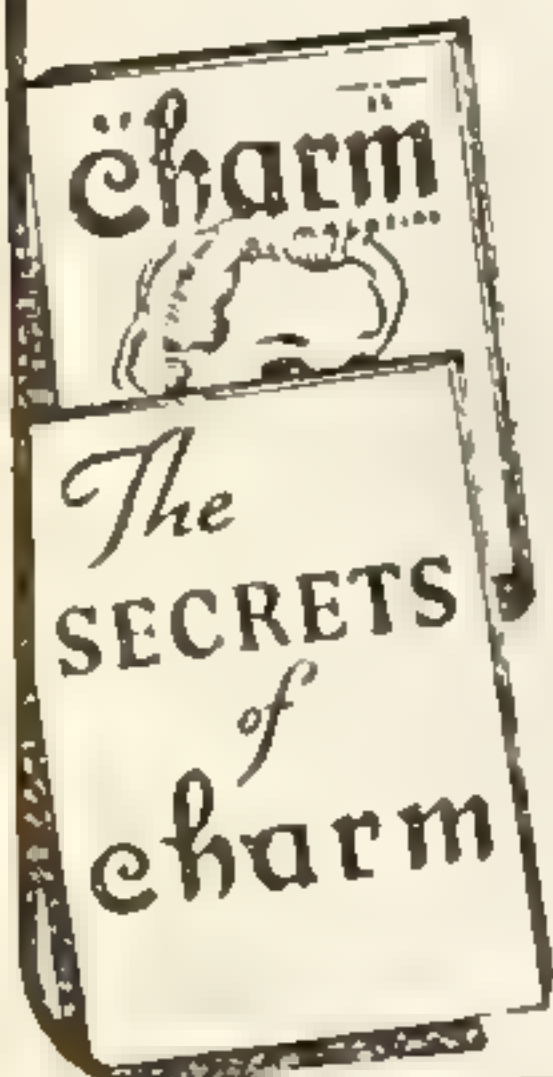
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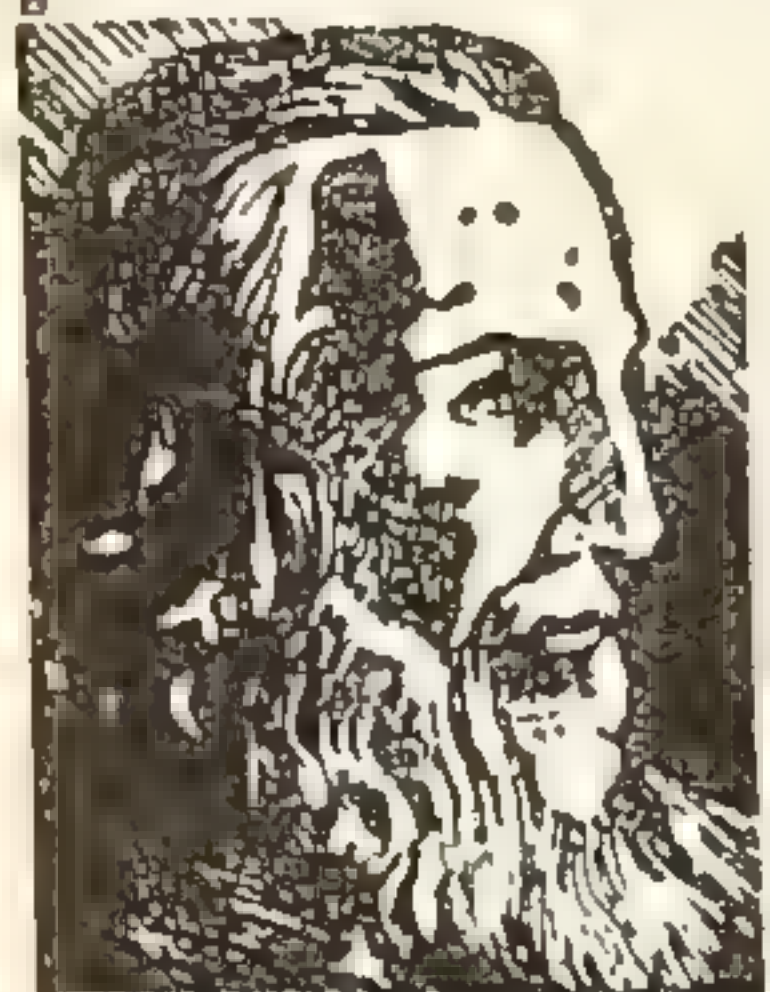


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Brows and shoulders lifted. "Who has told you you were a secretary? It happened. But in words—only the Fuller."

"Did you ever play comics?"

"But no. With what?"

"With this—that you've just been showing me."

He took her face between his hands. "Liebling, this is for children—a pastime, a fun—not for the stage." Weariness shadowed his eyes. His hands dropped. "We have been playing, Hilda. There is little time left for play. Let us not cheat ourselves to think there is hope for us here together. For myself, I will take every chance. I will live in a shoebox, I will eat sand to stay with you here and be happy. For them, I cannot."

She rose. "All right, Shaybar. Let's go."

* * *

She entered the living-room where her mother sat reading. Mrs. Drake threw her a quick glance, then dropped her eyes back to her book.

"Guess I'll go to bed, mom. I'm tired."

"Good-night, darling."

"G'night."

She was at the door. "Oh, Hilda. Good heavens, I almost forgot. Mrs. Fuller phoned."

Hilda whirled. "Mrs. Fuller!"

"That's what she said. Wanted you to call her, no matter what time you got in. The number's on the phone pad."

Hilda steered her car into the cathedral-like garage of the hotel where Elaine Fuller had taken refuge from the persecutions of her husband. On the phone the night before, Elaine had told her to ask for Miss Warwick. She had registered under an assumed name. She didn't want Joe to know where she was.

Mrs. Fuller, a vision in orchid against piled pillows, extended a suffering hand. "My dear, this is sweet of you. Pull up that chair and sit down close beside me, won't you? You must be terribly surprised, finding me here and having me send for you like this."

"If I weren't so miserable," Hilda was thinking, "I'd be having an elegant time."

"Now I'm going to tell you the whole story so you'll see what I'm up against. You know, I sacrificed my career to marry Joe. Mind you, I'm not saying a word against Joe. For a business man, Joe's got a good head on his shoulders, but he don't understand the finer things of life. That's where he falls down—in the finer things. And that's where I have to help him—where we both have to help him." She leaned forward and spoke in solemn accents. "I want you to tell Joe that you met me accidentally on the street, and you know for a fact I'm going to Reno."

"How will that help him to appreciate the finer things of life?" asked Hilda gravely.

"It'll scare him into it, see? Joe's nuts about me. Look, here's the thing, honey. Down in Honolulu I found a guy—an artist," she amended hastily, "if ever I saw one. What a physique! I wanted to bring him along, but he wouldn't come without a contract. They're getting good and cagey down there, those natives, instead of appreciating the interest we take in them. Anyway, I told him Joe would fix him up, gave him my word and all. And what happens? Joe refuses."

"Mrs. Fuller, I have another idea. Will you listen, and then, if you still like yours better, O.K. The reason I think it may not work so well is this. Something came up yesterday—" Hilda was feeling her way like a cat among bricabrac—"something happened that made Mr. Fuller tell me you'd left him and might be going to Reno. He was heartbroken—I'm sure of that—but he was terribly angry too. He said, whatever

happened, he was going to run the office himself—"

"He did!"

"Yes, but look, Mrs. Fuller. Don't you think he's a man who ought to be led, not driven?"

"Wasn't it you who discovered Ferdinand Greenwood? I mean, that man from Vienna with the long German name—"

Elaine's eyes turned bitter. "That's just the trouble. If I hadn't messed around with him—Joe says he's a washout. That's why he won't—"

"Suppose you could prove he wasn't a washout. Don't you see, Mrs. Fuller? Then you'd have your handle. Then your husband would have to admit you knew how to pick 'em, and Honolulu or anybody else would be a cinch." Hilda had the grace to blush inwardly as she dug pitfalls for her unsuspecting boss. But that was all right. He could take care of himself. Her Shaybar couldn't.

There was a long pause. Then: "What makes you so sure this guy's going to be a hit?"

Hilda lifted a guileless gaze. Her smile was lovely. "First, because you picked him. And then, by the audience reaction he got—"

"And what's this scheme of yours? How do we work it?"

A stab of elation set Hilda's head whirling. She pulled her chair closer. "Here's how."

* * *

On her way to the office she stopped in at Ferdinand's room, and poured out her story. "Yes, I know it's mad, darling, but do it for me. What can we lose? Will you ask me to kiss you? I still feel a little shy about asking you." Then she phoned to her mother. She reached the office at 10:30.

"Taking a day off?" Fuller asked, but his heart wasn't in it.

"As a matter of fact, I've been making arrangements to throw a party for you. Will you come to dinner at my house to-night?"

His eyes stretched to capacity. "Well—that's mighty nice of you. But why the sudden rush?"

"I expect Mrs. Fuller."

"You—what?"

She nodded, and held his wild glare unflinchingly. "I think she'd like to see you."

"Then why'n't she come here?" he shouted.

"Or back home where she belongs?"

"Well—you know—women are funny that way. They've got crazy notions about dignity or something."

He whirled. "Howjew get hold of her?"

"That's something I promised not to tell. I couldn't break my word to Mrs. Fuller," she said softly, "any more than I could to you."

"All right, all right, all right, don't talk so much. Where's the house? What time? Put it down, put it down. Remind me. What the hell do I pay a secretary for—?"

* * *

Robbie, who came by the day or whenever she was needed, showed Elaine into the living-room. She was exquisitely dressed and a little nervous. She kissed Hilda, murmured: "So glad—" to Mrs. Drake, extended a gracefully drooping hand to Ferdinand. "Dear Herr Baron. So we meet again."

Hilda threw him a startled glance. She could scarcely contain herself till her mother had led Elaine from the room to remove her wraps. Then she pounced on him.

"What did she call you?"

He flushed. "She called me nonsense."

"Listen, if you're a king or something, you'd better tell me right now. I'm carrying just about as much suspense as I can handle."

"Hilda, I have no shame for my family's title. But here I am Ferdinand Greenwood.

Everything else is stupid. They think you are—phony, yes?—or they think you pre-tentious—”

“They think you’re a darling. And you’ve taken a load off my mind. Imagine me prancing around as the Baroness Hilda—.”

The doorbell rang as Mrs. Drake and Elaine re-entered the room. Ferdinand squeezed Hilda’s hand and vanished. Her knees threatened to give way. She heard Fuller’s voice, and her mother’s, greeting him. Through a blur she saw him advance, and tried to move forward but couldn’t. Elaine came to the rescue.

“Hello, Joe.” How meltingly Elaine could smile. “We thought we’d fix you up a little surprise.”

“Surprise is right.” But the ice had thawed from his eyes. He put his arm round his wife’s shoulders and held her at his side. The first crisis was over. Hilda breathed more easily. “Mighty nice of you to go to all this bother, Mrs. Drake.”

Hilda sent her mother an imploring glance. (“Pull the gracious hostess act for all you’re worth,” she had warned her earlier. “Else he’ll take one squint at Shaybar, and the jig’ll be up. You’ll have to keep him subdued.”)

“It was good of you to come, Mr. Fuller. I know from Hilda what a busy man you are, and this was such short notice. I must thank you for all your kindness to my daughter. She finds life so—stimulating in your office—”

Ferdinand tripped in, bearing a tray of cocktails. Round his waist a frilly white apron was tied, and a lace trifle adorned his head, which was cocked at a coy angle. His lashes were demurely lowered. As he crossed the room, his hips moved to a rhythm that suggested the swishing of short skirts. Fuller half rose—

Mrs. Drake’s voice came bland but firm.



Marie Wilson strolls in a two-piece dress of mustard gold and black.

“Oh, please don’t bother. Ferdinand will manage—”

He presented the tray to the Fullers.

“You!” said Elaine. Lips set, Joe picked up a glass. Ferdinand whisked a napkin from the tray and, with a murmured “Mon-sieur,” draped it over Fuller’s knee. He minced across the room to Hilda and her mother. He started for the door and paused midway, rooted to the ground. All blushing confusion, he tucked into what would have been his bosom, had he been a woman, a bit of straying lingerie. He fled to the door in an agony of shyness, turned with a swift change of mood, fluttered his lashes at the fascinated Fuller and disappeared.

Joe addressed his wife. “Ve-ry funny—”

“Of course it’s very funny. But I presume you’re too stubborn to admit it.”

Robbie stood in the doorway. “Dinner is served.”

Five places were laid. They had started on their chilled melon before the fifth diner entered. He sauntered in, a cane under his arm, a monocle in his eye. As he removed what might have been from his air a top hat and an opera cloak, and drew off a pair of imaginary gloves, his gaze wandered round the room, stretching it to more spacious proportions, peopling it with a larger assemblage.

He surrendered his outer garments to an attendant, letting his stick drop unheeded to the floor, moved toward the fifth chair, became for a flash the obsequious waiter, pulling it out, then again the gentleman of fashion, dropping into it.

He scanned first the menu, then the wine list, gave his order in French—including an elaborate manual explanation of how he wanted the salad mixed—and sat back to survey the scene. Elaine was watching in frank admiration. Hilda’s glance stole from her boss to Shaybar and back. Fuller made

If red, chapped hands
could only talk after

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a dogged pretense at conversation with Mrs. Drake, but try as he would, he couldn't keep his eyes from straying.

The merest flicker across the gentleman's face indicated that he had glimpsed a lady who pleased him. An indefinable change in posture, and he *was* the lady, lifting lashes for a cool stare, then stooping to caress an object at her feet. That the object was a dog, Ferdinand next made apparent by dropping his head over his hands on the chair-arm, the while his eyes, grown larger and more liquid, moved mournfully from side to side. Having introduced the *dramatis personae*, he proceeded with the comedy, now seated, now standing now down on all fours, slipping from rôle to rôle with uncanny ease and complete persuasiveness.

The gentleman ventured a smile. The lady stared through him, consciousness manifest in the hand patting at her coiffure. The dog raised his head uneasily to gaze at his mistress, then turned his eyes on her

caroled, "I'm just namin' the price!" The receiver clicked.

* * *

Hilda and Ferdinand were saying good night at the door that had witnessed so many of their good nights and would witness so few more. They had left the tumult and shouting behind them. They had inched their way through the preview crowd, where searchlights had glared and flashlights had popped. "There he is," a boy had cried. "There's the funny guy." And Ferdinand had signed his first autograph book. "Oh, Mr. Greenwood, you were too, too delicious," a woman had cooed, and his first fan kiss had been planted on Ferdinand's cheek. He'd been pumped by the hand and slapped on the back and he'd smiled until his face ached. Flushed with triumph, Elaine had dragged him off to meet her friends. "I found him," she'd squealed a hundred times. "I spotted him in Vienna. First time I saw him, I said to Joe, I said:



James Ellison and Marsha Hunt are a romantic team in a new film, "Annapolis Salute," all "locations" for which were shot at the U. S. Naval Academy.

admirer and, after a moment, softly growled. The gentleman sought a choice morsel on his plate, lifted it to his napkin and whistled an invitation. The dog stood torn between loyalty and greed, now pleading with his mistress, now yearning after the tidbit. He made one hesitant move in the gentleman's direction, looked back, raised an imploring paw. The lady shook her head. He curled up slowly at her feet, a picture of woebegone submission.

The lady stole a glance at the gentleman. His head was cocked, his hand up in absurd mimicry of the animal's plea. The lady bent to hide a smile. She whispered in the dog's ear. The dog rose on his haunches and barked twice in approval.

At the sound, Fuller started. Elaine dug her elbow gleefully into his ribs. "Quit pokin'," he growled.

Ferdinand jumped up. Elaine was applauding. He looked at Fuller, whose face seemed grim. A slow crimson crept into his thin cheeks. Fuller pushed his chair back. "Xcuse me," he muttered and left the room.

They remained staring at one another. Then a bawl shattered the stillness. "How should I know the number? Hilda!! What kind of a phone is this, anyway? What's the number of the *Derby*?" Hilda scurried out. Presently they heard his voice again, quiet, assured, shorn of bluster.

"I got something, Al.—I got something, I'm tellin' ya, that's all. D'ya want it?—Sure you'll see it. Ten o'clock in the morning.—Yeah? Well, if you won't, Louis B. Mayer will.—No, I ain't sellin' this time, Al. You're buyin'.—Me? Brothuh," he

'There's a comic, if ever I saw one.' Didn't I, Joe?"

"Yeah," said Joe.

At length they had escaped. Feeling in his pocket, Ferdinand drew out a folded cablegram. A silver four-leafed clover came with it. He touched the charm to his lips, smiling, and slipped it back. The cable he gave to Hilda.

She scanned it and gave it back. "Translate, please."

"Well, it says what for do I marry this funny girl, and better I go back to Vienna."

"Better you stop being cute and read me that cable!"

He looked down at it and shook his head. "They think you are nice. Why, nobody knows."

"Only nice? I'm marvelous. What else does it say?"

"It says: 'Gott segne dich und deine Braut'—God bless you and your bride. 'Wir fahren am zehnten'—we sail on the tenth—"

"Vater mutter Annamarie—I can translate that myself." She began drawing spirals on his chest. "Darling, are you sure you're not the least little bit disappointed? Not even so much?"

"For what?"

"Well—maybe I shouldn't mention it—but after all—you'll never have a chance now to be the great lover."

His smile held something warmer than amusement as he drew her toward him. "Who tells you I will not—?"

"Mister Herr Baron von Ferdinand Shayb—" But the rest was lost against his lips.

The End.

Personality Portrait of Bette Davis

Continued from page 29

him than anything else at that time, as now.

But—one minute after he gave up his own career he had another. No idea "husband of the star" position for young Harmon Nelson. Now he is succeeding with a musical agency—and has had successful screen tests, besides. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he made a very big place for himself on the screen. It seems to me he has both the looks and the personality to go over.

The Harmon Nelsons live in a very comfortable and delightful house in Hollywood. They have a new place in the country, too. Their town house isn't at all the sort of place you'd expect a star to live in. That's where Bette's double life comes in. She isn't a star at home!

At home she is a housewife and a hostess. And such a good one. She doesn't entertain a lot. No wild Hollywood parties at all. Nor even parties that are faint echoes of Hollywood parties. If you go to dinner there will be just one or two other guests in and the house will be gay with flowers—but that is the only party touch—and I have an idea those flowers are there even when there isn't any company. The house is furnished with livable things. Bright chintzes. Lots of books. Chairs that are comfortable. There are dogs around—Bette's dogs and Harmon's dogs—and they are well trained and come to you only after you show your fondness for dogs. The servants are well trained, too, and unobtrusive—not at all typical Hollywood servants. I'm glad to report that the cook is good.

At home Bette is wise and clever. Good company. She and Harmon, by their very happiness and congeniality, may destroy some of the glamor that is supposed to be around a famous woman star; but they create something far better than glamor—a sense of a wise enjoyment of life.

But at the studio! There you have the other Bette!

I don't mean that she goes around cold and haughty—or in a towering rage. Nothing like that! She's far too clever. But try to put something over on her. Or try to do something she doesn't like. That flash of lightning isn't even the studio's imitation of lightning—it's Bette showing you that underneath the calm exterior is real fire. She's protecting herself—and I, for one, am awfully glad that she is able to do it.

Bette has less false pride than any girl I know. Most stars are self-worshippers. Conceited. Frankly Narcissistic. Bette doesn't care much about clothes—though she likes to look well—and her coloring is so exquisite and her figure so good she looks pretty slick in anything she wears. But she doesn't go in for exotic clothing—and she doesn't think she's an exhibit of how a girl ought to look.

And when a part calls for looking badly—Bette will go any lengths to look as badly as possible. That's the artist in her. She howls in derision at the star who has just been through a wreck or an illness—and insists on being perfectly groomed. In "Marked Woman," when Bette was supposed to have been beaten up, she did a large part of the make-up herself—and she looked beaten—and most horribly so. She took special delight in the scar on her face. When she's supposed to be a girl in prison or in a reform school she looks like that girl—and not like a pretty star who is just pretending. And yet—when she is supposed to look beautiful she's glad enough

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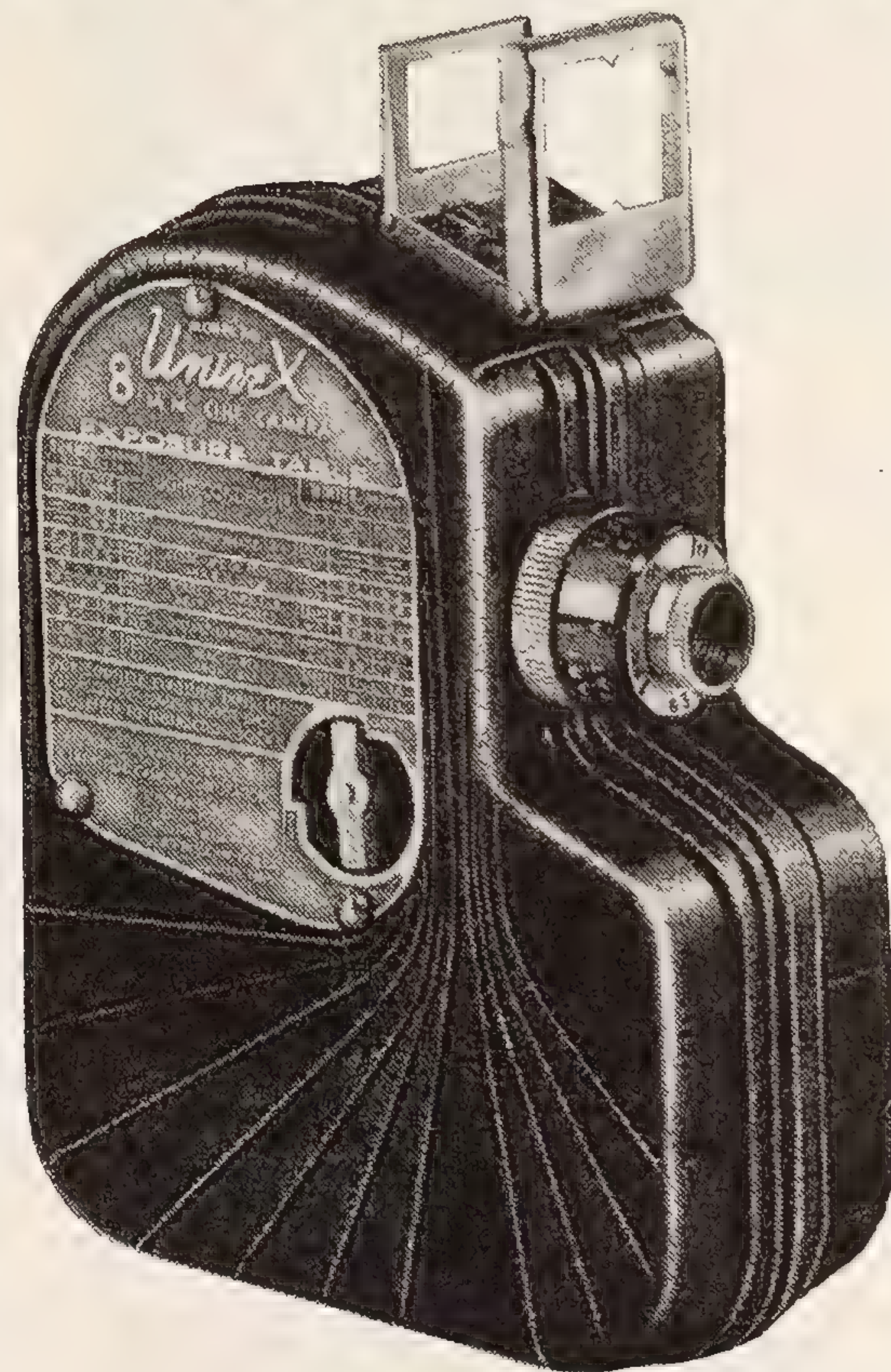
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of the chance—and you know how she comes up on that.

While I was writing at the Warner Brothers Studio—and I'm just this minute back from California—I was fortunate enough to see a lot of Bette. In fact, knowing her was one of the treats of being in California. I met her on the lot—and almost immediately we were laughing over the same things. And that's a pretty good way to begin a friendship. After that we had such good times, tea in the Warner Commissary, luncheon in the Green Room, dinners at her home and at my apartment in the Chateau Elysee. The last I saw of her was just a couple of days before I left California, when Lawrence Riley, author of "Personal Appearance" and "Ever Since Eve," took us to luncheon at the Vendome. Going into the restaurant, where we arrived in the very special Riley car, an English Swallow, the group of fans who always stand around the door of the Vendome paid little attention to us. Their eyes were on the Swallow. But, when luncheon was over, the fans had eyes for people instead of cars and made the usual lunge for autographs.

Riley didn't take the autograph hunters seriously. He signed William Shakespeare and Hugh Walpole, with a fine disregard for facts, knowing, as I did, that the autograph of a mere author is of no value. Bette Davis smiled graciously and seemed actually glad to sign the various books that were thrust at her. I asked her if she LIKED to sign them. So many stars are so rude to autograph seekers.

"It's one of the things I must have wanted when I started out," she said. "And think how badly I'd feel if no one did want my autograph."

Back in my apartment we talked about a lot of things. Happiness. Life.

"Do you think Success and a Career interfere with marriage?" I asked her. The old question.

Bette was looking so pretty—and young—and careless. In pastel sport clothes you'd never have thought that the burdens that go with stardom could possibly rest on her golden curls.

"If they do interfere it is because the person who has succeeded is too dull for success," she said. "It's a job, combining a career and marriage. A hard job. I like hard jobs."

"What do you do about it?"

"One thing," she said. "I forget, when I'm off the lot, that I'm a star. I don't take stardom home with me. I take it off with my stage make-up. Of course I worry sometimes about things—about a part or things going wrong at the studio. But I try to keep the worry to myself. The right sort of men don't bring their business troubles home. Harmon married a girl—not a career."

"But he gave up his career for you!"

"One of them. He has another. That boy has more than one small idea in his brain. He could make a success in a dozen fields!" There was real pride there.

"You didn't mind him giving it up?"

"Why should I? We talked it over. My success was important to us both. But our happiness was the main thing. We were happier together—so he arranged things so we are together. That's all."

It was so simple—the way she put it. And yet I've seen marriage wrecked on so much less.

But at the studio, when Bette Davis goes into her second personality, the glamor girl—petulant star—she isn't thinking altogether of her happy home life. She knows the wolves that hang around movie sets—and she has her eyes out for them.

There are the rival stars—in the same pictures, who try to steal scenes. Bette gets in a very human rage against them.

"Being a woman there's nothing I can SAY!" she wails. "If I say too much they think I'm catty. So I sit back and plan."

And how successfully she plans only her movie audience knows. For, so clever is she as an actress, so skillful is her timing and her sense of the dramatic, that the poor rival who has attempted to put something over on her is lucky if he or she is not completely unnoticed in the picture. Bette knows her rights—and she sees that she gets them.

Yet she doesn't fight for an enormous dressing-room. Her dressing-room is comfortable—but it is small—and she is quite satisfied with it. And she is quite satisfied with the pictures Warner is giving her. She enjoyed working in "Marked Woman"—as well she might. She liked "Kid Galahad." She thought it was great fun working with Leslie Howard, whom she admires a great deal, in "It's Love I'm After." And her great praise was for Eddie Gouling who directed "That Certain Woman."

"The man is a genius," she said. "In the scene with the whistle he made me cry. Those tears, when I finally break down, are genuine. In fact, stopping the tears was the great difficulty. That woman—giving her child up—that was a scene that tore me to pieces. I like a director who gives me something constructive. Too often directors let me alone—let me do what I want to. It's easier, but I don't get ahead that way."

And Bette will continue to get ahead. There's no doubt about that. But if the great success she has already had hasn't spoiled her very great charm and simplicity in her home life I don't think it will be hurt by added honors. And as for Bette's other self—the hard boiled side—I'd like to bet that will stay hard boiled. No taking off of the shell and opening yourself to more hurts.

But, double life or not, I like Bette Davis as is. I'm looking forward to seeing her when I go back to California. She is one of the civilized people that makes Hollywood a delightful and ever new place in which to live.



Pat Paterson leans toward tailored smartness in a turquoise wool suit trimmed with black Persian.

Career Girls

Continued from page 31

It really was funny, Jean thought as she slammed the door behind her, that of all the girls in the Footlights Club she should have been picked as room-mate for the two worst duds in it. First, Linda who had moved in with another girl after a fight that morning when Jean had caught her wearing her last pair of good stockings; and now this new girl Terry. And a phony if ever she saw one, Jean vowed.

Linda was powdering her nose at the mirror in the hall as unconcernedly as though Mr. Powell's car hadn't been announced waiting for her almost half an hour ago. She must be feeling awfully sure of herself, Jean thought resentfully, to keep the great Powell, the biggest manager on Broadway, waiting. Most of the girls would have given anything they had for a chance to see Powell. But then they wanted jobs, an honest chance in the theatre, not the diamond bracelet and sable coat Linda flaunted in front of them. And Terry was another

STAGE DOOR

An RKO Radio Pictures Production

CAST

Terry Randall.....Katharine Hepburn
Jean Maitland.....Ginger Rogers
Anthony Powell.....Adolphe Menjou
Linda Shaw.....Gail Patrick
Miss Luther.....Constance Collier
Kay Hamilton.....Andrea Leeds
Randall.....Samuel B. Hinds
Judith Canfield.....Lucille Ball
Carmichael.....Pierre Watkin
Annie.....Ann Miller

Produced by Pandro S. Berman.
 Directed by Gregory LaCava.
 Based upon the play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman.
 Screenplay by Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller.

Linda, Jean decided impulsively, with her dozen trunks and Paris clothes.

"Need you be reminded that Mr. Powell's car is waiting without?" she demanded flippily.

"If you were a nicer girl, maybe Mr. Powell would send his car for you someday." Linda etched glamorous lips over her own somewhat nondescript ones. "You know, I think I can fix you up with his chauffeur, he has an awfully nice car too."

"Yes," Jean grinned, "but I understand that the chauffeur doesn't go as far in his car as Mr. Powell does."

"Even a chauffeur has to have incentive." Linda closed her bag with a sharp clip. "Well, I hope you enjoy your lamb stew again tonight. I'll be thinking of you while I'm dining on pheasant borderlaise."

"Well, be sure not to eat the bones and give yourself away!" Jean shouted after her, and then she saw Kitty Hamilton coming in, drooping a little and trying hard to pull herself together when she saw the other girl standing there.

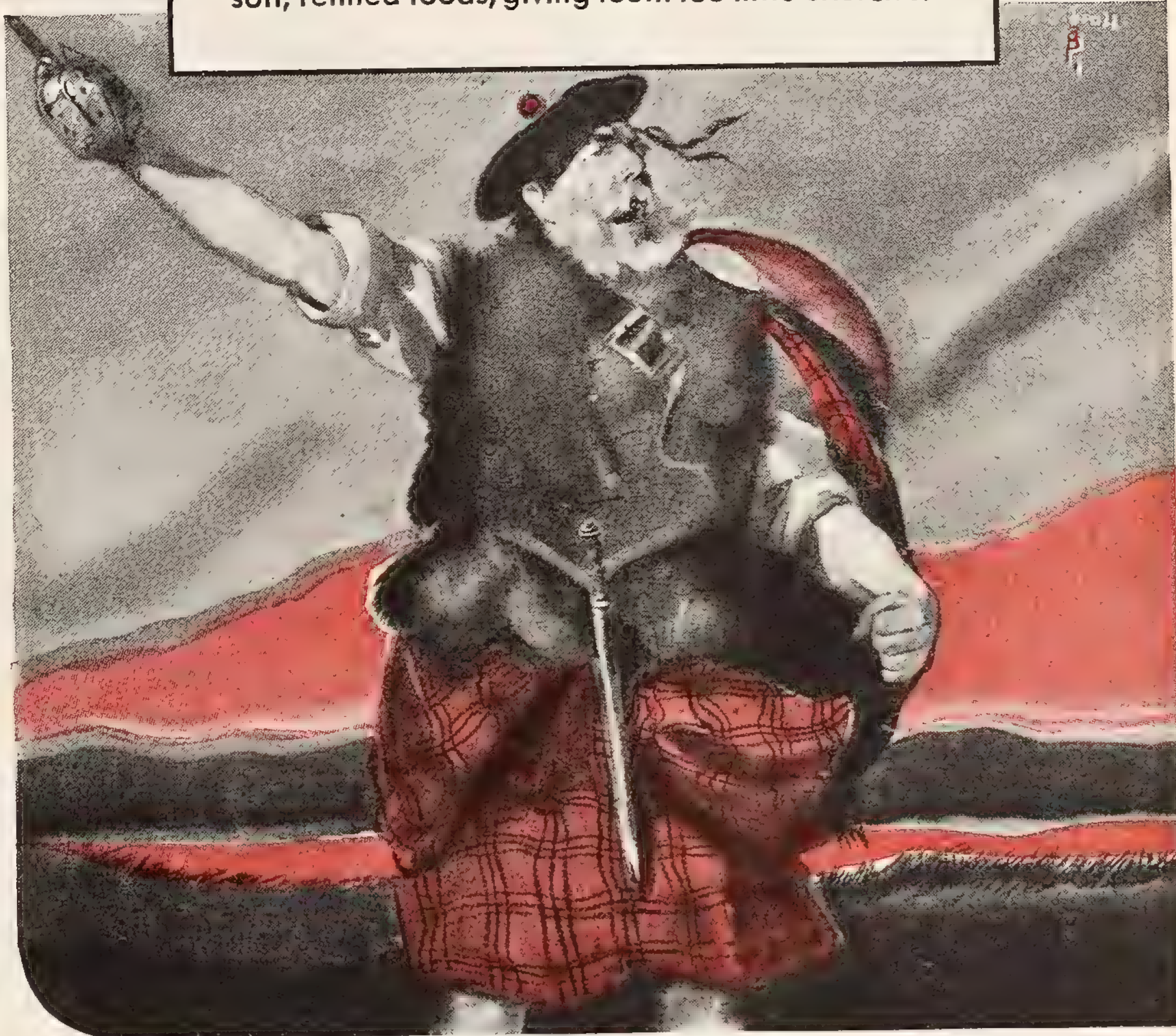
"It's just one of those days," Kay said wearily. "Let's sit down and have a good cry."

"All right, cry on my shoulder." Jean could be tender with someone she liked as well as Kay. "I'm going to bathe anyhow."

"No casting today," Kay said slowly. "If you leave your name and number we'll get in touch with you. Mr. Powell is not seeing anyone until the end of the week, last week and the week before and the week before

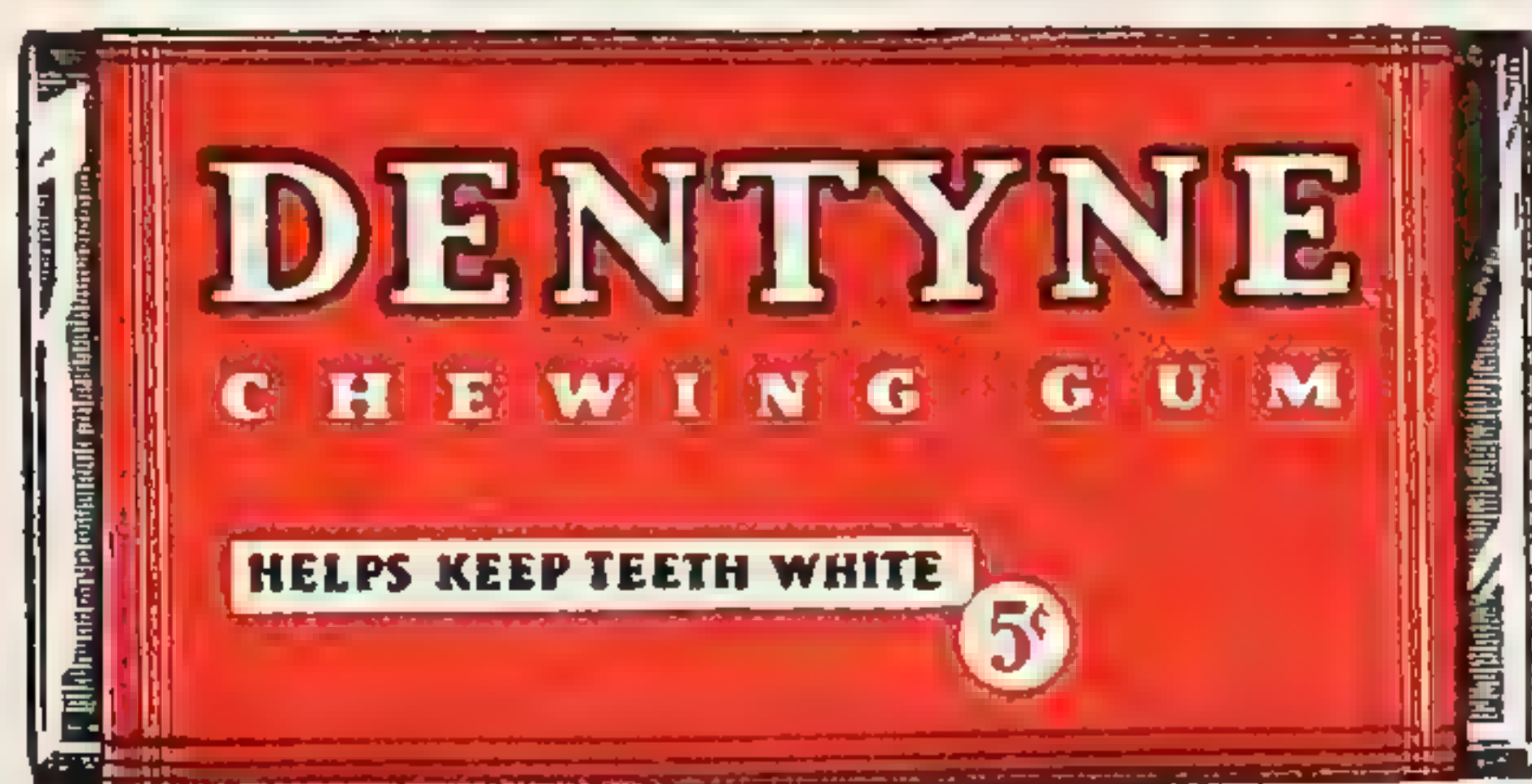
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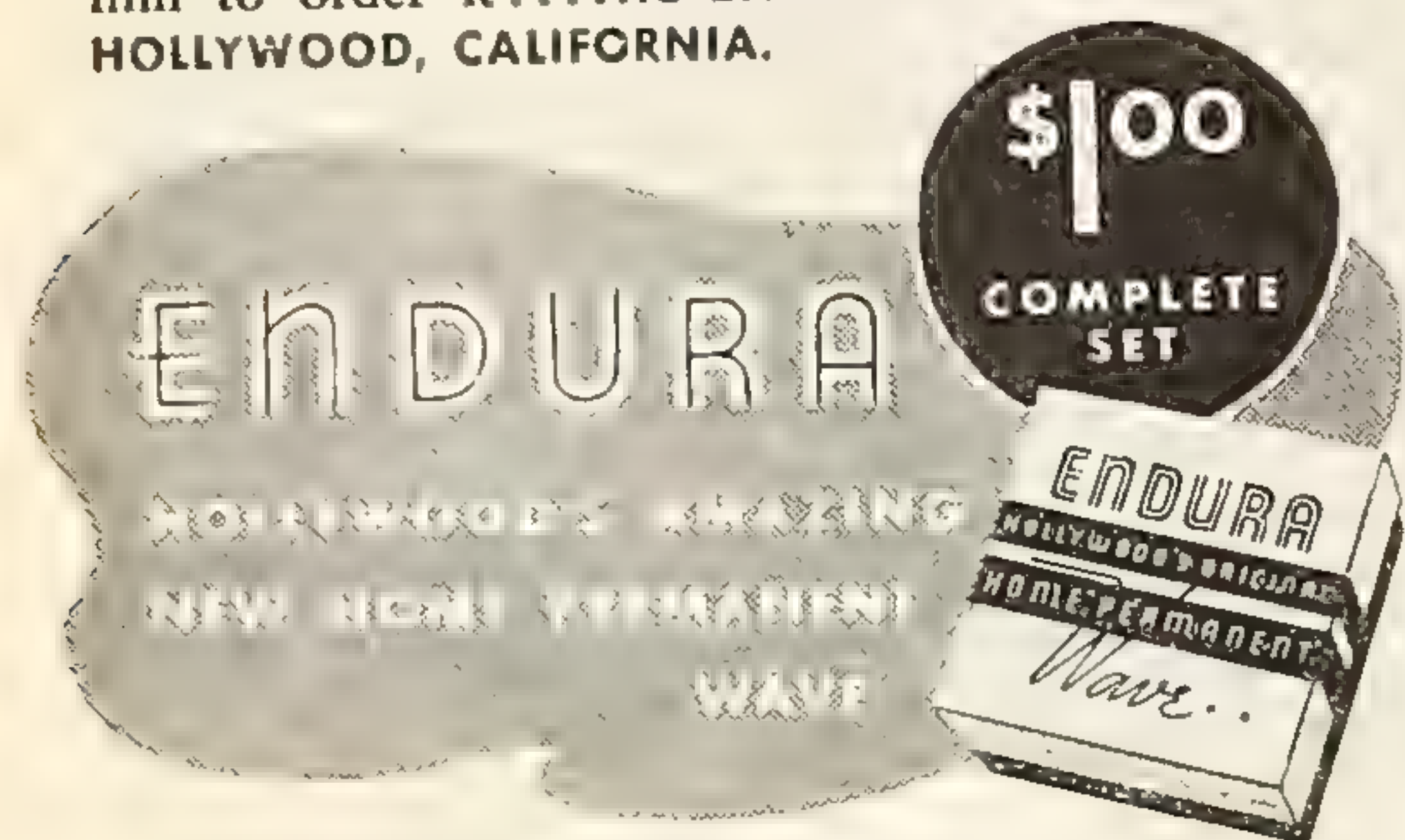
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that. Somewhere, somehow I had the idea that I was a pretty good actress."

"Come on, shake out of it," Jean shook her gently. "Who got all those rave notices a year ago?"

"That was a year ago." Kay looked uncomfortable as Mrs. Orcutt crossed the hall, for she owed three weeks' back rent with no prospect of paying her. "I don't know why I'm hanging on, but there's nothing else I can do and nobody I can go back to—except somebody I'll never go back to."

"Listen, you don't have to go back to anybody," Jean said hotly. "You're the only good actress in the club. Something's bound to come your way. Now look, Kay, I don't like to butt into your private affairs, but if it's a matter of a few bucks—"

"Oh Jean," Kay said wildly, "I've got to get that part in 'Enchanted April.' It's me, it's my life, no one else can play that part. It belongs to me. I've got to get it, it just can't be otherwise. I've got to, I've—" Then suddenly and without warning she slipped to the floor and hid her face in Jean's lap.

From the beginning it was Terry's confidence in herself that left her definitely on the fringe of things at the Footlights Club. All the others had always known hard necessity and the drive to make their own way. Terry thought she was doing that when she had gone against her father's wishes and insisted on a stage career for herself. But always back of her was the knowledge that she could go home again. So she could be glib about ideals and integrity. Of course it didn't mean anything to her when Jean and Add did an impromptu song and dance because they'd gotten jobs in the chorus of a night club.

To her, that job was a lessening in ideals. To them, it was food and a roof over their heads. Failure had never meant more than a word to her. The others lived with the fear of it day and night.

So when Terry had flung them that challenge that she could see Powell if she tried they took her up on it eagerly. If she lost it meant she would take them all to lunch. But it wasn't the lunch that made them hope she would lose.

Kay had an appointment that day with Powell, to read the part in "Enchanted April." It had seemed too good to be true—and it was. For as Kay came confidently toward the reception desk the office girl looked up and said that some unexpected business had forced the manager to cancel the appointment.

For a moment Kay stared at her unbelieving. She had used up all the courage that was left to her in those other days when she had trudged up and down the length of Broadway, and so there was none for her now when she needed it most of all. Her lips parted as if she was going to say something, but only that small cry came as her knees buckled under her and she fell.

Terry saw her lying on the couch in the reception room when she came in.

"The doctor called it malnutrition." One of the girls waiting turned bitterly to Terry. "That's Latin for not eating. All she needs is some good meals. Try and get 'em, and a good long rest. It's all done with mirrors. That Powell in there, he's a great guy. Breaks an appointment with an actress so he can have his shoes shined."

Terry's eyes widened and for a moment she stood irresolute. Then her small chin went up and she walked across the floor, past the protesting girl at the desk, and into Powell's office.

"What right have you to barricade yourself behind doors and refuse to see people?" she demanded. "Why, the greatest actress in the world might be sitting out there and you'd never give her a chance. Do you know a girl just fainted in your outer office because you broke an appointment with her?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't know." Powell swung away from the boot-black boy to look at her and his cynical smile came. "Are you the greatest actress in the world?"

"Never mind about me!" Terry said hotly. "I don't need you, but these other girls do. They work and starve and go without decent clothes in the hope that someday someone like you will come out of his office and notice them."

"Well, you're one that can't complain." Powell gave her a long look. "I've seen you, and you're not the type. I'd suggest that you run along and leave me here with my conscience."

"I doubt very much that you have a conscience," there was something in Terry's voice that had never been there before. An uncertainty almost, a doubt for the first time of all the warm things she had known, such as faith in life and herself and in security.

She had seen a girl faint because she was hungry. After that, even secretly paying for Kay's doctor bills and guaranteeing her bill with Mrs. Orcutt didn't seem enough to do. For the first time Terry saw herself in a far lesser light than she saw the others.

It hadn't made them like her any more when they had seen her walk into Powell's office and they had had to buy her lunch. And as usual she was left out of the buzz of excitement that came the night Powell's flowers arrived for Jean.

Linda had taken the florist's box she knew so well to Jean herself and Terry came in just as Linda said, "Don't bother to read the note. I can tell you what it says. 'Eleven roses and the twelfth is you.'"

"Why should you play with fire just to spite Linda?" Terry asked as the door slammed behind the other girl. "By the way, that's a beautiful ermine cape you're wearing. Remarkably similar to one of mine."

Jean's face flushed. "I didn't think you'd be back so soon. I don't want you to think I intended to borrow it. I just wanted to see how I'd feel in one of these things."

"Do you feel any different?" Terry asked quietly. And then as the girl's eyes lit up, "Why don't you wear it?"

"You mean it?"

Terry shrugged: "You may as well go to perdition in ermine. You're sure to come back in rags."

Suddenly in spite of herself Jean laughed. "You know you're funny. In some ways you're not a bad egg."

It made Terry seem almost like one of them, Jean thought as she wrapped the cape around her. Life suddenly was being

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good. That day a few weeks ago when Powell had come into the room where she was rehearsing she had seen his eyes light in quick interest and she had been glib with him. So glib that he was interested. Even before she knew, she had guessed she owed that job in the night club to him, and she had gone out with him the first time to spite Linda. But it was different now. She found herself looking forward to the little dinners for two in his apartment and she had liked him for being so frank about the two pictures so openly displayed on his desk. The boy in the military school uniform was his son, he told her, and the lovely woman his wife. She was so happy she told Terry about them and about the big sign that was to blazon Jean's name in lights on Broadway.

It was only after a few weeks that the glow in her heart began to dim. Powell was busier than he had been, he wasn't able to take her to dinner so often; and Linda was the first to tell her he had been lunching with another girl at the Colony.

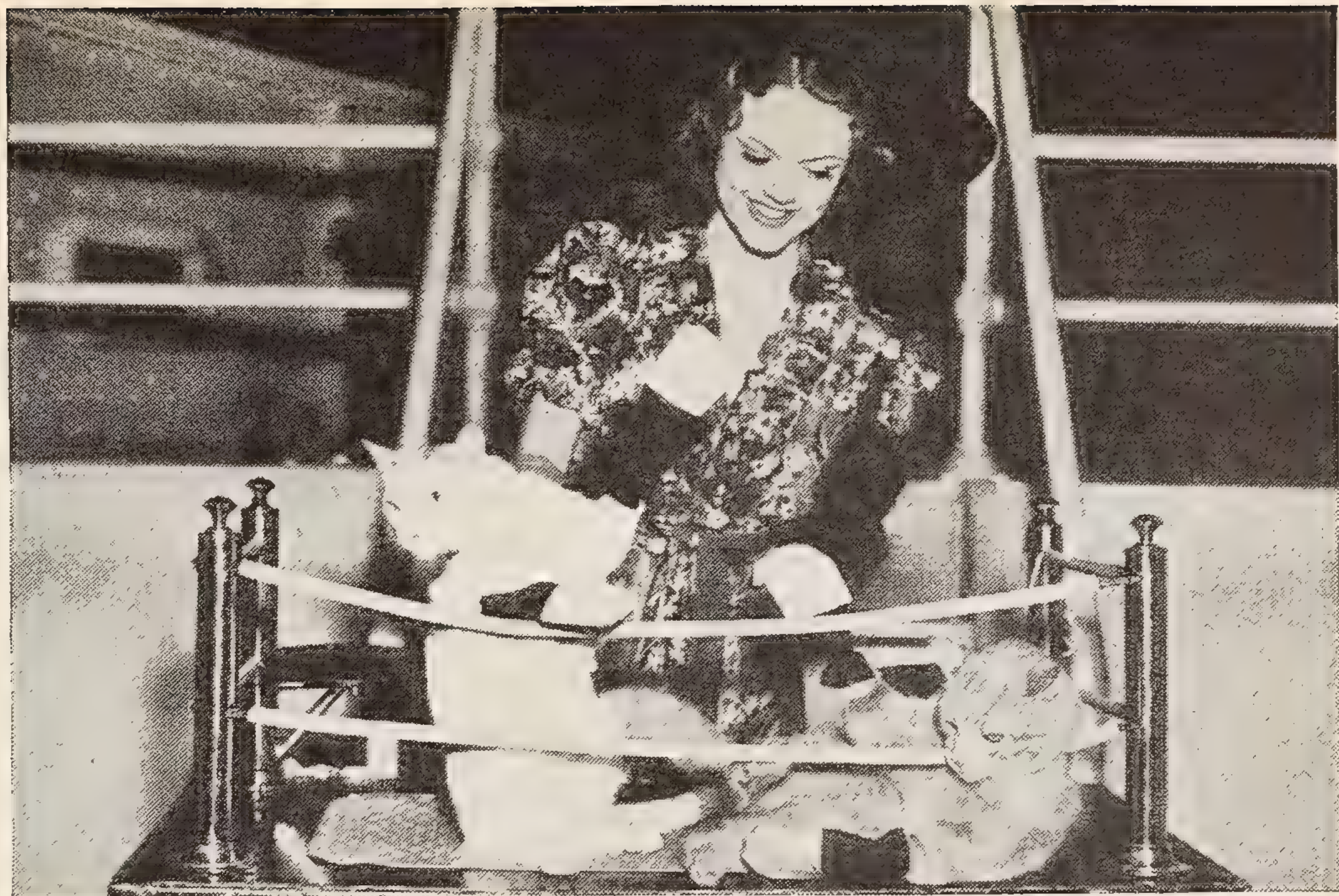
Terry wondered when the message came from Powell asking that she come to his apartment to discuss a part in his new play.

"Are you sure you brought me up here to discuss this play?" she looked at him with level uncompromising eyes. "I happen to be a suspicious person."

Powell smiled. So this was the girl his new angel had insisted he star in his new show. If he hadn't needed the backing so desperately he would have sent her on her way. That scene in his office still rankled.

"Wouldn't you like to see your name blazing across the horizon in letters that big?" he parried.

"It's got to be a good-sized sign. I'm used to that." Terry leaned towards him. "So is Jean Maitland. Are you in love with her?" she demanded suddenly, and then as he shrugged his shoulders, "I thought so."



Fighting cats—they've crashed the movies. Here Pinkie scores a knockout over Pal in a bout refereed by Evelyn Daw, their cast-mate in James Cagney's new picture.

"She's just a little girl in whom I took an interest," Powell laughed deprecatingly. "As a matter of fact she's becoming something of a pest. Anyway, what has she got to do with this? Do you want the part or don't you?"

"How do you know I can act?" Terry asked quietly.

"After all, I saw you perform in my office," he smiled.

"I wasn't performing that day." Terry's eyes darkened.

He felt uncomfortable and was glad of

the opportunity to get away when the buzzer sounded at the door. Terry heard Jean's voice then, torn halfway between anger and tears, and Powell's voice suddenly hard.

As Jean's quick footsteps hurried toward her Terry sank in front of the divan. If she was ever going to act, she thought, this was the time to begin. Now, when she could still save Jean from this infatuation.

"You'd better hide your face!" The tears had gone from Jean's voice leaving only the anger as she looked at Terry. "You

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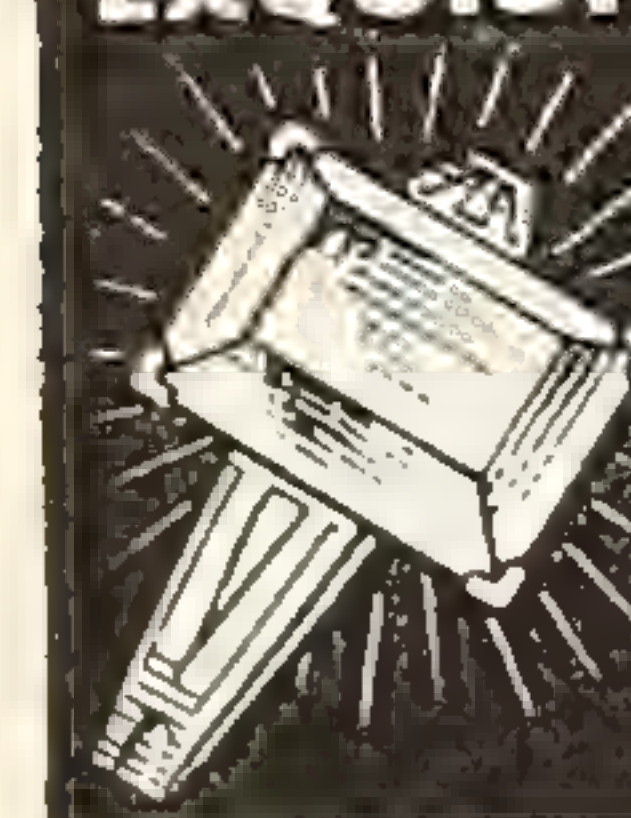
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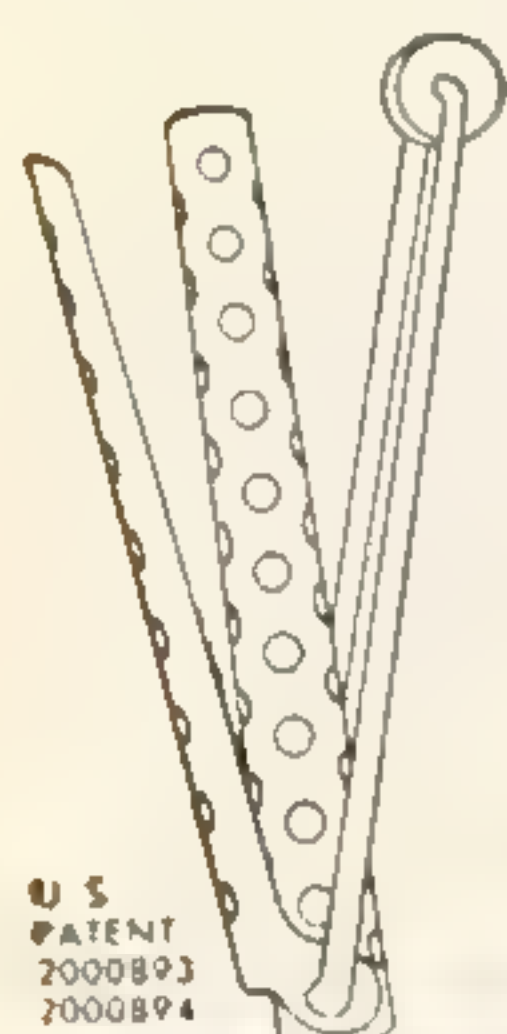
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cheating, double-dealing, double-dyed—"Darling," Terry looked up at her imploringly, "I didn't know what I was doing."

"My own roommate," Jean was shouting now, "and you preach ideals, so you can chisel when my back is turned. Well, you can take your old red fox cape, and I'll never borrow another thing from you as long as I live!" She flung the cape to the floor and turned to Powell. "I hope you two snakes will be very happy together. I thought I was in love with you, but I see my mistake now. I only went out with you in the first place to spite Linda."

The door slammed behind her, and suddenly Terry was convulsed with laughter. "It's not funny at all," Powell was irritated. "What do you suppose she thinks?"

"Exactly what I want her to think," Terry said slowly. "You see, I happen to like her."

"She won't like you very much after this," the man protested.

"She'll see the light in time," Terry shrugged. "Anyway, I wanted to show you I can act."

"You're a faker."

"We're both fakers," Terry agreed. "But you're a bigger one than I am. This young man is your son, isn't he?" She held out the photograph of the boy on the desk. "He must be a lot older than you are because this photograph has been used to advertise a certain military academy for a great many years."

"How did you know?" the man demanded.

"My brother went to that academy," she said lightly as she picked up the other photograph. "And this lady, whom you pretend is your wife, she's done a lot of posing for powder ads, hasn't she?"

Suddenly Powell found himself liking her.

"My dear, you've broken up a very convenient marriage!" he laughed—and held out his hand.

"I think we understand each other," she agreed gravely.

It was Kay who kept the rest of the girls from making a scene when they knew Terry had gotten the part in "Enchanted April."

"It wasn't my part just because I wanted to do it," Kay tried to smile. "Last year I took a part away from another girl who wanted it. Terry deserves her chance, and there's enough heartbreak in the theatre without our hating each other."

And so Terry went on with her rehearsals. It was harder than she had thought it would be, those rehearsals. For the first time doubt of herself crept into her thoughts. Ann Luther, an actress of the old school who she had asked to coach her, believed in her. Terry had need of her confidence when she saw the incredulous glances exchanged over her acting and she held on to it even when Powell left the theatre in disgust after a rehearsal. But it was only on opening night that she really despaired. Somehow she saw then what she had refused to see before, that she wasn't really an actress.

Desperately she was going over her lines in her room before going to the theatre and it was then the door opened and Kay came into the room.

"The doctor told you to stay in bed," Terry stormed, almost dropping the flowers she held, but Kay only smiled.

"How do you expect me to stay in bed with all this excitement going on?" she asked. And then quickly. "Terry, may I make a suggestion? The way you hold the flowers. I always felt that Jeanette would hold them as she would a child, and when she says, 'in memory of something that has died,' she means—"

"Kay, you know this play!" Terry said.

"It's not a play." Kay turned away to hide the quick tears. "It really happened. It happened to someone I know. Terry," for the first time something almost like resentment crept into her voice, "this isn't just your night. It's my night, too. You've got to be a success tonight. You've got to give a great performance. No matter what happens!"

Afterward Terry was to know what Kay meant; afterward just before the curtain went up and Jean found her in her dressing room and told her that Kay was dead.

"She jumped before we could stop her!" Jean cried wildly. "She was lying there all huddled in the rain. And you're responsible. It was Kay's part. It was Kay's life. Now it's too late, she's dead. Kay who never harmed anyone. And all because you haven't a heart. Because you're made of ice!"

"I'm going to sit out front tonight and every line you read I'm going to say that should be Kay's line and every move you make, I'm going to say that should be Kay!"

"I'm not going on," Terry said dully as the door closed behind Jean. "Why didn't someone tell me? I'd have given up a thousand parts rather than have this happen!"

"Are you going to let Kay down?" Ann Luther's face was twisting. "You've got to give the performance she wanted you to give. Then perhaps wherever she is, you may bring her peace."

Then somehow Terry was on the stage and the curtain was lifting, and after that first black moment she found herself saying the familiar lines she had rehearsed so often. But it was different from all the other times she had said them, for now there was poignancy in every move where before there had been stiffness, and her words came simply and heartbreakingly where before they had been meaningless on her lips. She felt the audience reaching out to her, felt the stillness that told the others that a star was being made. But only Terry knew it was Kay who was walking so slowly across the stage, that it was Kay who knew the meaning of those words.

And afterward when the house broke into long applause a man sat silent in his seat. He had been pointed out when he came into the theatre and people had whispered, "The wheat king," and had looked at him enviously.

But Henry Sims had failed for the first time in his life. The money he had poured into the play would yield an enormous profit, the money he had thought he was throwing away to prove to Terry that she could not act. But what good would that do now that she had made good—now that he knew he had lost his daughter.

"My dear, you were simply wonderful," Ann Luther said tremulously as Terry ran into the dressing room.

"That wasn't me out there tonight," Terry was crying as she pulled her galoshes on. "I was someone else."

Miss Luther patted her arm. "It's only after we have suffered that we can make the audience feel for us," she said soothingly.

"Does someone have to die to create an actress?" Terry asked wildly. "Is that what the theatre demands?" She pulled on her hat and started for the door.

"But you can't leave now!" Miss Luther protested. "There'll be people here, the press, photographers. You're an actress now. You belong to these people."

"I'm going to see Kay," Terry brushed off her detaining arm and was gone.

So it was with Kay that Jean found her. And now there was no longer any need to ask or give forgiveness. No need for reproaches or regrets. Out of heartbreak a star had been made and out of that same heartbreak understanding had been built into friendship.

The "Swap" System

Continued from page 27

shall we say talents, yes, I think we shall, that goes on daily in the market place? Do they like being considered a lot of chattel over which their masters are scheming lucrative trades? Is Myrna Loy pleased when she learns that she has been loaned to another studio in exchange for Loretta Young? What does Clark Gable think of being swapped for Paul Muni, and *vice versa*? Is Kenny Baker a little flattered that his master demanded six kids in exchange for him? Does Leslie Howard think that he was a fair exchange for Norma Shearer? Is Carole Lombard pleased when she learns that she has been traded for such-and-such an amount of dough? (Stars are not always swapped for other stars in the Swap System, often they are swapped for money. Miriam Hopkins was recently swapped for a writer—but he was a good writer. And suave Mr. William Powell was once swapped for a script. Goldwyn wanted Dudley Nichols to script "Hurricane" so he loaned Miriam Hopkins to RKO. Metro wanted "The Great Ziegfeld," owned by Universal, so in exchange for it they loaned William Powell for "My Man Godfrey.")

It used to be, out in Hollywood, and this isn't where you came in, that actors fought like mad over being loaned out to other studios. They called it being "sold down the river" and considered it 'way beneath their dignity, and until you have met up with an actor's dignity, honey, you don't know dignity. In those days producers signed up stars to make pictures for them, not to make money on loan-outs, and if an actor was shuttled back and forth from Burbank to Culver City to Hollywood it meant only one thing, alas and alackaday, he was slipping. But a little picture called "It Happened One Night" which burst upon a surprised public, not to mention a surprised Miss Colbert and Mr. Gable, some four years ago, completely changed all that. But before I go into the saga of "It Happened One Night" I should like to mention, just as sort of an apology for myself, a conversation that took place at a dinner party the other night. A director seated next to me noticed that I was pretty glum, and commented upon it. I told him that if he had to write the story of how stars liked loan-outs in Hollywood without



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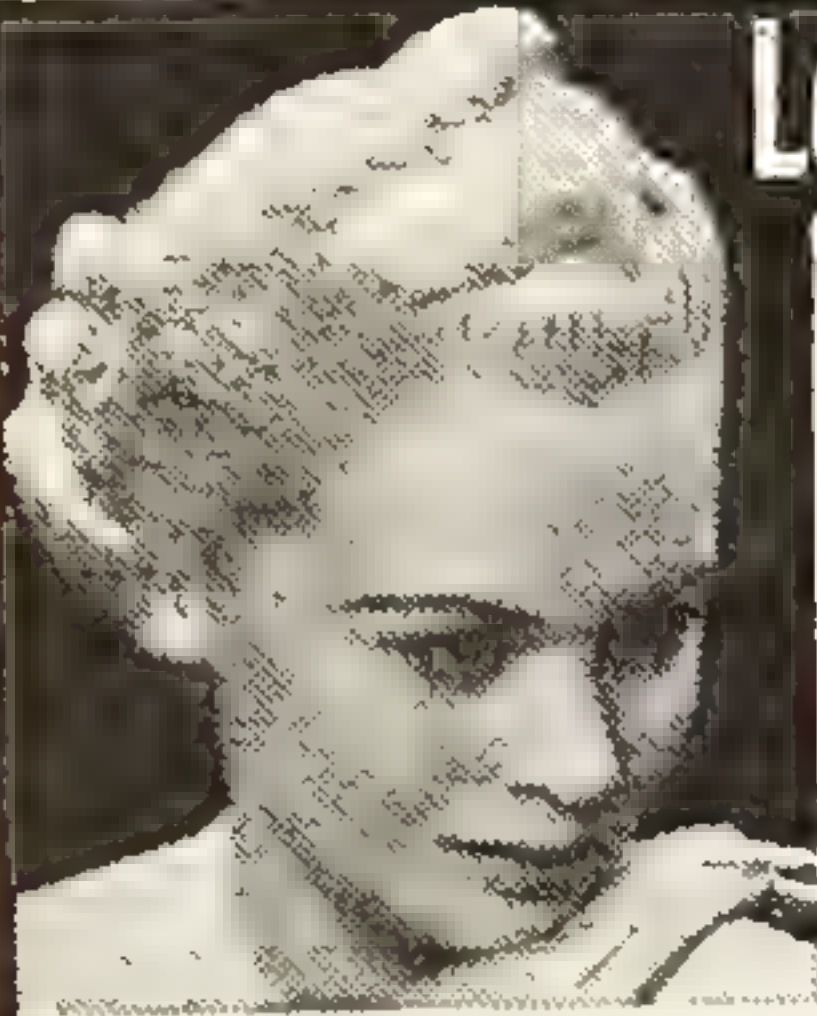
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mentioning "It Happened One Night" he'd have the glums too.

"But why not mention 'It Happened One Night'?" he asked in exasperation. "After all, it started the thing."

"But," I argued weakly, "I've written that story."

"Surely you can write the same story twice," he said with a shrug. "I've directed the same story ten times."

If a guy who gets three thousand a week can repeat, so can I—so hold your hats, folks, here we go merrily into "It Happened One Night" again. Harry Cohn's little studio, Columbia to you, wasn't considered very chic in those days—no bathrooms in the dressing-rooms or anything—and no star of any social standing wanted to be loaned out to Columbia. But Mr. Cohn had a good script and a good director and he was anxious to make something of it, so he practically burst a blood vessel trying to borrow a couple of stars to put it over. Through a bit of phenagling he finally borrowed Clark Gable from Metro. Clark's box office value wasn't so good just then and it was the consensus of opinion that he was slipping anyway so a loan-out couldn't hurt him. Not a single feminine star in the industry snapped up the rôle opposite him (some difference now, eh what?). After the script had been kicked around until it was dog-eared and moth-eaten by a whole slue of Glamor Girls, Claudette Colbert finally decided to take a fling at it. After all, what could she lose—milk baths for Mr. DeMille, cavortings with Jimmy Durante, and fine talk with Clive Brook weren't getting her any place. And besides, there was no Gable, even a "slipping" Gable, on the Paramount lot. As you well know "It Happened One Night" turned out to be the hit picture of the decade, it made Hollywood history, it won awards for everybody, and tossed Claudette and Clark right into the Big Ten (box office popularity), where jostled on the right by Shirley Temple and on the left by Dick Powell, they have been ever since. Mr. Cohn made so much money he not only put in bathrooms, but pent houses!

But of course the thing we are interested in primarily is that it completely changed the Swap System. Stars no longer mentioned being "sold down the river" with wounded dignity; on the contrary they made a special little prayer every night that Mr. Goldwyn or Mr. Cohn or Mr. Mayer or Mr. Somebody would borrow them. Everybody said, "If Colbert and Gable can do it, I can do it too." Then too, Bette Davis who had been just so-so on the Warners lot was loaned to RKO for "Of Human Bondage," which picture proceeded to establish Bette as Hollywood's great dramatic star. Janet Gaynor after years of sickening saccharine rôles at Fox was loaned to Metro to do "Small Town Girl" with Robert Taylor, and from then on the little Gaynor's stock started zooming terrifically. Carole Lombard was loaned by Paramount to Universal to co-star with William Powell in "My Man Godfrey" and immediately became one of the leading comedienettes of the screen. The line forms on the right to borrow Miss Lombard today. And of course this brief summary wouldn't be complete without mentioning that Barbara Stanwyck and Anne Shirley on a loan-out from RKO have a hit picture in Samuel Goldwyn's "Stella Dallas" which has made them ten times more valuable than ever before. RKO never paid very much attention to little Anne Shirley but since her success in "Stella Dallas" they are looking frantically for "A" pictures in which to star her. And Barbara Stanwyck, thanks to "Stella," now becomes one of Hollywood's leading stars, a spot she should have had long ago but for the lemons her home lots handed her.

So quite, quite naturally, it is the dream of every star in Hollywood, with few ex-

ceptions which we won't go into, to be borrowed and catapulted to popularity overnight. But even without the gamble of fame and fortune in it the stars love visiting because the hostess studio always gets out the best china and the linen sheets. They are accepted as a matter of course at their own studio but once they go visiting they automatically become important guests. And they love the feeling. The publicity department on their home lot either treats them as pals or poisons but the publicity department of the studio where they are visiting consults them reverently on everything, and so great is the bowing and scraping that they soon begin to believe that they are royalty. Movie stars who have been



Gossip note in pictures! Wayne Morris and Frances Bacon, daughter of Director Lloyd Bacon, are holding hands.

treated like pals or poisons for months on end simply eat up that royalty touch. Pity the home lot when they return.

About the most expensive loan-out in Hollywood (and we aren't speaking of salaries), was when Goldwyn borrowed Mary Astor from Columbia to play in "Dodsworth." Mary's divorce trial, featuring the famous diary, came up at that time and of course every reporter and photographer in town wanted to get to Mary Astor. In fact they poured in from towns thousands of miles away. Goldwyn had to pay a whole army of policemen to stand at the studio gates and the stage door to protect Mary Astor from the Press. Mary's home lot might not have been so considerate—armed guards do cost money.

During the past summer Irene Dunne left her small, dark dressing-room at Paramount and moved right into a pent house at Columbia—a pent house so magnificent, and so well equipped with everything including a sun porch that when she returns

sleep as late as you wish, and ring for whatever you want when you want it." He paused, and looked rather plaintive. "Don't you want to play golf tomorrow morning?" he enquired.

Hang it all! I felt sorry for Bing. Larry didn't look as though he wanted to drag himself from his bed to play golf. The words of a childhood poem came into my head:

"I will!" a gallant soldier said,
"I'll win the pass or die!"

And dashed into the middle of the fray!

I dashed into the middle of the fray.

"I'd be awfully glad to go around with you, Bing," I bleated, "but I didn't bring any golf tools."

"Oh, that's easy," beamed Bing. "I've loads of 'em. It's a date, then!" And off he went to bed.

Normally, I'm not fit to speak to before eleven, but I was called at six-thirty, and hoisted myself from bed. At a few minutes before seven, I looked out of the window. Ring was on the lawn with Gary and

And for some strange reason, probably because she believes that at last she is going to appear in a picture that will "make" her, nearly every star puts on her best manners when she goes visiting. Frances Farmer and Paramount didn't get along at all—Frances was stamped as "difficult"—but on the Goldwyn lot she was sweetness personified. Metro heard that Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young were very snooty and wouldn't co-operate at all. But when Janet arrived at Metro a petrified publicity department found her as frolicsome as a kitten, she had the set cluttered up with the Press, brought cookies from home, and had a hell of a time—she who used to work in the great silences when she was Queen of the Fox lot. And many a star who wouldn't think of giving out interviews to help the



Second honeymoon. That's what Sally Eilers called the trip she and her husband, Harry Joe Brown, made to Europe. Here they are landing home again, and very happy.

publicity of her picture on her home lot will simply call in the Press for a gab fest when she goes visiting.

After years of being called "Claudette" and "Toots" and "Hey You" by the studio people on the Paramount lot and being considered a swell person and one of the gang, Claudette nearly fainted when she arrived at Warner Brothers for "Tovarich" and heard herself being called "Miss Colbert" by everybody from the prop boy to Jack Warner. "And just imagine," said

Joan Blondell on loan-out to Walter Wanger for "Stand-In" from Warner Brothers, "they even ask me here if I feel like working! Me who had to do close-ups for Warners before I could leave my bed after an appendix operation!"

Yes, the stars are all for bigger and better swaps. If it doesn't turn out to be the picture they've been praying for, well, at least they've had a comfortable dressing-room and a lot of politeness. And Walter Wanger always sends flowers!

"TO BE SURE YOUR MAKEUP MATCHES,"

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MARVELOUS *Eye-Matched* MAKEUP
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

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Binnie Barnes
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mony. And it's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU...
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ARE YOU A BINNIE BARNES...
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FOR A TRULY
ATTRACTIVE
SMILE*

Your dentist will tell you: for gleaming teeth, keep gums healthy too. So don't trust to half-way measures. Begin tonight with the two-way care dentists advise.

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...they cleanse better!"



... says beautiful
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Paramount Player

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TWO SIZES
10¢ AND 20¢
AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 and 10¢ STORE

A Week-End with Bing Crosby

Continued from page 25

"What?"

"Gary, darling," put in Dixie, "wherek you don't hear what is said to you, please, don't say 'What?' say 'I beg your pardon.' And now I think you'd better wash your hands, it must be your tea time."

A puckish little grimace from Gary. "I beg your pardon," he murmured, in his mother's well modulated tone, "I didn't hear what you said!"

Then the twins opined that they would sing, but Dixie is not a mother who holds with "performing" children, so she shot a quick glance at the nurse who marched them off to nursery tea. We visited there later, when they were ready for bed. The nursery is a gay place, bright with Mother Goose pictures, and things in chintz, on something. It has its own kitchen adjoining, and everything is so sanitary that you keep wondering whether you could possibly have a lurking germ about you.

The living room is a huge affair—all windows; deep, comfortable chairs, and solid, low tables which are meant to be used. Suddenly, servants produced, and began to lay a large table at one end of the room. "We haven't any dining room," Dixie explained. "We always eat in here." The only other guests were Larry Crosby (Bing's brother) and his wife, and John ("Pennies from Heaven") Burke, Bing's favorite lyric writer.

Bing was expounding about the joys of the wooded countryside. The land is heavily timbered, and he assured me it abounded in doves and 'possums. The hunting, he beamed, was fine! I must come and join him sometime.

"Hunting?" I queried, wide-eyed. "I'd no idea you had any foxes in this part of the country."

"Foxes?" Bing looked blank. Then he burst into a roar of laughter. "Oh you Britishers, you have different names for everything. No, when we go hunting, we take guns out, and shoot things."

"Then why can't you say you're going shooting. That's exactly what you are doing, isn't it?" I countered. Here, Larry Crosby leaned over to my chair.

"Remind me to tell you a story about Bing's 'possum hunt—I mean, shooting," he whispered. A few minutes later, the opportunity arrived, and Larry confided a story which may surprise Bing when he reads it in SCREENLAND.



Frances Gifford, above, is regarded a real find by her studio—RKO.

ceptions which we won't go into, to be borrowed and catapulted to popularity overnight. But even without the gamble of fame and fortune in it the stars love visiting because the hostess studio always gets out the best china and the linen sheets. They are accepted as a matter of course at their own studio but once they go visiting they automatically become important guests. And they love the feeling. The publicity department on their home lot either treats them as pals or poisons but the publicity department of the studio where they are visiting consults them reverently on everything, and so great is the bowing and scraping that they soon begin to believe that they are royalty. Movie stars who have been



It seems that Bing had had one or two unsuccessful 'possum shoots, and Larry thought something should be done about it. Chatting with Oscar, the Paramount shoeshiner, he learnt that Oscar supports, of all things, a 'possum farm! Well, Larry bought a 'possum from Oscar, put it in a box, and hid it in Bing's stable. Sure enough, next day, out went Bing 'possum shooting, only to return a couple of hours later, hot, tired, dusty, and scratched, but singularly 'possumless. He threw himself into a chair to rest, only to be startled by a loud BANG a few feet away. He rushed out, and found Larry, smoking gun in hand, viewing a dead 'possum, with the air of a nonchalant nimrod.

"Where did you kill it?" demanded Bing.

"Oh, just near the front porch," returned Larry with perfect truth. "When I go out after 'possum, I get 'em." Bing was fit to be tied, and this is the first inkling he has ever had of this story. I hope that brotherly love will still continue!

"What's for dinner?" Bing was asking Dixie.

"Fried chicken," she replied, with a trace of wifely patience in her voice. "You may have Mulligan stew tomorrow." She turned to me with a smile. "If Bing doesn't have either fried chicken or Mulligan stew, he simply thinks he hasn't eaten! I only hope that the menu at our house doesn't become too monotonous for other people."

"Fried chicken," crooned Bing, dreamily, with satisfaction.

There was not only fried chicken; there were corn bread, small, bun-like things with honey, mashed potatoes, corn custard, new green beans, salad (at least, I think there was salad but couldn't be sure because my attention was completely absorbed in strawberry shortcake—a most excellent institution). Dixie is a southerner. Southerners really have awfully good things to eat.

There followed an evening of casual cards, of masculine conversation of golf and horses. In a corner, a radio crooned softly, to which Bing gave an ear from time to time. "I like to hear other fellows on the air," he said. "I've never listened to Dixie, and neither of us has ever visited the other on a set, or in a broadcasting station. Once in a while, at home, we suddenly feel like singing together, and then we are pretty lusty about it, for a few minutes. Neither of us can read music, and neither of us feels like indulging in solos about the house. I think it makes life easier for both of us."

About ten o'clock, Bing rose. "I'm going to bed," he announced. He turned to me. "You do whatever you want to do. I have breakfast at seven, and then I'm to play golf. Join me, if you'd like to. If you don't,

sleep as late as you wish, and ring for whatever you want when you want it." He paused, and looked rather plaintive. "Don't you *want* to play golf tomorrow morning?" he enquired.

Hang it all! I felt sorry for Bing. Larry didn't look as though he wanted to drag himself from his bed to play golf. The words of a childhood poem came into my head:

"I will!" a gallant soldier said,
"I'll win the pass or die!"

And dashed into the middle of the fray!

I dashed into the middle of the fray.

"I'd be awfully glad to go around with you, Bing," I bleated, "but I didn't bring any golf tools."

"Oh, that's easy," beamed Bing. "I've loads of 'em. It's a date, then!" And off he went to bed.

Normally, I'm not fit to speak to before eleven, but I was called at six-thirty, and hoisted myself from bed. At a few minutes before seven, I looked out of the window. Bing was on the lawn with Gary and the twins. So far as I could see, he was doing his darndest to turn them into acrobats. Bing was on all fours, and directly one child was firmly established on his back, Bing would buck. The lawn seemed to be strewn with little Crosbys, all shrieking with delight.

Bing refuses to get dressed or comb his hair until he is good and ready. His morning costume consists of a deplorably decrepit sweater, covered with ancient overalls of old frontier days vintage; the whole is surmounted by a seaman's battered cap. When he goes out to the race track, he is accompanied by his stand-in (and school friend), Leo Lynn, who transports Bing's clothes, and a brush and comb. Just before the first race, Bing will graciously consent to dress, and present himself to the public as the public is accustomed to see him.

I found Bing, bright-eyed, alert, and full of *joie de vivre*. He consumed some orange juice, a few hot cakes, and finished with eggs and bacon. He then produced some golf clubs for me and we set forth. Now let me tell you, Bing is Moviedom's number one golfer. When he shoots an eighty, he is off his game. I'm not making excuses for myself, mind you, but, after all, they *were* Bing's clubs. Bing was down with a par four at the first hole. I shot a very snappy eight! And so it went. I *think* Bing went 'round in 78. I *think* I took 115, but I didn't count very carefully after the first nine holes.

We went to the club house, showered, and whiled away an hour, while Bing exchanged pleasantries with (it seemed) several hundred other members. I wanted to get back to the house and lie down. I'm a sedentary bloke. To my relief, Bing rose.

"Let's go down to the race track, and then we'll go home to lunch," he suggested. I raised my creaking bones with a sinking heart.

"Fine," I said, with the fortitude of an empire builder; "let's go."

Well, there were the horses—a barn full of 'em; just as we'd left 'em the day before. They were still there. But Bing had to look at 'em.

Oh, how welcome lunch was! Cold baked ham, potato salad, and several other things. After lunch, I pictured myself in a nice *chaise longue*, with a pipe.

But it was not to be. Up the driveway came one of the most monumental trucks I've ever seen. Bing sprang up.

"Oh, here are my oats," he said, "ten tons of 'em. Got a nice fat reduction in price by buying ten tons. Come on, you fellows."

Larry sat on, looking, I thought, smugly wise. John Burke and I followed Bing

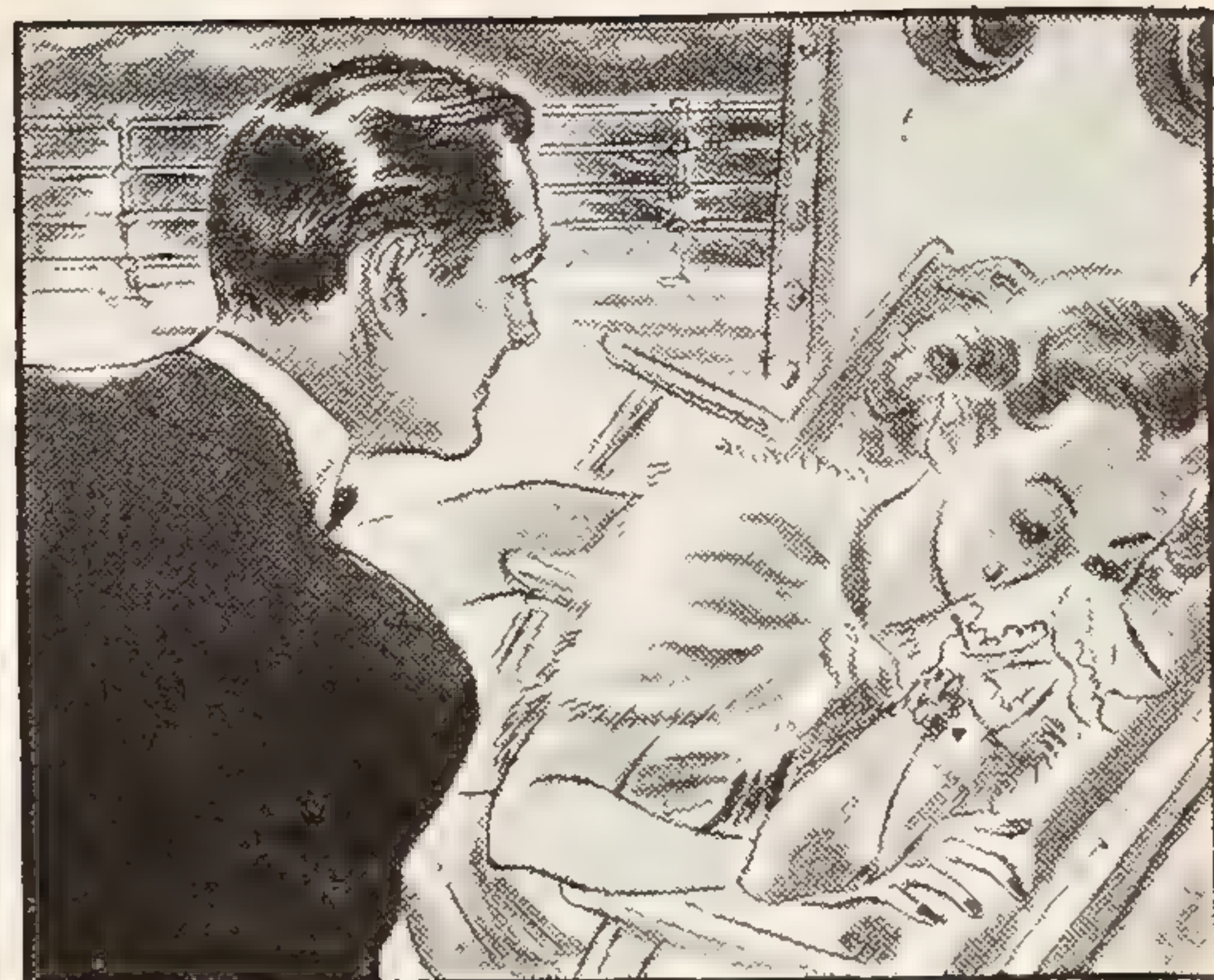
James Dunn,
Columbia star
now appearing
in "Venus
Makes Trouble".

Jimmy Dunn

drops a hint



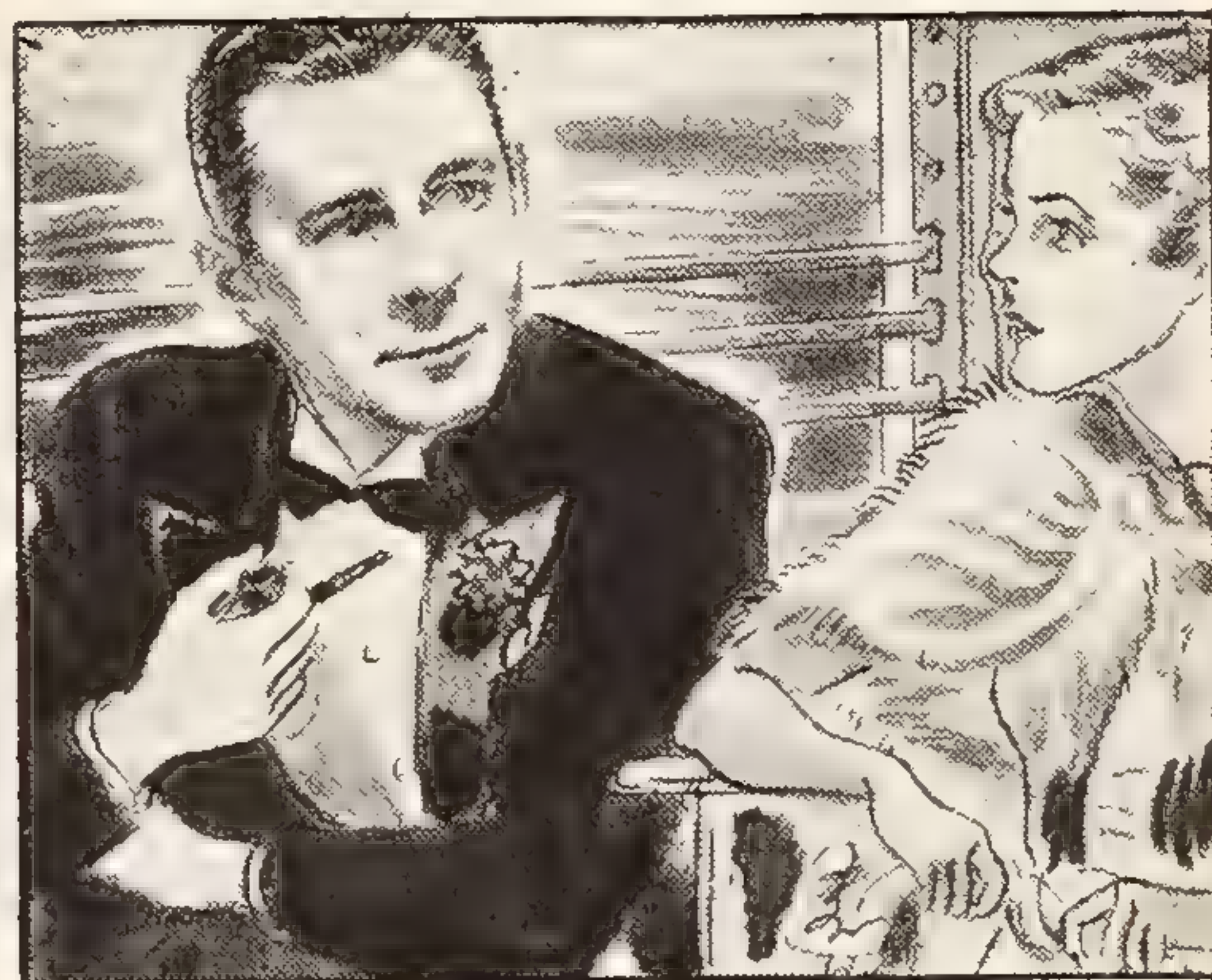
"I MET THEM ON SHIPBOARD—
Tom and Sally Roberts, on their honeymoon. They seemed ideally suited . . .



"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, then, to
find Sally alone on deck one night—huddled in a corner crying her heart out . . .



"SHE TOLD ME HER TROUBLES—
said Tom seemed to be tiring of her . . . He was always finding fault with her appearance and he didn't even care about kissing her any more . . .



"JUDGING TOM BY OTHER MEN—
who are always repelled by dry, rough lips—I dropped a pretty broad hint about the lipstick that I've heard so many girls praising for its Beauty-Cream base . . ."



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meekly. The truck was backing up to the stables. About fifty feet away, Bing yelled to the driver to stop. "You can't get any nearer, without damaging the trees." He surveyed his forces—two stable boys, John Burke, and myself. "Now, all hands on deck. I'll get on the truck. You fellows take the sacks from me, and stack 'em in the stables."

"Why don't you let me get on the truck, Bing?" I protested.

But Bing, apparently, didn't hear me. His face was a study in bland innocence. He mounted the truck, and began moving the sacks a few inches on to our backs. We then humped them the fifty feet to the stables, and came back for more, goaded by Bing's complaints that we were so slow! I didn't see a bead of perspiration on his brow when we were through. Oh yes, believe it or not, we finished the job. After which, Bing suggested a swim in the pool.

Leslie Howard's One-Man Show

Continued from page 33

is the best there is, and you needn't stop to reload every few minutes.

"I prefer to do my own printing, but it can't be managed very well while I'm traveling and living in rented houses; still, I do my best with the chaps who take care of my work, explaining what I want. Sometimes they get the idea, sometimes not. In this picture of my daughter and myself against the Washington monument, I had to have them print it three times before they understood that I wanted us in silhouette against the pure white of the monument."

From a crammed suitcase beside him, the actor selected a print of himself and little Leslie, his daughter.

"I set the camera for that shot and had a friend make it for us, and I like the result.

"My child had never flown up to that time, and she wanted so much to go somewhere in a plane, so one day while I was doing 'Hamlet' in New York, I decided to take her to Washington by air. She was thrilled with her trip and with our sight-seeing, and especially so with the fact that we could fly back to New York in plenty of time for the performance.

"Here's a shot I made of her looking up at the statue of Lincoln. It isn't so good in composition as others I made of the statue itself, but I like the human interest note of the child looking up."

The contents of the suitcase were augmented by numerous envelopes containing enlargements of prints, some done with etching masks that turned the prints into what seemed to be hand-made sketches.

Yes, one of these days there is to be a One Man Show of the Howard camera studies. So many people have urged it that it is now beginning to seem a good idea. The prints in SCREENLAND can, of course, only give you a faint idea of the finished beauty of the pictures.

"As a rule," my host observed, elbow-deep in his scattered prints, "I don't care for pictures made on Hollywood sets. There's something so patently 'picture' about them, and pretty girls and handsome men don't interest me. 'Romeo and Juliet' was different. It lent itself to the sort of thing I like. For example, this shot is authentically Italian. You could believe you were in Italy rather than on a set." He extended a print of tables, glasses, shadows on an ancient wall.

"The shadows beyond the extra girl in costume make this one interesting, the in-

Dixie came out and watched us cavort.

"Did you get the oats in, Mr. President?" she sang out to Bing.

"Oh yes, Mrs. President, I got the oats in!"

After we were clothed, I said, weakly, it was time I was getting home. Bing protested.

"I'm going 'possum hunt—I mean shooting, tomorrow. Why don't you come along. Glad to lend you a gun. Besides, you can't miss the Mulligan tonight. And then I plan to . . ."

I don't know what he had planned, but, in due course, I found my foot on the starting button of my car, and I steered my way northward to Hollywood. How good the upholstery of that car felt.

But don't get me wrong. Bing is a sportsman and a gentleman. I really had a good time. (When are you going to ask me again, Bing?)



Loretta Young, Warner Baxter, and Virginia Bruce, respectively "Wife, Doctor and Nurse" in a new picture.

formality of the group of extras, in this; the face of the old woman in the foreground of this one; the feeling of the period in some of the others. But a production like this is rare.

"While I was touring with 'Hamlet,' I used to try to get shots from the wings, or to have someone shoot from the house while I was on the stage (after I'd set the camera and arranged the angle and so on), but I doubt if they are light enough for reproduction. They enlarge beautifully, though, and I hope to use a few of them in my 'show.'

"I made a number of shots on the special train we used during the tour, using no light except that coming through the windows. I rather like this study of a friend about to order a meal. He didn't know what was happening until I shot, which explains his expression.

"Self-consciousness, of course, is the foe of cameramen. It will be nice when they perfect something that will take excellent pictures when the subject is unaware. I've just bought my child one of those tiny things you can hold in your hand, unobtrusively, but I doubt if the lens is fine enough for my purpose.

"I remember, several years ago, they got out a camera in the form of a watch; when you wound the stem you got your picture, and anyone noticing you thought you merely had an odd time-piece. But the lens wasn't quick enough. Unless you told them to 'hold it,' your subjects moved and ruined the shot.

"Now they have a gadget you can put on your little Leica, so that you can seem

to be looking one way, while you take a picture at right angles. I might seem to be looking up at the house, while actually I was stealing a picture of you, at my right.

"However, my problems aren't usually concerned with people. They are mainly composition, catching moving objects or birds in flight, finding the best spot for my city shots, and so on.

"In these shots of sea gulls, we were up at the top floor of a high building in San Francisco, throwing bread up in the air to attract the gulls, who swooped and flew after it." The enlargements of these shots show even the detail of color in the wings.

"I always use filters outdoors. When I wish to make what will seem to be a night shot, in moonlight, I take a dark red filter. Here are some rather dramatic shots of the sea breaking against rocks in what appears to be moonlight.

"An orange or yellow filter is best, I find, for ordinary daytime shots. It takes away the glare and gives you the detail of cloud or shadow. My Bermuda and San Francisco shots were done with orange filters. The sun in Bermuda is so intense that even with the filter the walls are too white. This shot is so intense that even with the filter the walls are too white. This shot of San Francisco, taken from the roof of a building on one of the highest hills, is my pet. See the puffs of cloud, the bridge in the distance, and the shadows on the streets!"

It takes patience to make pictures. One day, the actor lay down close to the sand on the beach for hours waiting for just the right wave to break on the shore, so that the composition of his picture—one of black rock, yellow sand, blue serene sky and white breakers—would suit him.

"The idea in making a picture is to get a mood, sometimes. Take these shots made at Hugh Walpole's home in the English lake country. It rained all the time we were there, and the country seemed sad, sometimes ominous, sometimes desolate-looking, sometimes almost terrifying. This one of my son, armed like a real Howard with his own camera, enlarges with an almost Brontë feeling.

"These shots of my home town, Dunster, are definitely English, but somehow in Hollywood they look like shots on a motion picture set. This is true of the view of Linton, with the castle in the distance, but the shot with the water in the foreground loses that false feeling."

Shooting against the sun on a bright day will give you interesting results. One of the actor's favorite pictures is taken outside the special train for "Hamlet" company, in late afternoon, at a midwestern stop, when the combination of snow, train smoke, and exhaust steam gives something delightfully different.

A red filter used on the snow scenes from the train window gives the right contrast to the water and shadows, the expert explained. Etching masks on such scenes do wonders for the picture.

"I like the mood of this shot of New York, made from the top deck of our boat as we came in. It was foggy and the city looks like something imagined instead of something real."

Just now, Mr. Howard's fancy has turned to color film to be projected on a screen, since as yet no process of printing has been found satisfactory.

"The problems of composition are not the same as those of the black-and-white picture. It's like turning from charcoal sketching to water colors or oils. It's interesting. I'm sorry SCREENLAND can't see my desert flowers, or some of the San Francisco water shots. Better than technicolor; much better."

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 19

young actress, "but I've always been glad. Talking about food, though, in New Orleans we have a dish called Creole gumbo, made of red beans and rice with Creole sauce—maybe you can't get red beans anywhere else. Perhaps Suedell had better tell you about her Creole soup instead."

CREOLE SOUP

Wash and cut into slices ½ dozen good-sized turnips, adding a can of tomatoes (Campbells), 2 tablespoons of sweet red peppers, ½ teaspoon of allspice (Burnetts), 1 sliced onion, scant teaspoon salt, 4 whole cloves, and 1 large tablespoon butter. Place the ingredients over the fire, covering with water, bring to the boiling point and cook until the vegetables are very tender; now strain and keep hot where it will not boil. Heat 1 pint of rich milk in the double-boiler, thickening with 1 level tablespoon flour moistened with a little cream; be sure that the cream sauce boils; turn the vegetable puree into a heated tureen, stir in a tiny pinch of baking soda to prevent curdling and very gradually pour in the sauce, stirring constantly. Serve immediately.

Suedell added a recipe for lobster cutlets, which she recommends to all who have delicate appetites to cater for.

LOBSTER CUTLETS

Mix 3 cups of chopped, cooked lobster meat with 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, 3 teaspoons lemon juice, the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 1½ teaspoons chopped parsley, and 1½ cups of hot, thick, white sauce. Mix well and spread out on a plate to cool. When cold shape in the form of small cutlets. Dip in cracker crumbs, then dip in beaten egg and then dip in fine bread crumbs, fry in deep hot fat. Drain and serve on small plates covered with watercress. Serve tartar sauce separate.

We went up the blue-carpeted stairway to the second floor, where we peeped into Dorothy's bedroom, an apartment fit for a queen where the wide eighteenth century French bed is set on a dais carpeted in blue. The bed is draped in ivory satin lined in blue and is matched by a dresser.

"But you *must* see the Hawaiian room!" cried my hostess, "It's the playroom and we have such good times in it. It's the ideal place for a buffet supper because we have the bar for the buffet."

Once inside the room, you can hardly believe it is a room in a modern apartment.

The ceiling is thatched with palm leaves, the walls are lined with bamboo, the bar is of bamboo and so are the furniture and lamps. There's a grass rug on the floor and a case full of coral specimens. At either end of the bar hang red and green lanterns, and under these are dolls presented to Dorothy as favors—one being a replica of herself in "High, Wide and Handsome."

"I've never been to Hawaii or to the South Seas, but I'd love to go," sighed Dorothy. "That's one reason why I designed this room. I did it after I became a South Sea Islander in 'Hurricane,' and now that I've been working in this sort of atmosphere for weeks, it seems more home-like than ever."

"If you aren't serving liquor, there's a grand fruit cup you can serve for a buffet, that belongs in this room. It's Fruit Cup Kailua, and you serve it with Ry-Crisp wafers spread with cream cheese, parsley butter or minced ham."

FRUIT CUP KAILUA

Mix 1 cup of Dole's diced pineapple with 3 peeled and diced oranges, 3 peeled and diced bananas, 3 tablespoons fine sugar, and 1 cup of grated cocoanut (Bakers); fill champagne glasses nearly full with the mixture, over the top spread grape ice and top with a Maraschino cherry.

Mrs. Lamour drew me aside to show me a photograph of her son-in-law, when we came downstairs again. Herbie Kay is a handsome young man, and apparently has the sincere admiration of his mother-in-law.

"He's the most unselfish, delightful man I have ever known," said Dorothy's mother. "Some husbands try to hold their wives back, but Herbie has always wanted Dorothy to succeed, to have whatever she wanted. I remember the night they met. Dorothy had been asked to sing at the Hotel Morrison as an amateur, and for the first time in her life she forgot the words of her song and felt disgraced, as she sat down."

"Herbie was in the dining-room and sent a note to her asking if he might see her. Then he suggested that she come to him for an audition, and he gave her a job. I've always felt it was love at first sight, though it was three years before they married."

By that time Dorothy had returned from a summons to the telephone.

"As to what we do at my parties," she said, "we sit and talk, or we sing, and now and then we play games."

"When Herbie can arrange to live in Hollywood altogether—which I hope will be soon—we'll take a bigger house, with grounds and more room to entertain. But until then, we're informal!"



Dorothy Lamour speaking! After "The Hurricane" Dorothy enjoys a nice comfortable day off, and does all her visiting by telephone from her own bedroom.

My Life

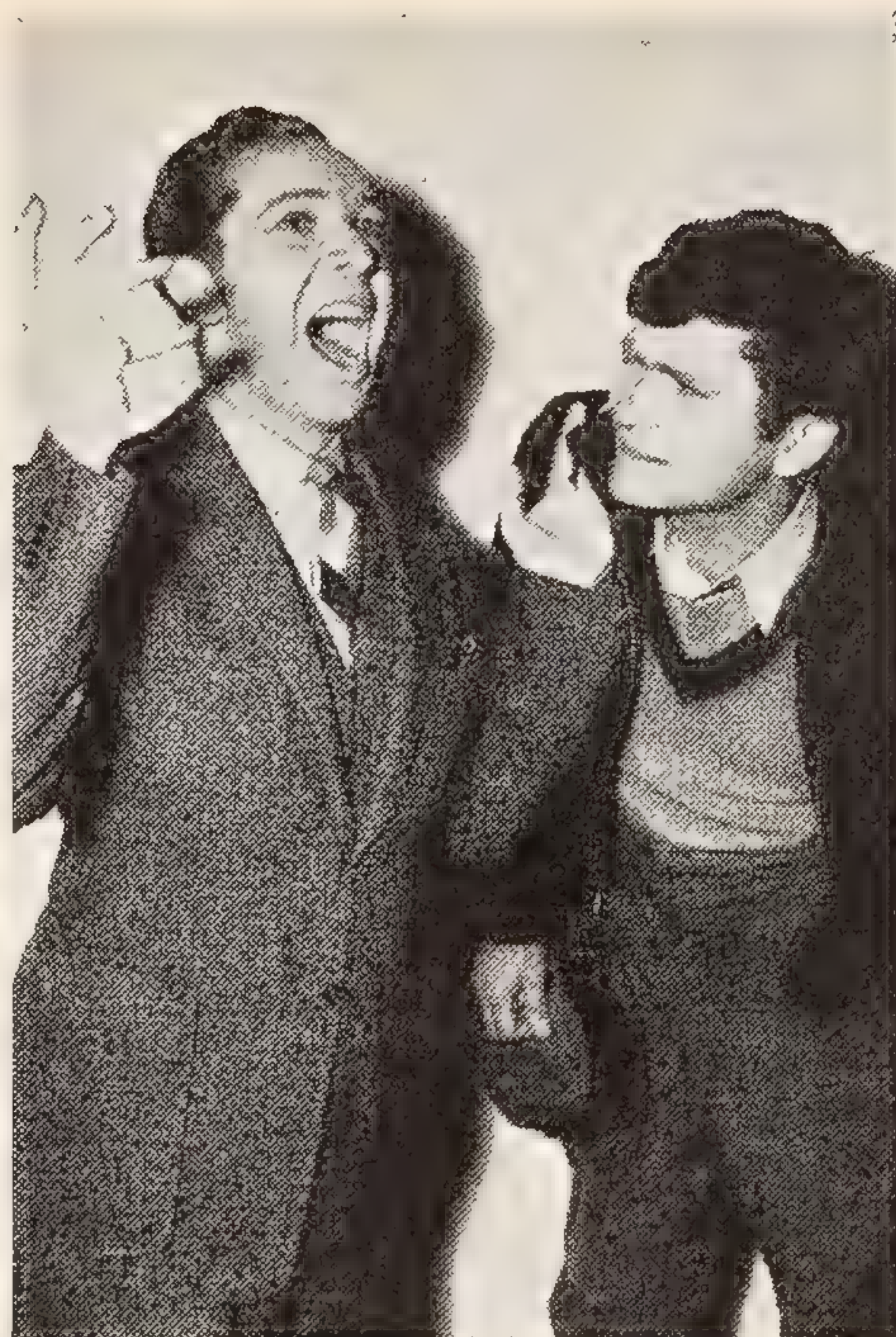
Continued from page 61

grandmother to move West to an apartment near where I roomed. From that time on I have been in absolute earnest.

When the coach at Metro arranged for me to enact the juvenile lead, not more than a walk-through rôle really, in a play at the Hollywood Playhouse I imagined I'd be signed by the studio for sure. I didn't have stage fright and I wasn't considered bad. Still, no contract. It was eight months altogether before I was handed a Metro contract.

What happened next has never ceased to amaze me. When I was put on the payroll I was immediately loaned to Fox—where I had been turned down so flat—for the juvenile lead in one of their big productions! My first screen part was in Will Rogers' "Handy Andy." I was nervous as the devil, believe me. And then Will Rogers' ad-libbed often and those in his casts had to be able to speak up sensibly when he ignored the script. But I do all my floor-walking at home, what's the use of annoying people with your worrying? I nearly wore out the carpet in that rented room of mine. No, I didn't go grand and foresake it for a whole year—after all, I started at thirty-five dollars a week.

The picture was finished before I could realize it. I'd tried to put into effect the things I had studied with Metro's coach—tried to walk and talk correctly. I was inclined, naturally, to over-act; I attempted to tone down my gestures. Will Rogers' geniality was no longer a daily treat and I was neither sensational nor terrible. So I was loaned out again, to Universal, for a



Seeing's believing! Buddy Ebsen makes sure Charles Igor Gorin produces that volume unaided by a loud-speaker.

similar part. With the same dénouement. Metro decided to put me in a series of "Crime Doesn't Pay" shorts, melodramatic chapters of life in the raw. They furnished excellent camera experience. Then I did rate my big break—I was called to the front office one afternoon and informed that I would appear opposite Virginia Bruce in "Society Doctor."

My greatest Hollywood thrill unquestionably was the preview of "Society Doctor."

I felt, you see, that it would tell the tale of whether I could deliver a decent performance if given the breaks. The secret showing was at the Fox-Wilshire Theatre. My mother's home is near there now and everytime I pass that theatre I get a lift inside. I took mother that night. I was awful! Why in the name of all the blessed saints hadn't I been better? Now they were nearing the love scenes. Would the audience snicker? There I was, strangely up there on that screen, and—why, no one was hissing. What was the undercurrent of sympathy for the character I was interpreting? They liked him! They were with him, for him! He'd been doing everything wrong, and yet—well maybe he was all right? When the lights went on and the audience clapped enthusiastically, when I escorted my mother out through the crowd and someone asked for an autograph—! The glow lingers on, I'm afraid.

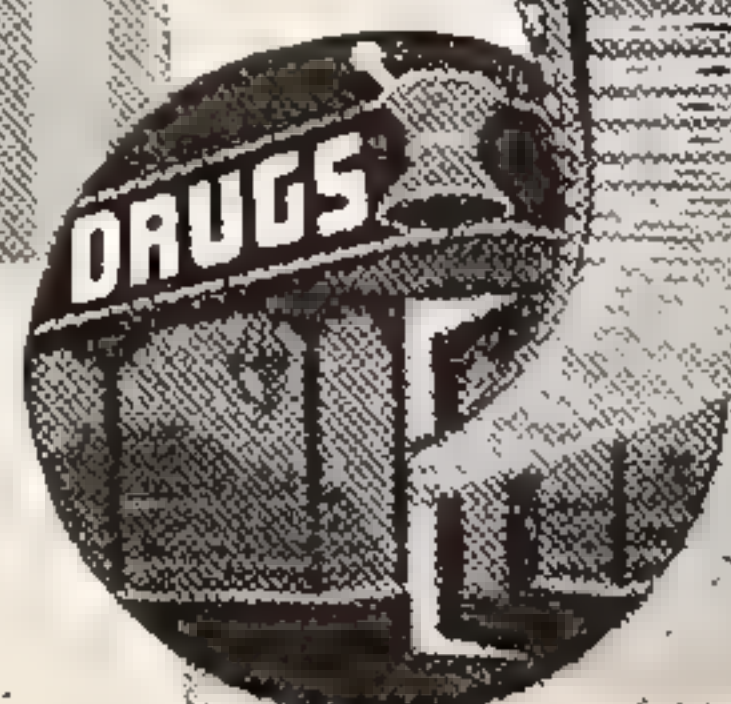
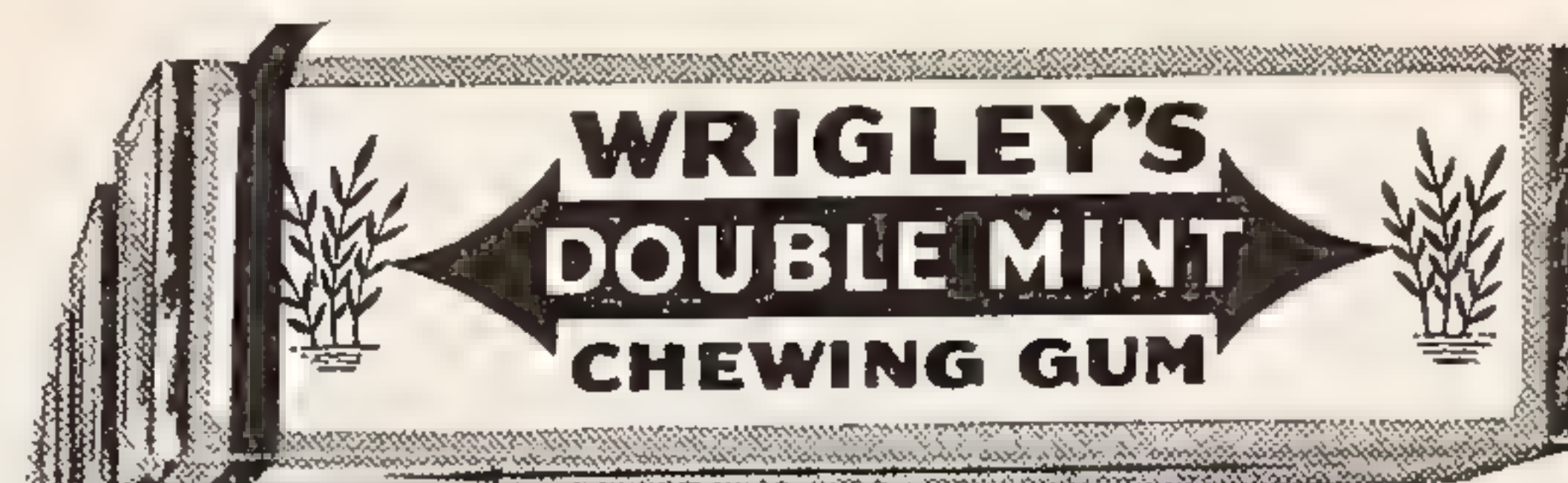
It has been work and more work ever since, the kind of work I have come to love. Better rôles in more important films, perpetual digging to improve every potential facet of a performance. Sometimes I have been disappointed temporarily in certain assignments. It isn't fun to repeat; I would rather be given a character who means something, of course, and try to play a man who is an individual shaped by his particular destiny. I am looking forward to doing a picture with Spencer Tracy and hope I may someday work with Clark Gable. I have tremendous admiration for both of them, professionally and personally. I'm anxious, also, for a crack at some rough-and-ready action plots. The story I am keenest to do is "Gunga Din."

And now as to whether Hollywood is worth-while. Hollywood has not disillusioned me. On the contrary, I am very appreciative to it for its opportunities and

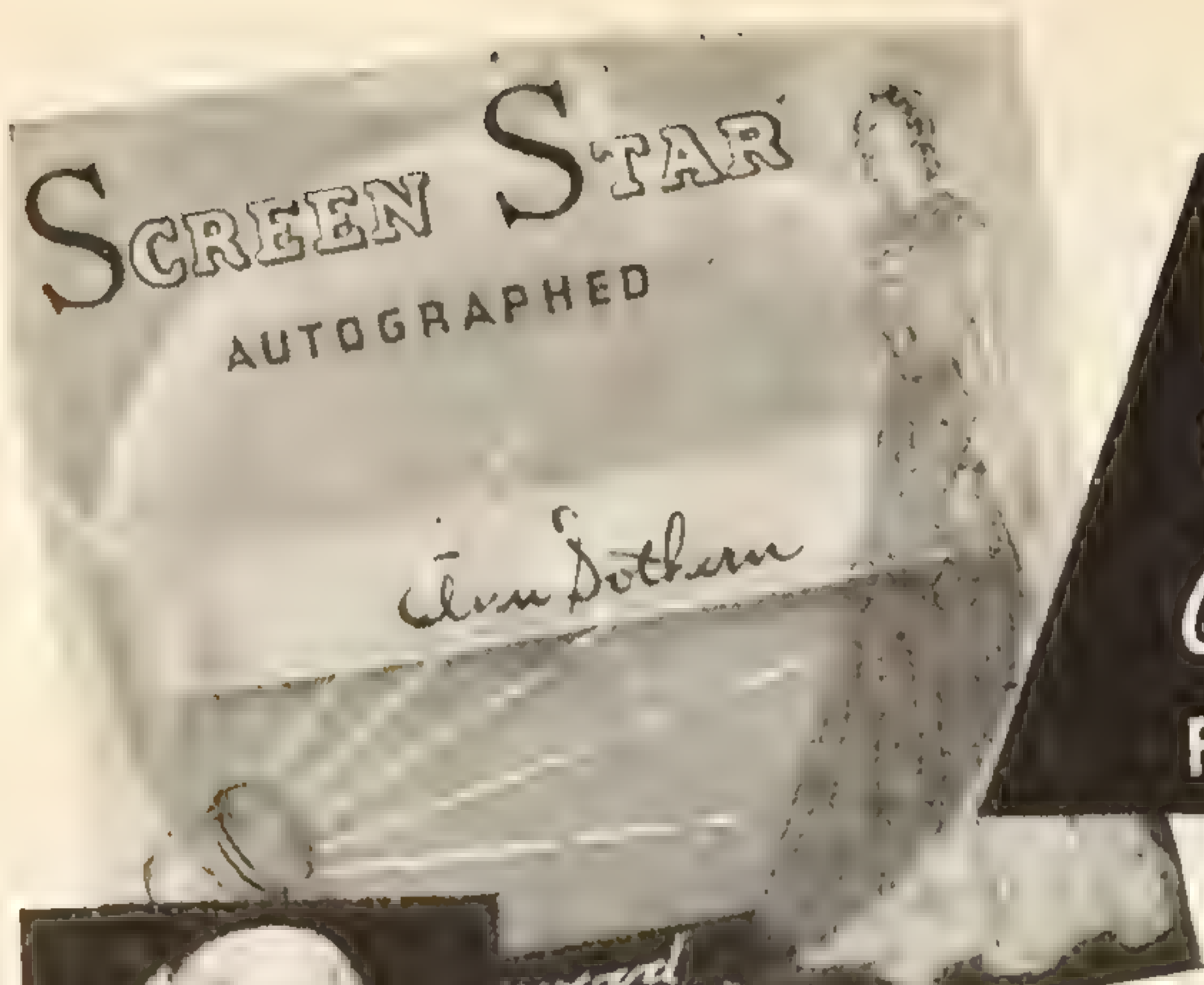


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In Paramount Picture,
"Her Husband Lies"



FRANCES LANGFORD
M-G-M Star



IDA LUPINO
Paramount Star

exceptional rewards. I like the city, the picture game, and the constant excitement which goes hand-in-hand with being an actor. There are never any dull moments. One is never "set"—in Hollywood you have to prove yourself continuously and I enjoy the challenge.

When I left my single room I moved to an apartment which I shared with Don Milo, the first close friend I made in Hollywood. He is an aspiring actor, too, and so we've had much in common. He has a flair for brightening up even casual remarks and I like to be around people who can laugh easily. They cheer me up.

Yes, I am moody. But when I have friends who snap me out of the blues I don't succumb to them as often.

Don and I, I remember, hired a Chinese boy to cook and keep house for us. It was the first step up and we were thrilled at such evidence of our progress. I made my friendly contacts at the studio, for I was there most of the time and the people there talked the language I was endeavoring to master. Once I started to work steadily I was never lonesome again. I never had time to be.

Eventually I wanted more room, so I rented a cottage in Beverly Hills. It isn't more than a cottage, literally, and there is no swimming pool in the backyard. I must confess to a badminton net, though! Here I have one faithful servant who is housekeeper, valet, and general assistant. I do not intend to build a home for some time yet. It will be nice, someday, to have a private gym; but the spare bedroom has had its bed removed and is doing gym duty satisfactorily. It will be pleasant, I am sure, to have a larger place where I can entertain. But that belongs to a future chapter—tomorrow's which includes marriage and a family! Meanwhile, I am not trying to put on any airs; whenever I entertain I take my friends to dinner at some hotel.

I have always seemed to get along well enough with people, but candidly, I am not very social. I never wanted to have double-dates, for instance. I find that knowing a few true friends well is more to my liking than endeavoring to be a gay bachelor could be.

The only disadvantage I can think of to blame on Hollywood life is the publicity pressure. It was a shock for me when I discovered that all the personal details of my everyday living were bound to be discussed. Not that I mind having what I do or chance to say commented upon. I have no want-to-be-a-mystery obsession. But when you acquire a degree of film success you trade your freedom for it; you are gradually forced to curb your adventurous spirit. I am impulsive by nature—but I rarely dare to be anymore. There is that bugaboo: But What Will People Think? And it isn't sheer conceit; I never stopped to worry about comments until I overheard a few!

In this connection it is a fact that anyone in Hollywood whose reputation has a news value is sadly handicapped if falsely accused. You can't expose the true whys and wherefores in the detail that's necessary to explain to your fans. No one with any self-respect wants to strike back sensationally. The one alternative seems to be to hope fans have faith in your integrity.

But that sounds like one of those blue moods I thought I had licked to a fare-you-well. The further you climb the finer mark you make—that is an ancient adage.

It's no burden to be applauded for your efforts. It's fun to be flattered—! You can always take a grain of salt when you reach home. And, still speaking of publicity, it not only aids in the build-up of an actor's drawing power but it's a swell antidote for complexes, too. We are cross-examined by



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Right now you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for—the name that will win First Prize! Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to send in. Send only one name to

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interviewers. We are asked not only what we think, but why. Not only what we did at the critical moments of our lives, but ever *why*? In replying we have to analyze ourselves. We have to pause and ponder. I took psychology in college, but I didn't reason things through to the logical end then. Since I've been in pictures I have become practical in this respect; I haven't an inhibition left in me for I have come to know myself through all this probing.

The most persistent query I receive is: How Have You Changed? Honestly, I should say in this way—I no longer read much, I no longer am seriously interested in playing the cello, I no longer go to church every Sunday as I used to. I'm inside on stages, looking into bright electric lights so much, that I would rather relax by going somewhere evenings instead of reading. I haven't time to practice any musical instrument now—or perhaps it's so much easier to turn on the radio! As for regularity and religion, I have come to think that the divine power isn't necessarily at a certain spot on a certain day.

I have matured rather than changed in other respects, I believe. Now I have preview dates, instead of library dates—college style. I go to the Trocadero, instead of to the town dance hall—high-school fashion. All of us grow more considerate as we grow older, for we see that it's no joke that "There, but for the grace of God, go I." I hope I am more thoughtful of others, that I'm acquiring tolerance and more understanding. I worry a little less, for I realize that what happens to me won't alter the course of the world in the slightest. I accept more responsibility, I know, for I'm developing the courage to glance back and see that it was probably my own fault when I made a mistake.

Acting with glamorous Hollywood actresses has not been dull, by any stretch of the imagination! I have been tremendously impressed by that ambition and stamina which they all have. Most of them, I have noted have deliberately created their own niches, and against pretty terrific odds.

My ideas about the opposite sex have not changed, however. The girls who've attracted me—in high school, in college, and here in Hollywood—have all been the same type. They've all been good sports, unaffected, and plenty sincere. They've not been frivolous, nor make-up fiends! The first twenty-five years have been fine. I wonder what the next twenty-five will bring? To my satisfaction, I have found that modern Hollywood needn't upset one's equilibrium. I have a double goal—success as a man, and success in my work; I'm planning as intelligently as I know how.

I don't expect to marry very soon because I want to give my wife a feeling of security and I couldn't do this at present. When I have demonstrated that I have a safer place in my profession, when the momentum of demands on my time has slowed to a calmer pace, then I intend to marry. I don't think marriage is a simple solution to a love story, either. I feel that it requires the exercise of the finest qualities a person can muster up.

Being the first M-G-M player to be featured at the company's new London studio has been a privilege I'm trying to do justice to. I have been cramming in as much sightseeing during my off hours as the most naïve Mid-Westerner could. I fancy I'm still quite a naïve fellow, at that. But now that I'm crossing London Bridge with all the aplomb of an old sophisticate, now that I'm used to right-handed drivers, tea for breakfast, and swing music at the Savoy I dunno . . . when I get back to Hollywood, to my horses at the stables I've built next door to Barbara Stanwyck's ranch, the horses may not know me. Barbara better!

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London

Continued from page 65

bakes on Sundays and gets up to milk six cows before she drives herself to the studio each morning. That's not publicity. It's true.

You've seen Scottish-born Sophie's great dark eyes and heard her soft gentle voice as *Celia* in Elisabeth Bergner's screen version of "As You Like It," and also in "Things to Come" and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." Twentieth Century-Fox invited her to sign a Hollywood contract last year but Sophie said she couldn't—possibly leave the farm—her brother might manage the chickens with practice but nobody else could look after the cows and the vegetable garden! It does sound incredible but you don't know Sophie. She's blissfully happy among her animals and plants, so contented in her family circle that she doesn't want to marry and only acts occasionally as a kind of recreation.

There's a famous lake in the wooded grounds of Korda's Denham studios, but don't mention that to Marlene Dietrich because she got accidentally pushed into it while making "Knight Without Armor," and is the English country water cold! At the moment it is a romantic moorland burn for "South Riding," name of the North of England industrial district where the film's action is set. Victor Savile holds the directing chair on this production and the very large cast is headed by Ralph Richardson and clever Edmund Gwenn and beautiful Edna Best who is Mrs. Herbert Marshall.

The Marshall wedding was the event of the season eight years ago, when they were acting together at a London theater. Now they seem content to live their separate lives, "Bart" in Hollywood and Edna here appearing on the stage or in a film every now and then. She's blonde and cool, not very tall but exquisitely poised. She lives alone in a modernistic apartment, reads a lot and counts Noel Coward and Diana Wynward among her special friends. She never mentions her husband, though he visited her when he paid a flying five-day visit to London last year in connection with legal business. They've an adorable six-year-old daughter who has Herbert's eyes and his engaging whimsical smile.

I often see Edna at theatrical first-nights, frequently wearing white which is undoubtedly the smartest after-dark color just now. Mary Ellis was in floating white chiffon watching Flora Robson's new stage play and Elizabeth Allan looked like a picture from a Dickens novel in her ruched white satin buttoned down the back. She's doing her soft hair a new way, brushed quite straight with no wave and the ends just turned under.

Elizabeth has quite recovered from her recent illness and will soon be on the screen again, sharing starring honors with Anton Walbrook to whom she played opposite in her last Hollywood picture "The Soldier and the Lady." The new film is called "The Rat," Anton becoming an apache leader in the Parisian underworld. It's a virile modern rôle vastly different from *Prince Albert the Good* whom he has just finished portraying in "Victoria the Great" with Anna Neagle.

Anna too is making an equally drastic change of part for her new film—I'm afraid I shall never be able to write my dramatic story about the dangers of "typing" now! After being the stately imperious *Queen Victoria* against a background of Royal Palaces and State functions, lovely golden-haired Anna now goes straight into a song-



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and-dance film originally intended as a vehicle for Jessie Matthews. She has to play a tea-shop waitress badly stage-struck with humble settings that show the everyday life of a London working girl.

But there's one star who never gives me shocks like this—our own George Arliss, who is always dignified and kindly even when he pretends for the purposes of the plot to be what he describes himself as "ah—not quite a gentleman." Just as you can always rely on an Arliss production unit stopping work at four o'clock for tea, so you can be sure that the star will appear in a part befitting his familiar friendly character. In his new film, "Dr. Syn," the parson-smuggler was intended to have some frankly sinister aspects, but now that Mr. Arliss has adapted his personality, he has turned out quite an attractive old autocrat with a sense of humor! And in Hollywood



George Murphy and Josephine Hutchinson are getting well acquainted in their first film as a love team.

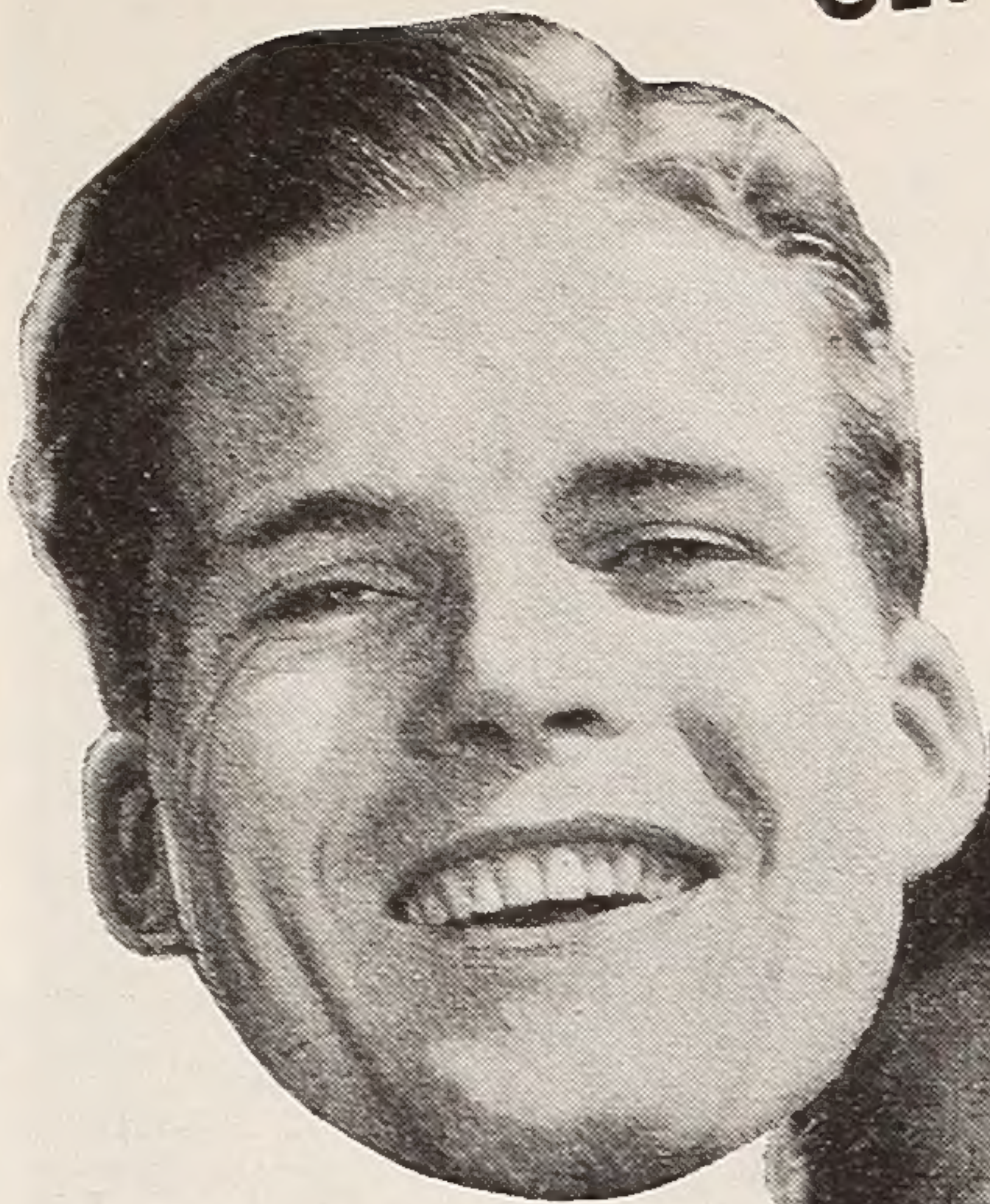
this winter The First Gentleman of the English Screen will make a picture based on the life of Samuel Pepys. That celebrated old diary-writer, wise and witty and saucily benign, will be yet one more screen portrait of George Arliss in wig and costume but still his own inimitable self.

Pepys could have written some marvelous pages about blonde Anna Lee's midnight party for which nearly two hundred famous folks gathered at her Thames-side home, The Cardinal's Wharf, which stands in dockland facing St. Paul's Cathedral. In the paved garden, with its cherry trees and trailing clematis, I saw Lilli Palmer, Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, Cicely Courtneidge, Merle Oberon in white draped satin and rubies watching her finger-nails, John Loder, Elizabeth Allan, Alexander Korda, and Charles Laughton. Lord Lovat and Lord Pentland both danced with Elsa Lanchester who was wearing her favorite purple, and handsome Griffith Jones escorted dainty Renee Ray and Whitney Bourne.

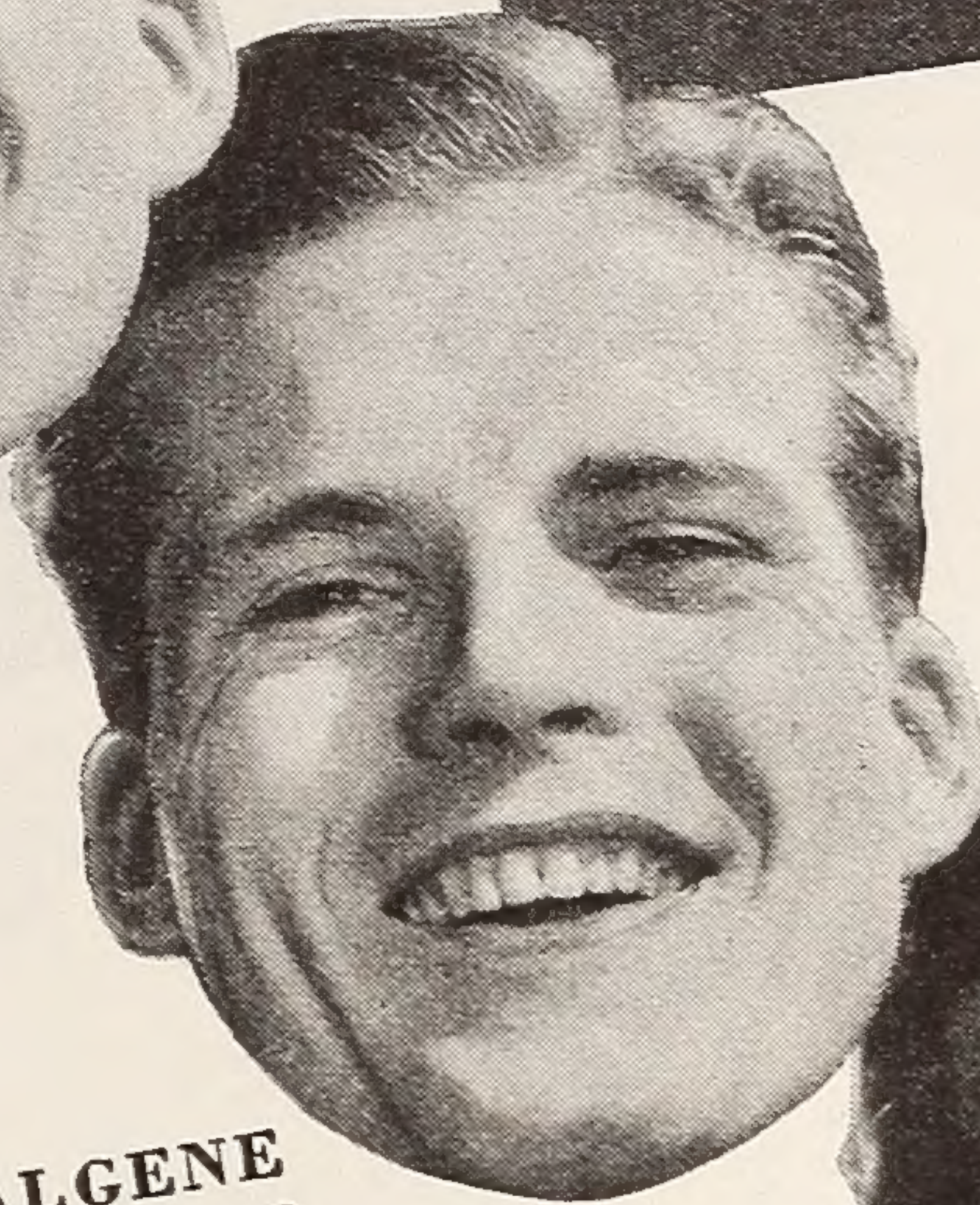
As twelve o'clock chimed, a river steamer came alongside the little quay at the end of the garden and Anna led her guests to dance on deck while they sailed up the Thames to Greenwich and back. A traditional Old English dinner was served in the saloon, all the dishes popular in Shakespeare's time like jellied eels and roast swans and birds-legs soup and tall goblets of rum punch poured out from a steaming bowl.

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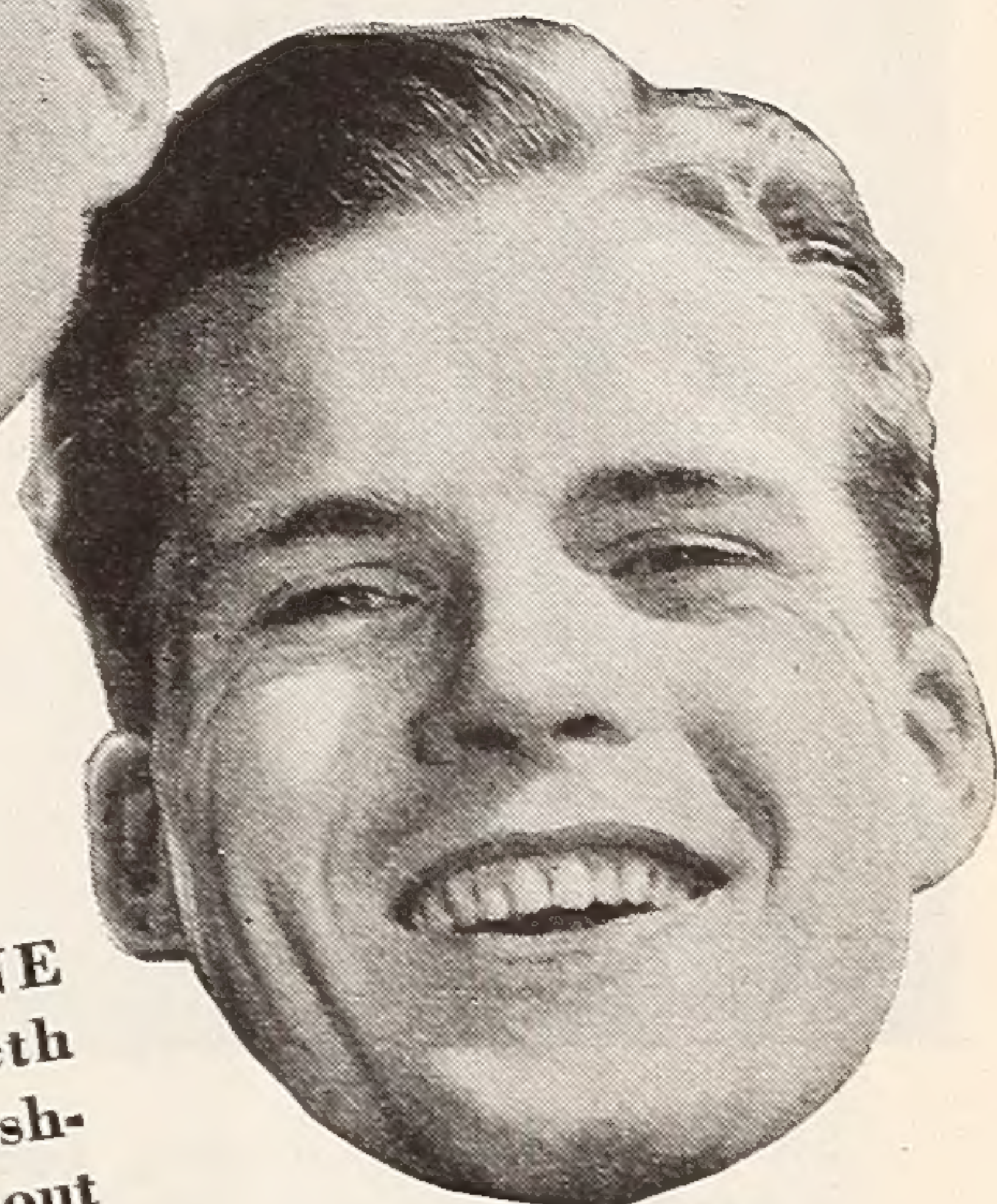
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Storme's over with a bang, and a sunshiny smile. The girl who perches so prettily is Sandra Storme, and Sandra sure is making headway as a Hollywood film favorite.

Carnival Nights in Hollywood

Continued from page 55

and it seems to me that for hours people said, "Oh, please sing for us," but she coyly shook her head, while the actress-hostess whispered to everyone, "Coax her. She likes to be coaxed." I was afraid of that. After two hours of coaxing she took her stance at the piano and cracked through with the entire score of "Tosca" and "Faust" and was just getting her teeth into "Manon" when a bat flew in the room. I swear even the Music Lovers were glad to see that bat. But that wasn't all; the hostess-actress, who fancied herself musically-minded, had a Child Wonder whom she modestly informed us was the greatest genius of the age. He flatted something awful. Worse than one of our popular singing stars who shall be nameless (lawsuits again). And the more I looked at him the better I thought of Shirley Temple. Harassed by my bitter memories I was ready to bite nails, or at least a juicy maestro, by the time I arrived at the Pareras. And the fact that with my first wild glance I saw the John McCormacks, Lily Pons and her fiance (or husband?), Andre Kostelanetz, the Frank Forrests, the Lawrence Tibbetts, Nino Martini, Elissa Landi, Miriam Hopkins, Anatole Litvak, Gladys Swarthout, Helen Gahagan and Melvyn Douglas, and at least a dozen pianists, composers, and conductors didn't make me any happier. Music Lovers, I muttered, all Music Lovers, and it will be as dull as

ditchwater. I would have given my eyeteeth for W. C. Fields, Charlie McCarthy, and two quarts.

All during cocktails, served around the swimming pool, and dinner, served buffet on the badminton court, I played the Moody Dane. However, I did cheer up a bit when Valentin Parera undertook to explain the Spanish Situation to me, and I must say of all the charming gentlemen who have tried to explain the Spanish Situation to me Mr. Parera is the most charming. "When," I said at last to Miriam Hopkins, who doesn't play or sing but who has great "appreciation" of music, "when do they start?" "Start what?" asked Miriam. "The music," I said gloomily. "It's a musical evening, isn't it? All these people have got to do their stuff, haven't they? You can't escape Brahms with a bunch like this." Miriam was horrified, but managed to conceal it very well. "Grace didn't invite these people here to entertain," she said. "Why, she never in the world would do a thing like that. They are guests in her home, not paid performers. Honey, you don't know artists. An artist resents nothing so much as being asked to entertain at a party." "Don't I know it," said Grace, edging in on the conversation. "Shortly after I made my debut in opera it seems that every time I was invited to a dinner party I barely had time to swallow my dessert before my hostess was up and at me with a: 'Miss Moore, will you sing for us?' I sang for so many suppers that I began to call myself Tommy Tucker. I swore then that in my home I would never ask anyone to entertain." That was all right with me. I wish other hostesses were just as considerate.

Much cheered, I re-joined Mr. Parera and this time we went into the Trailer

Situation. It appears that Miss Moore's very charming husband is a trailer nut. Grace gave him a handsomely equipped trailer for his birthday, (just like the one Miriam Hopkins gave Anatole Litvak), and on Saturday nights when Grace is through work at the studio where she is starring in "I'll Take Romance" with Melvyn Douglas, (and so will I), they drive their trailer to some beautiful spot overlooking the Pacific. The next morning he goes to the nearest store and phones a few congenial souls who drive down for lunch, which is prepared and served by Miss Moore, who, it seems, can handle a frying pan just as skilfully as she can a high C. The trailer is the nicest thing that ever happened to Valentin Parera, outside of Grace Moore.

What with a fog from Santa Monica coming in the party gradually drifted down the hill to the "guest house." Midway down the incline I thought I heard something vaguely familiar. And it wasn't pick up sticks. Sure enough, it turned out to be music. Richard Hageman, Met conductor and excellent pianist, was ripping off the Belle Song from Lakmé with petite Lily Pons giving it all the zip that a coloratura soprano can give. "I like eet bettaire wif my clothes on," Lily announced over the applause. "In peectures eet ees my strip tease numbaire." Giggling like a gay young thing she did a whirl right into the arms of André Kostelanetz, and no matter what anybody said or did she giggled the rest of the evening. It's an infectious giggle and soon I was giggling too.

"The bridge tables are in the dining room," Grace announced hostessly, but no one listened to her, for that baritone robusto Lawrence Tibbett who goes in for volumes of volume was clowning his way through "Ridi Pagliacci" and practically raising the Parera roof. Then he swung into the Toreador Song with grandiloquent gestures, following swiftly with the Song of the Flea, also with gestures. Lily and I giggled ourselves right into a beautiful set of hysterics. "You like musick?" she asked me. "Sure," I said, "I'm mad for music." And I wasn't kidding.

"Perhaps some of you would like to play backgammon," Grace called sweetly above the din. "Or Hearts?" No one paid her the slightest attention, there's a limit to the politeness you owe your hostess. Grace Moore was going to have a musical evening whether she wanted it or not. When Mr. Tibbett wasn't looking Nino Martini took over the piano and simply tore into "Celeste Aida" which you all know he does exquisitely—but alas for poor Aida. "Swing it," said someone, a violent Music Lover no doubt, and Mr. Martini did. I've never heard anything quite so screwy, and would you believe it not a soul was shocked, except me.

Well, the evening was definitely on the gay side after that, with Gladys Swarthout pulling off a batch of rollicking cadenzas, and Lawrence Tibbett and Frank Forrest doing things to Tosca's Te Deum that have never been done before. Such animated pianism. Such juicy melodies. Why, I've been all wrong about Music Lovers. "Piccolo, piccolo, piccolo," sang Tibbett all gotten up in kitchen paraphernalia. "Bridge, backgammon—" Grace made one last effort to be a hostess, and it was her last, for the next time I saw her she was a part of the Sextette, a very merry Sextette composed of herself and Mr. Tibbett, and if you don't think two people can sing a Sextette you're crazy. When the morning papers arrived I thought it was time for even an avid Music Lover like myself to leave. I'm sure I heard the Anvil Chorus all the way in to Westwood. I'm dropping my old friends who have nothing more exciting than magicians at their parties. From now on I must have tenors and baritones.

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